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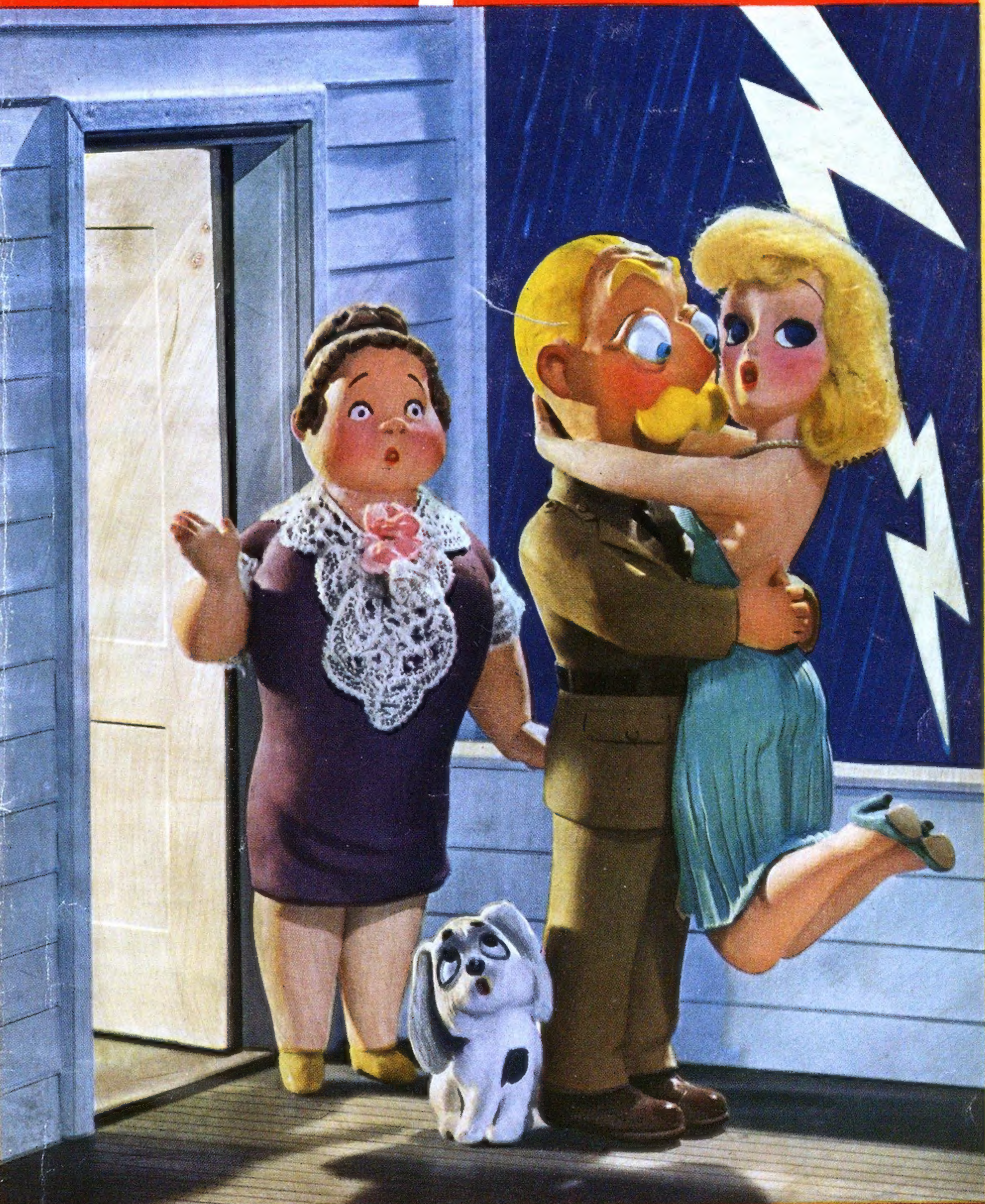
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OCTOBER

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Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
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PRICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS



"Writes dry with wet ink!"



We regret there may not be enough of them to go around!

YES, these brilliant new Parker "51" pens are scarce. And the need for them is great.

You'll understand why the moment you handle this sleek, exquisitely-poised writing tool... the moment you touch its trigger-quick "torpedo" point to paper.

Masterpiece of Parker achievement—the "51" embodies three generations of top-flight American craftsmanship.

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If a fine pen is essential to your wartime assignments... if you need it to help speed letters of calm courage to some lad in camp or overseas—then ask your dealer to make a reservation

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Once you experience the swiftness... the glide of the "51"... you'll say: "I want *this* pen, even if I have to wait!" Parker "51" is the *only* pen that can use the new "51" ink. *It dries as you write!* Yet the Parker "51" can be used with any ink, if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

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PARKER "51"



Getting along with relatives

by
BOB HOPE

1. It doesn't take any special talents to get along with relatives...just a little Com-mando Training. Of course, almost every-one has trouble with relatives—especially their in-laws . . . in-law, that's an outlaw who gets in by marriage. It's not so bad with relatives who are born into your family, though. In fact, we get along fine with an uncle who is borne in every Satur-day night!



2. Always join in the children's games. This makes you popular with your nephews and nieces. It also gives your wife a wonderful chance to practice her first aid training. Naturally, everyone knows the best first aid to brighter, cleaner teeth, is Pepsodent. No wonder it's Number One with men in the Service!



3. Feed the folks well. You'll find most relatives have fierce appetites. In fact, at our house we make it a point to count the children after every meal. Once we counted in a strange kid. We knew he was strange be-cause he didn't know that Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium.



4. Be kind to rich uncles. You can never tell when one might leave you a fortune. Of course, mine never did. He just left me a copy of Esquire. But I only read the ads anyway...especially the ones that say "Pepsodent with Irium loosens the film you can feel on your teeth ... uncovers the natural brightness of your smile."



5. Don't let their wrangling get on your nerves. I wouldn't say my relatives were noisy . . . but I do enjoy my quiet vacations as a riveter in the shipyards. Actually, there's only one thing my family won't argue about, and that is if you use Pepsodent twice a day, you'll have brighter teeth in a hurry.



How
PEPSODENT
with **IRIUM**
uncovers
brighter
teeth



Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.



This film-coated mirror shows the result when commonplace methods don't clean film away.



But look what Irium does! It loosens film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.

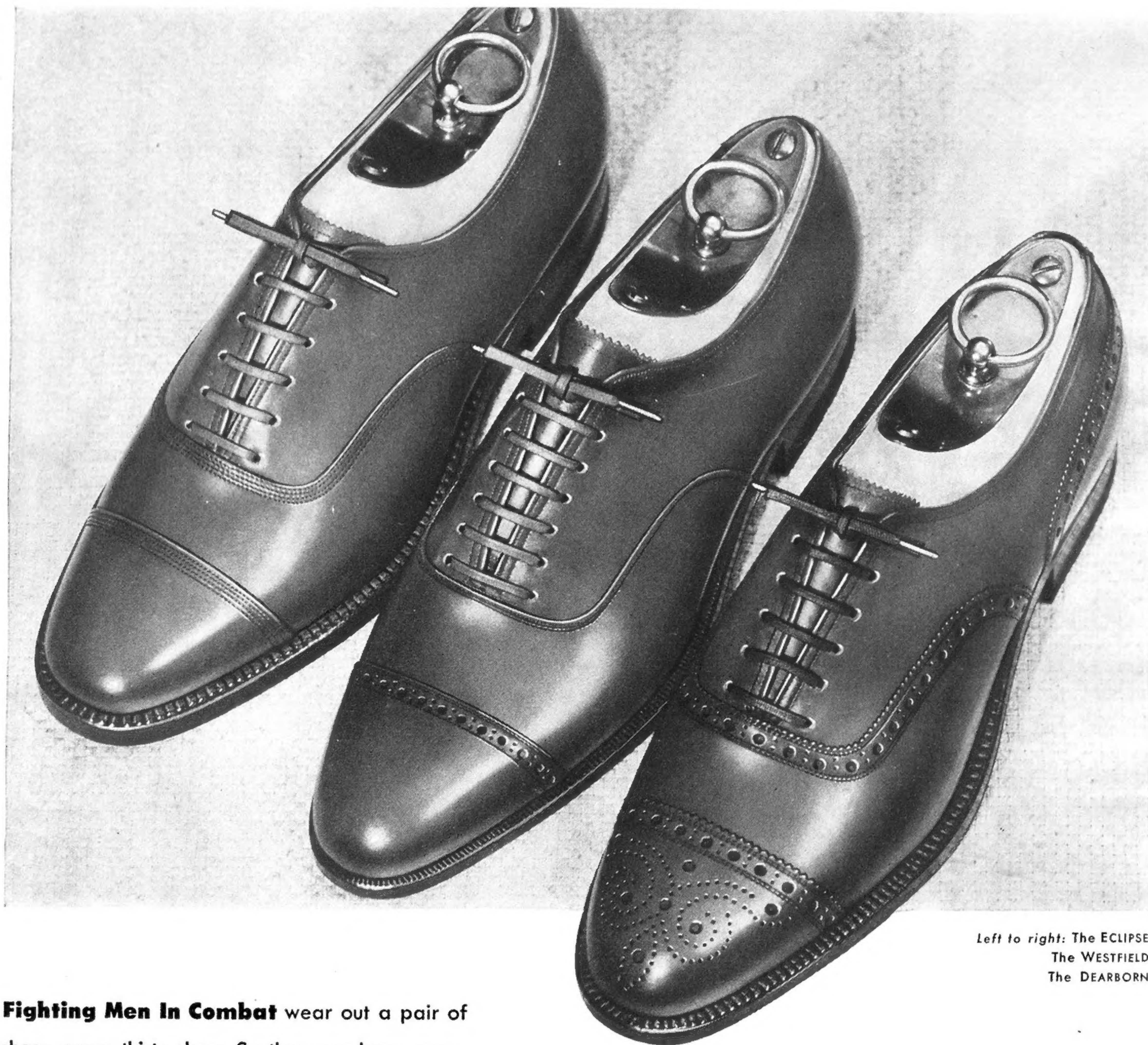


That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile... safely, gently.

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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EDITORIAL: Potpourri of Checkpayers, Shaughnessy's book and le jazz hot

LIFE around this factory of fun and frivolity was anything but funny or frivolous for the first few days after the appearance of our August issue. It seems that one of our Checkpayers in that number, putatively good for "one free drink at the nearest bar," turned out to be good for nothing but an irate letter dropped in the nearest mailbox. The idea was to arrange five coins so that one would touch all four of the others. It was a good idea and it worked, too, when first tried out by our First Foreman in Charge of Goofy Features, but dubious as depicted by an artist. This misunderstood genius insists that he was right and the public was all wrong, and that if they'd had any sense of perspective at all they could have followed his sketch and still made all five coins touch. Be that as it may, it put us to a powerful lot of explaining, as one guy after another wrote in to say that he had lost ingloriously on bets that he could do the trick.

By way of amplification, if not of apology, for the original sketch, we hereby append another, a tripartite affair calculated to clear up the matter beyond the proverbial shadow of a doubt.

The essence of the trick is to have the second layer of coins off center, which enables the fifth coin to touch all four others.

have been cluttered by intent boys and girls from the Research and Art Departments solemnly running off the plays diagrammed in Clark Shaughnessy's new football book.

With a little luck, Shaughnessy's *Football in War and Peace* should have achieved print a week or two before your eyes light on these lines. Although we are not publishing the book ourselves, its genesis was the September issue's Sports Poll, with its questions concerning the greatest games, plays and players in the last sixty years of football history, and our Sports Staff had the rest of the organization running wild for weeks on end, gathering together all the pictorial and statistical material which Shaughnessy whipped into book form. At this writing, the page layouts are going to the publishers, but by about mid-September it will be on most newsstands at a dollar a throw, and if you want one and can't find it the chances are better than good that we can dig one up for you out of our own office supply of copies at no extra charge.

The Shaughnessy book should do for the football addict what the Charles Edward Smith *Jazz Record Book* does for the hot jazz maniac, that is serve as a memory refresher and an argument-settler, over the personnel involved in

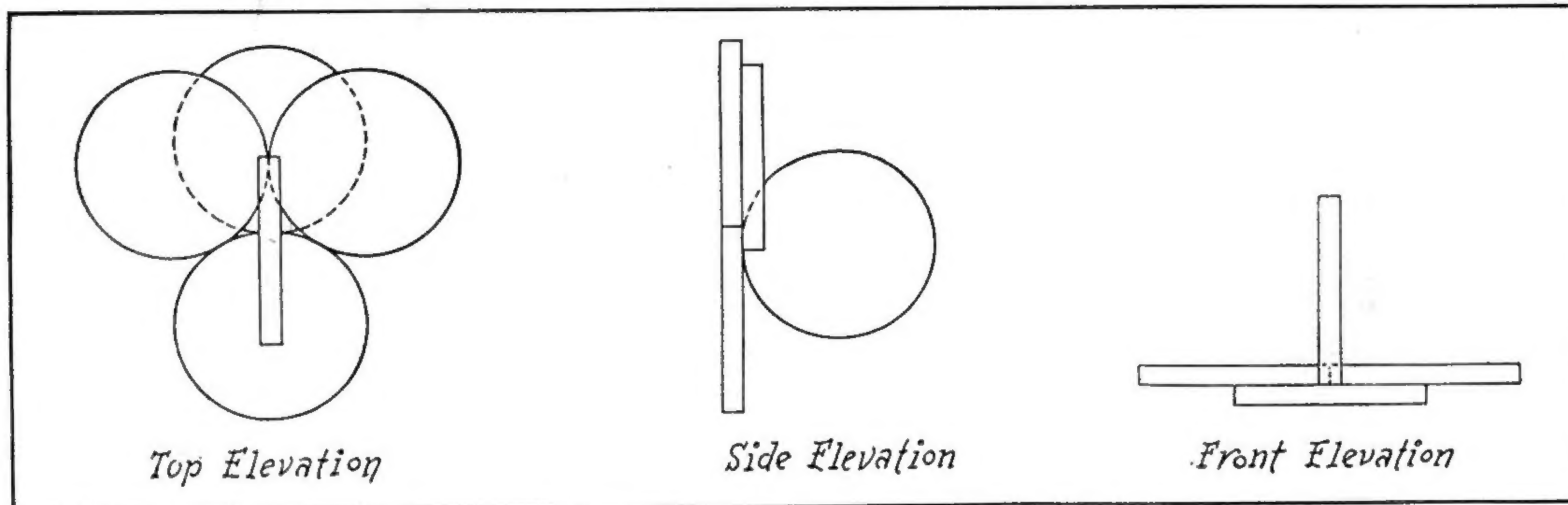
Charles Edward Smith first wrote in Esquire's pages on the then little-known subject of *Collecting Hot*. Looking it up in the file, it turns out to have been an even ten years come next February, since that epochal article which first started so many collectors on the now well worn trail back to the recordings of Bix and Tesch and the early Armstrong of the King Oliver days. Over the years we have, of course, by no means neglected hot jazz. In fact, in the past ten years, up to and including last month's article by Robert Goffin, *Twelve Records and Exile*, we have had ten articles on the subject.

But when we began, with that first Charles Edward Smith article back in February, 1934, hot jazz had received little, if any, serious treatment in American magazines of general circulation, although it had been so treated by a few foreign magazines. But with the sole exception of one *Fortune* article on Duke Ellington, we can think of no earlier article, outside of trade magazines of limited and specialized circulation, than Esquire's first one. When it appeared, "discovering" Benny Goodman, who was then three years away from his coronation as King of Swing, he was still so little known that his name was spelled Bennie. As a matter of fact, if our

injection of it on your own, if only as an antidote to all the swooning currently being done by your female dependents over Sinatra's *All or Nothing at All*, then we can direct you to any or all of three albums that are now all easily available. You couldn't catch the disease of hot-collecting any more pleasantly, nor with any more certainty that it will "take" on you, than by starting with any one or all of these three. They are Victor's Album P-138, *A Duke Ellington Panorama*; Columbia's Hot Classics Album C-43, featuring Frank Teschemacher and the Brunswick Collector's Album B-1001, *Red Nichols Classics*, featuring Jack Teagarden, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Gene Krupa and Others, the "others" in turn including such a giant as Joe Sullivan.

If you don't react to the Duke's *Mooche* or *Mood Indigo*, nor to the Teschemacher *Liza* and *Nobody's Sweetheart*, nor to the Red Nichols *China Boy* and *Tea for Two*, then jazz collecting isn't your dish. But if you do, then this is an easy and quick way in. Of course, these are all re-issues of old recordings, made originally anywhere from ten to fifteen years back, and if you're going to go in for collecting originals you'll soon find yourself paying as much for a single record as you now pay for any or all of these albums. The scrap drive has cleared out so many of the old records that the hunter of original platters now finds slimmer picking than before. On the other hand, if you're wondering whether anybody has been blown any good by the ill wind of Petrillo's ban on new recordings, then the focusing of attention on old records for re-issue has been a break for the hot record collector, assuming he's the kind of collector who wants the music itself, and would just as soon hear it on a good new recording as on a worn old platter that has only the added distinction of being a "first edition," a distinction that begins to seem more and more dubious when offset by the fact that almost none of the cherished originals will trip when played on an automatic record changer. Also the new issues of the old records now customarily give you a breakdown of the personnel, right on the label of the record itself, as well as in a little booklet in the case of the albums, and this is something you've got to guess or find out for yourself in the case of the originals, which normally tell you nothing more than the obvious fact that they were originally made "for dancing."

But maybe your record collecting will be like the golf of a fellow we know who played once, in 1921, and quit "because he liked it." He could see where it would lead him, if he went on, and he figured there were better ways he could use the time. ##



Meanwhile, we're spending off moments wondering what manner of man it is who would bet any amount above the value of a package of peanuts on his ability to do any trick, however simple it might seem, without having exercised such rudimentary precaution as to try it at least once beforehand.

Anyway, since the outbreak of the rash of complaints about this one Checkpayer in the August number, we've had everybody trying out all those that are scheduled for future issues, making the whole joint look only a little less dignified than usual.

On our editorial floor, while the desk room has been largely preempted by delicately balanced fountain pen caps and tumblers of water filled, not always successfully, just to the brim, and other pre-natal appurtenances of Checkpayers-about-to-be-born, the aisles

famous plays, the dates they occurred, etc., etc. But you'd have to have practically the memory span of a Civil War veteran to go back as far in football history as the Shaughnessy book takes you. In any case you'll find it an encyclopaedic guide to all the high moments of all the greatest games and the outstanding plays of the greatest players. Also you'll find some very ingenious interpretations of contemporary military tactics, such as the Battles of Midway and El Alamein, translated into terms of football plays.

Speaking of the *Jazz Record Book* reminds us of two things calling for present mention. First, it reminds us to call your attention to the fact that with the next issue the indefatigable Gilbert Seldes extends his dominion in our pages to include reviews of the new records. And second, it reminds us that it's been a long time since

memory is reliable, Esquire was the first magazine of general circulation to feature the use of the word "swing."

All this leads us to the logical conclusion that it's high time to get Charles Edward Smith to do another article for the collectors of hot to appear on the tenth anniversary of his first one. The February issue is a natural for it, anyway, as that is the number in which, for the second time, we will be featuring the choice of Esquire's All-American Band. So watch and wait for that issue of Esquire, if you want to get on the increasingly crowded bandwagon of serious devotees of jazz deserving serious consideration as legitimate and authentic American music.

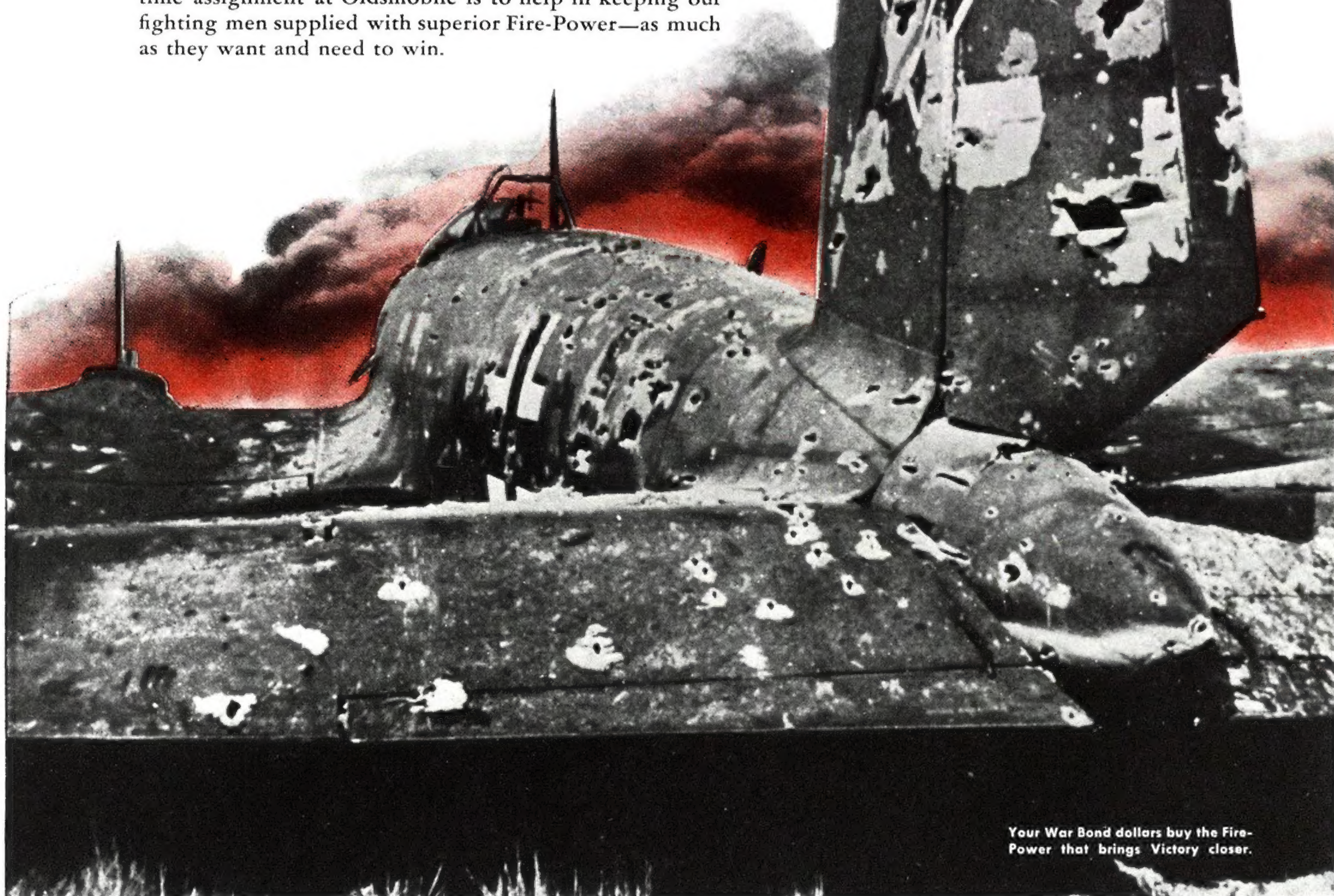
Meanwhile, if you don't want to wait until February to get bitten by the bug of collecting hot, and if you'd like to give yourself an

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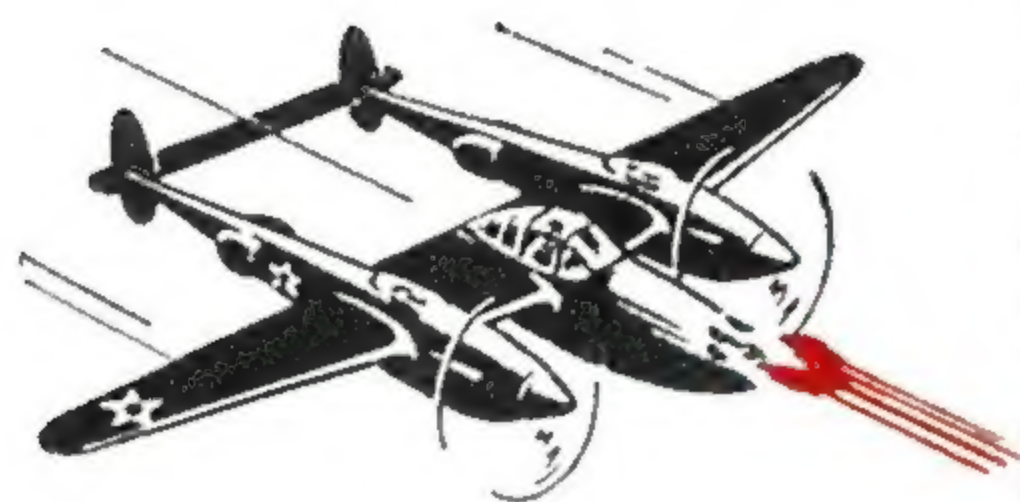


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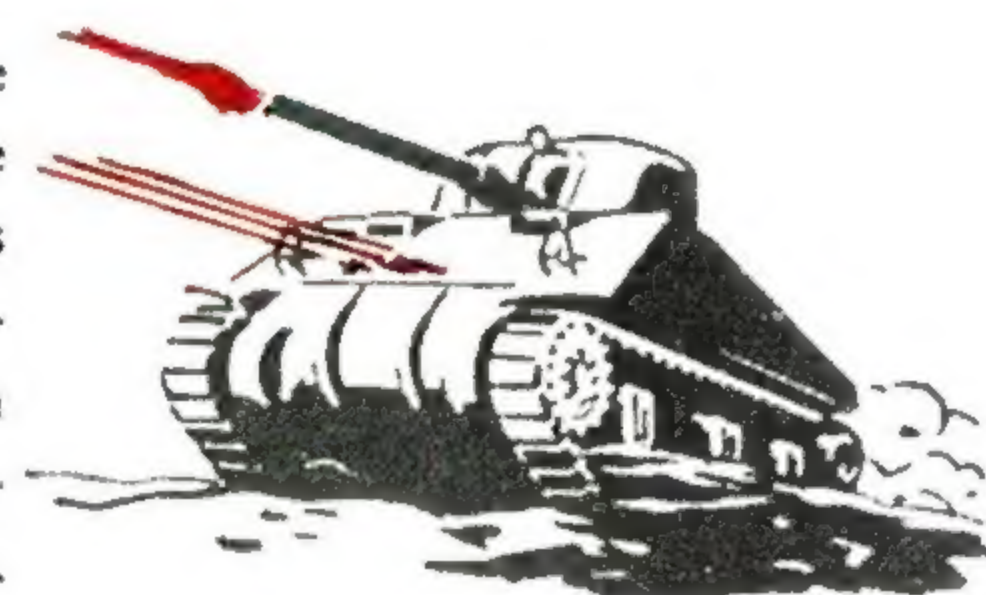
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cannon—guns of the type that made those gaping holes in the wrecked Nazi plane above—have been turned out by the tens of thousands. And long-range, high-velocity cannon for tanks have also been in production for over a year—have seen action on battle fronts all over the world.

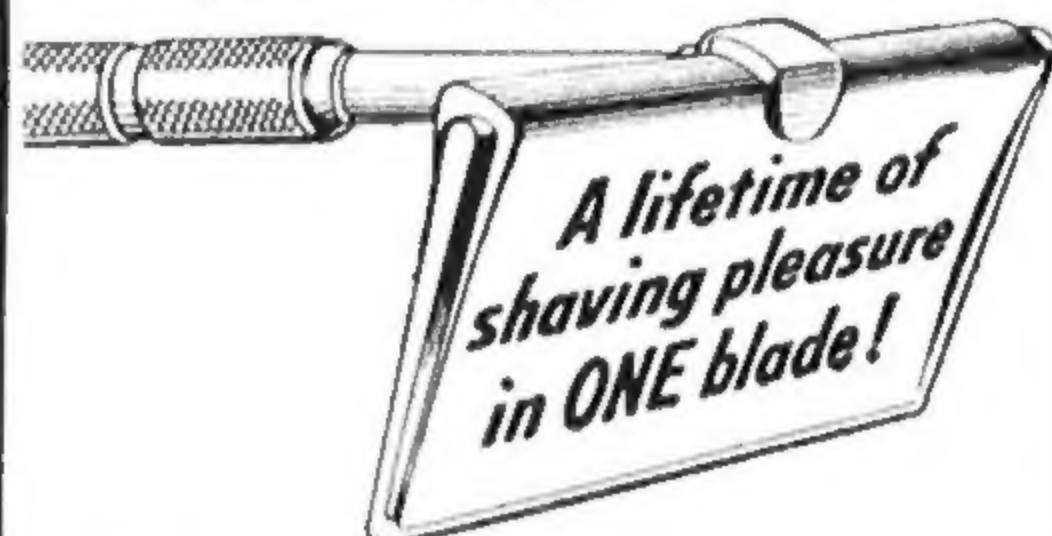


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"PUT IT IN WRITING." Several years hence, you fellows will be glad you kept a written and pictorial record of your "stretch" in the service. This nostalgia will be dished up in a service record book filled with



pages to be filled by you on such things as your recruit record, transfers, promotions, regimental slogan, newspaper clippings, people you've met, autographs and photos of pals in service, popular songs and movies of the present day, etc. Book is small, compact and stamped with your insignia on the cover.

EUREKA! THE PAK-CAP. Ever hear of a fur felt officer's service cap that you can pack in an ordinary grip? It's a regulation cap ingeniously constructed with a pliant circular wire device which holds the crown stiffly correct. By removing the device, the crown rolls down obligingly and the cap can be packed without being crushed. To wear, just flip the crown back, insert the ring, and you're all set. (In a series of tests, 150 lbs. were placed on the Pak-Cap for several days, without causing it to lose its shape.)



CHAP HAPPY. A plea for facial protection comes from F. G. Rankin of Belfast, Ireland, now in the Royal Air Force. The Corporal has been flying about a bit in extremes of temperature, and wants something to protect his lips from chapping. May we suggest the Chapstick, a colorless, soothing, medicated stick which does a job on cracked or chapped lips.



BET AND GET. Finest way to make a little extra pay day profit is via a bit of magic called the Scotch purse, a small felt contraption with no visible openings. If you know the trick, you can insert or extract a coin in 5 seconds from this mystery. Another way to collect is the folding money trick. Challenge anyone to remove a dollar bill placed under an inverted coke bottle without upsetting or touching the bottle. Take it easy, buddy.



WHAT'S BURNING? If you're headed for equatorial regions, you're also headed for sunburn trouble unless you take along a sun-protective. A favorite of the Forces is a non-gooky liquid with a fine, brisk masculine scent. This quick-drying tannic acid derivative was discovered first by the Swedes, who found it a boon against double exposure of sun or snow. The stuff filters out the burning rays, lets through the tanning rays that do you good.

DOGS BARKING? Could be, especially after one of those snappy 26 mile hikes. Whip your Footstick out, smooth it quickly over the soles of your feet... and pronto you'll get a cooling, tingling sensation as if you were walking on ice! The film is compounded of active ozone, it's antiseptic, helps to heal minor abrasions and cuts, relieves itching and scaling. Deodorizes, too. One application lasts all day, and the stick will last you for months.

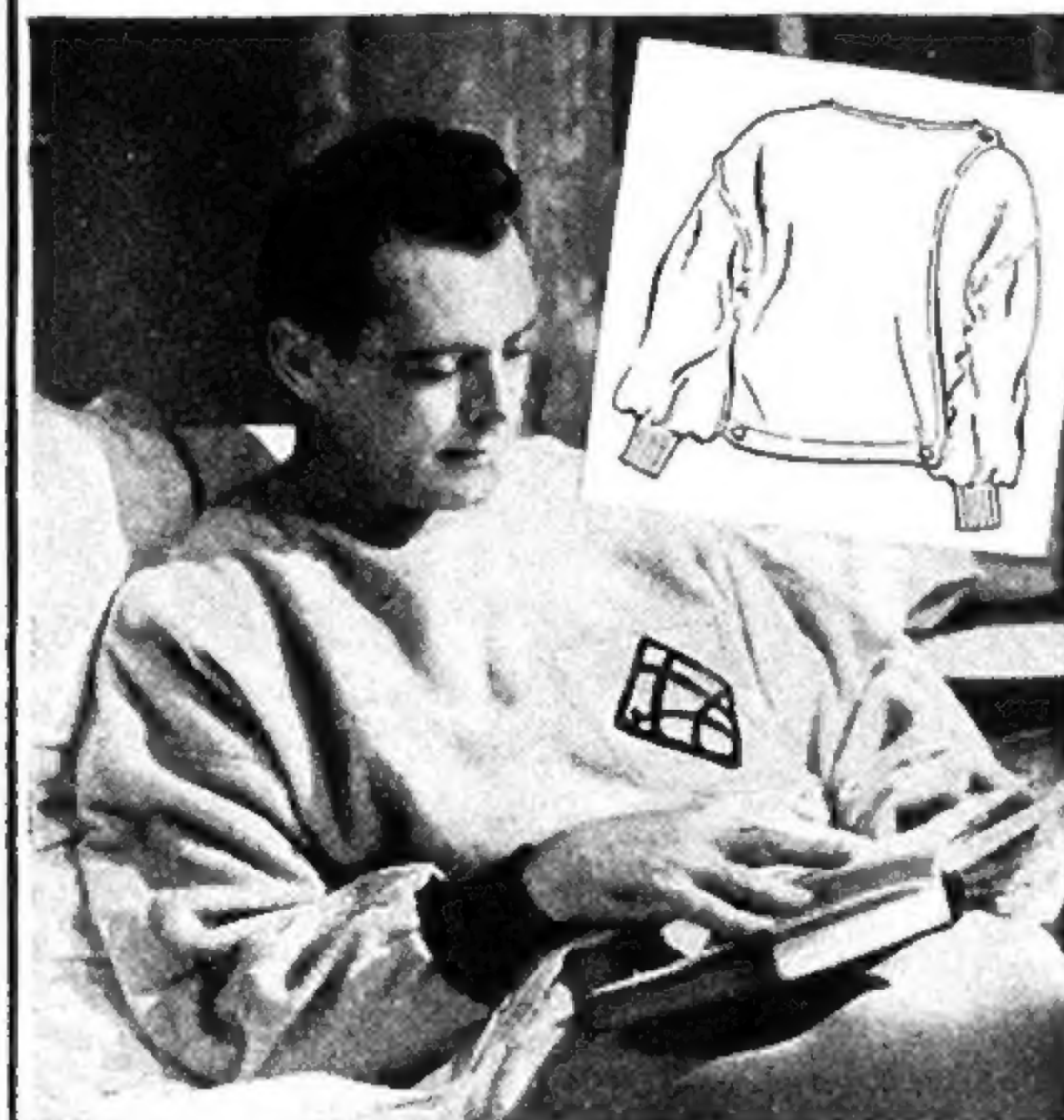


Ranger

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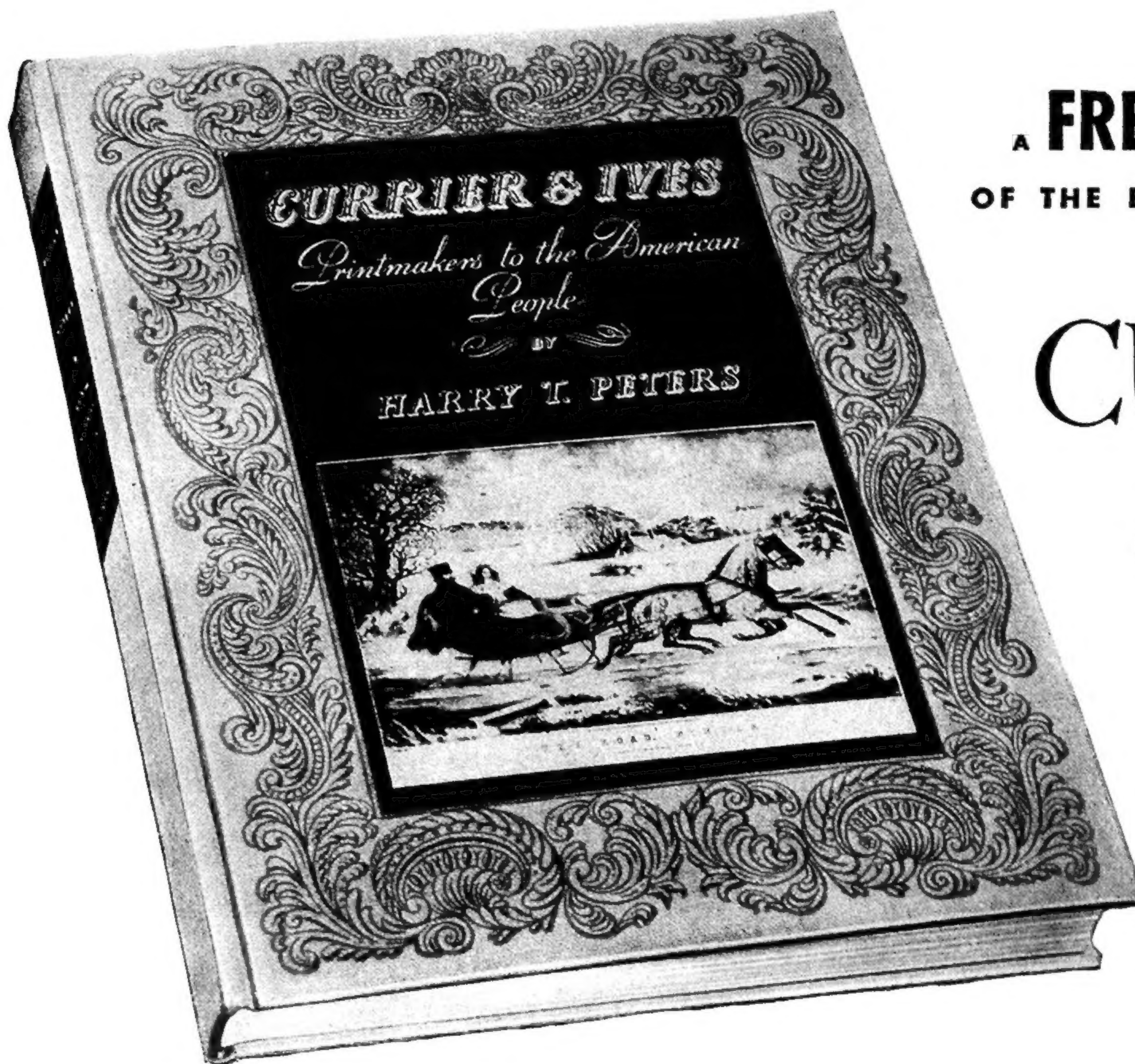


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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

KITTEN INTO WILDCAT

I have just read the article about me in your August issue and write you not as a "200 pound kitten" but as a furious wildcat.

The reason for this insensate rage (actually, I am almost irked) is that Woodrow Wirsig, the author, combined two anecdotes in one and created a very false impression. Mr. Wirsig says that at the time of the Coronation broadcast I received a message reading as follows:

"His Majesty's government have no objection to nor enthusiasm for the broadcast to America of the Coronation ceremonies." Such a message was received in connection with our request to broadcast the wedding of the Duke of Windsor and the former Wallis Warfield Simpson, facilities for this broadcast having been first refused by the French on the grounds that the British might object. In regard to the Coronation, there was only the most whole-hearted co-operation from beginning to end.

I hope you can find room to publish this correction, since I would not like to have it thought that the British Broadcasting Corporation was ever lukewarm toward our coverage of the Coronation.

Anyway, it's only 183 pounds by the bathroom scales this very morning.

Cordially,

PAUL W. WHITE
Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.

LONG VOICE OF SWEET REASON

Don't let a few letters from some people who don't care for some particular feature change your policy or types of stories and articles.

Personally, I don't read Gilbert Seldes or George Jean Nathan, but I don't feel at all gyped because they are in "Esky."

In what other magazine do you get such an all-round comprehensive field of entertainment?

P.S. You may use any part of this letter at any time you desire in answer to some of the reformers that write in griping about "Esky."

SGT. GEO. F. TAPY
1021 Euclid Ave.,
Miami Beach, Fla.

FARAWAY OUTPOST'S TWO-FOOT SHELF

In our Quonset hut—standard officers' quarters on this U. S. Pacific outpost—we have a personal library which, though small, we consider an outstanding collection. Reading from left to right here are our books:

War and Peace in Soviet Diplomacy, by Taracouzio
The Spymaster, by Oppenheim
The Outline of History, by H. G. Wells
You Can't Go Home Again, by Thomas Wolfe

Essays, by George Bernard Shaw
Mrs. Miniver, by Jan Struther
The Golden Bough, by Frazer
The Robe, by Lloyd C. Douglas
The Standard Book of British and American Verse, by Christopher Morley
Czech-American Dictionary
Hugo's Russian Grammar
The Bible in the Czech Language
Bohemian-English Dictionary
Rebecca, by Daphne du Maurier
Studies in the Psychology of Sex, by Havelock Ellis

The Navy, by Fletcher Pratt
The Decline and Fall of Rome, by Gibbon
The Holy Bible (on the table)

In our hut are eight naval officers attached to the Communications Department of this station. They come from eight states as follows: New Jersey, Montana, Illinois, Massachusetts, Tennessee, West Virginia, Minnesota, and Georgia.

We could give you names—and addresses ranging all the way from the nation's largest cities to its smallest rural communities—but that probably wouldn't interest your readers and might get clipped by the censors.

Very truly yours,
Eight Naval Officers
(per LAWRENCE EDWARDS)
Lt. (j.g.) Lawrence Edwards, U.S.N.R.

THE SCARCITY VALUE OF SERGEANT SMOOT

I am forced to complain about the absence of Sergeant Smoot, Corporal Hyler, et al, from the pages of the July Esquire. As a long time subscriber to Esquire, and also as a fellow-sufferer of Sgt. Smoot in training rookies, the peculiarities of which Louis Paul is master, I am deeply concerned as to whether this absence is only temporary, or whether Smoot and his long-suffering fellow noncoms have left us permanently.

Please look up Mr. Paul and see if something can be done about it—otherwise there are a lot of service men who are going to be very unhappy about the whole thing.

Very truly yours,
CPL. J. P. MCAULIFFE, JR.
Chicago, Ill.

THE LONG STORY OF THE LONG RIFLE

So—we have with us again the "Kentucky" rifle! I refer to *The Shiningest Nation Wins* by Jack O'Connor in the July issue of Esquire in which much credit is given to the rifles called "Kentuckies."

Let me quote Girard who for many years was columnist for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. "Only those folks who are ignorant of the origin of the American Rifle in Pennsylvania persist in the foolish practice of calling it a 'Kentucky Rifle.' Also, I would refer you to an article *The Rifle that Won the Revolution* by Roger Burlingame in the February, 1938, issue of *Scribners*, in which he tells the story of the long barrel rifle as it was developed by the early frontiersmen in Eastern Pennsylvania—locksmiths and gunsmiths among the Swiss and Palatine Germans, whose descendants are the 'Pennsylvania Dutch.'"

Daniel Boone took his long barrel rifle along when he left Pennsylvania in the early days of the migration which swept down the Shenandoah Valley and through the Cumberland Gap into Kentucky and the West. The same wave swept across Eastern Tennessee and there you come across the "Tennessee Rifle."

To mention but a few of the descendants of these early "Pennsylvania Dutch" settlers whose names are in the headlines today—General Eisenhower, General Spaatz, General Dever (Irish father and Pennsylvania Dutch mother), General Hershey—enough?

Let's keep the record straight and give credit where it belongs.

Very truly yours,
HERBERT RADER
Germantown, Philadelphia

THE CASE OF THE CLASSY CHASSIS

As a member of the Armed Forces and away from home, I too am an ardent admirer of a classy "chassis" such as presented in Esquire by the talented Varga. My passion for Varga girls goes almost to the extreme; they occupy my walls, ceiling and even space on my luggage is given up to these shapely damsels.

However, I am inclined to sympathize with the mysterious Miss whose "chassis" appears on page ten of the August '43 issue. Though my liking for the Varga wenches is supreme, I would not replace the chassis on page ten for a Varga dame. It is too bad you could not provide a larger of such photo so that we, who appreciate shapely forms, could pin up. A spot has been reserved on my wall to deposit such a dish. Why not give us the face?

Sincerely Yours,
REDINGTON HANSEN
2nd Lt. A. U. S.
Fort Eustis, Va.
Hdq. Det. Gp. III Pers.

THE CASE OF THE CASED TROUT STREAM

Referring to an article by Paul Zimmerman, *How to Case a Trout Stream* either Mr. Zimmerman has grievously misquoted Richard G. Miller, or Miller has taken Zimmerman for a ride.

Enclosed herewith is an affidavit. It is true. Besides my free guiding, Miller was guided by W. S. Chapman, now second in command of Yellowstone Park. Chapman is a career Park Ranger, the best amateur fly maker in the eleven Western states, a very competent dry fly angler. In the hope of learning something from Caster Miller he did guide him once or twice. I recall that he reported to me that the results of Miller's efforts were something less than terrific.

Also, Miller was guided during this, his one and only visit, by one Keith Kenyon, a professional fishing guide. No charge to Miller in this case either. My recollection is that Kenyon also flopped as a guide in that his sport, Caster Miller, once more failed to catch anything.

I do not resent the implied failure of us who live by trout fishing to catch trout so much as the slur on the fishing around here. During the month of June trout fishing here is really a push-over. Our summer people come from all over the country. Dude ranches, summer cottages and fishing clubs represent a big investment. Fishing is so darn good right through the season that even a tournament caster should catch trout.

This new phase of Caster Miller's, the study of trout fishing insects, comes as an added surprise. It is my recollection that a couple of years ago he was unable to distinguish a May-fly from a dill pickle.

In the interests of accuracy, I hope that you can run this letter in your Sound and Fury section. If you want supporting statements from the other two sniggling guides, Chapman and Kenyon, I can, I think, obtain them with no great difficulty.

Very truly yours,
DONALD S. MARTINEZ
West Yellowstone, Mont.

State of Montana }
County of Gallatin } ss
Donald S. Martinez, of Los Angeles, California, being duly sworn, deposes and states—

1. That he is well acquainted with Richard G. Miller of Huntington Beach, California, and that said Miller is the same Miller referred to in a certain article appearing in the August, 1943, issue of Esquire magazine.

2. That in the month of June, 1941, said Miller visited the town of West Yellowstone, Montana, in company of three other persons, all from California.

3. That he gratuitously guided said Miller on three occasions during the time said Miller resided in West Yellowstone.

a. Once to Hebgen Lake near the mouth of the Little Madison River.

b. Once to the Madison River at the place commonly known as the Number Two Hole, in the stretch of water locally known as "Back of the Barns."

c. Once to the place on the Madison River at a point about 6 miles east of the West Entrance to Yellowstone National Park, locally known as the "Slow Bend."

4. That on these three fishing expeditions to the certain knowledge of the affiant herein, said Miller failed to catch a single trout or a single fish of any species. Further affiant saith not.

Donald S. Martinez (SEAL)
Subscribed and sworn before me, Notary Public in and for the County of Gallatin, state of Montana this 22 day of June, A D. 1943

S. P. Eagle—Notary Public
My commission expires 6-10-'44

ADD PUGS DYING OF OLD AGE

Here's another one for Mr. Sameth. Mysterious Billy Smith, one of boxing's very best, born May, 1871, died October, 1937—age 66½.

Boxed nearly all long bouts from 1891 to 1903—12 years. 102 bouts.

Sincerely,
COL. HARVEY L. MILLER
United States Marine Corps

LEYDENFROST PIX ARE PAINTINGS

Could you please solve a problem that was brought up while discussing a plane shown in the May, 1943, issue. Is the B-24 pictured there a photograph or a painting. Please answer at once.

I remain,
An Esquire Reader,
PFC. L. GORDON
499th A. B. Sq.
Bar. No. 161
San Bernardino, Calif.

ESQ AS THE GOLDEN SESAME

"Sound and Fury" is real entertainment. I never look at even the Varga pictures until having completely read the letters to the editor.

Stationed on this island for over four months it was extremely difficult to maintain any form of social life with the few whites here and the natives.

My problem was solved so very completely by having received a subscription to Esquire. I am now a welcome visitor at every home. With Esquire tucked under my arm, doors that were before so formidable now open as if by magic. So thanks for the social life your magazine has given me.

Swimming for Your Life was probably read by my Admiral. A new order has been put into effect on this station. No sailor is permitted shore leave until he can swim 150 feet. We have already organized swimming classes and before long that old adage about an old dog not learning any new tricks will be disproved. The non-swimming sailor will be a thing of the past.

P.S. (Censored) has removed a few of Varga's paintings from over my bunk. Shall I protest?

NAT GOLD M2c
Naval Const. Batt.
c/o Fleet Post Office, N.Y.



- ↑ How to get to Charlie's House
- ↓ Reason for getting to Charlie's House



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P.S. See page 22 to learn "which is which" in the actual photo.

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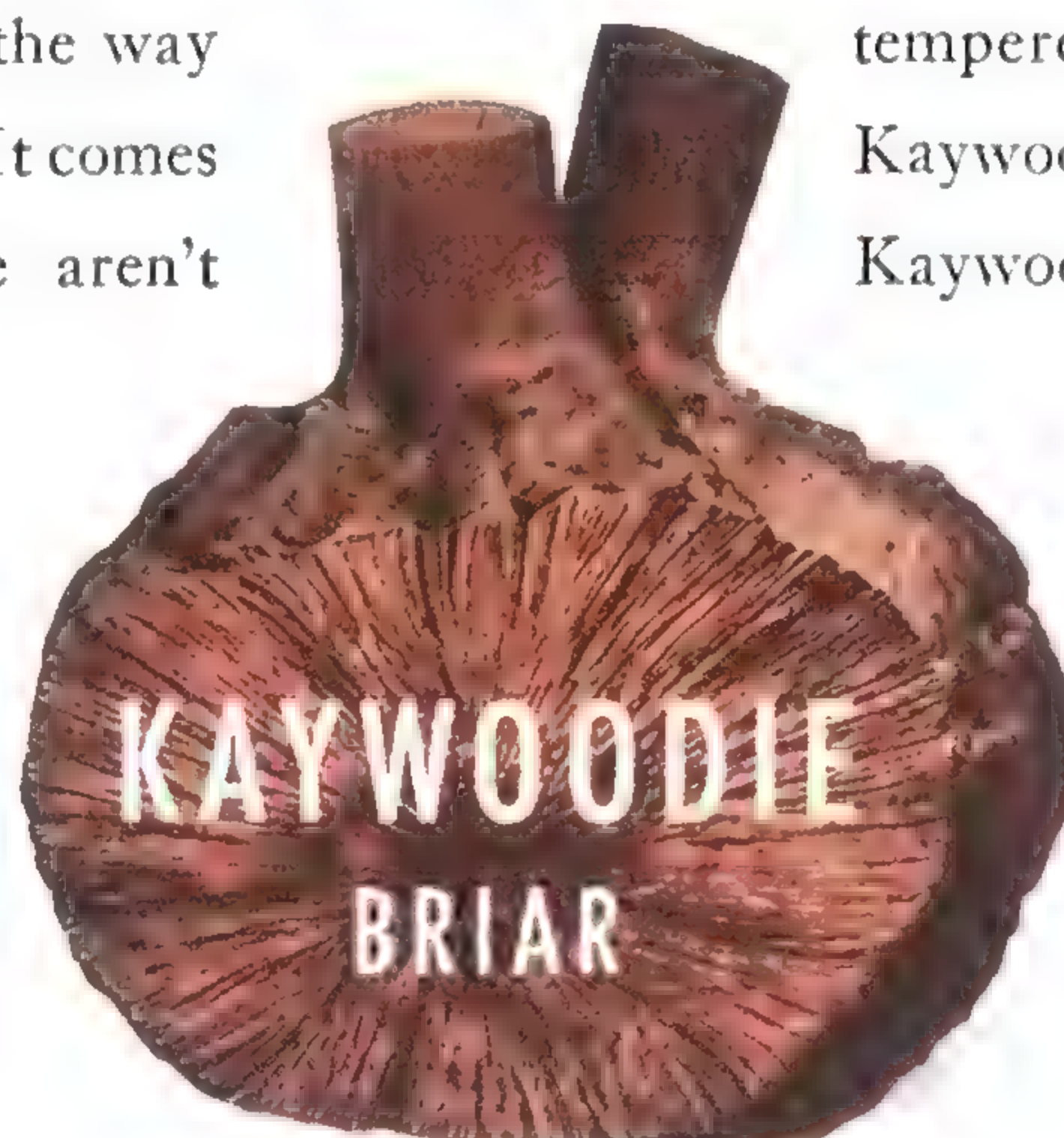
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[actual size]

“I smoke a Kaywoodie”

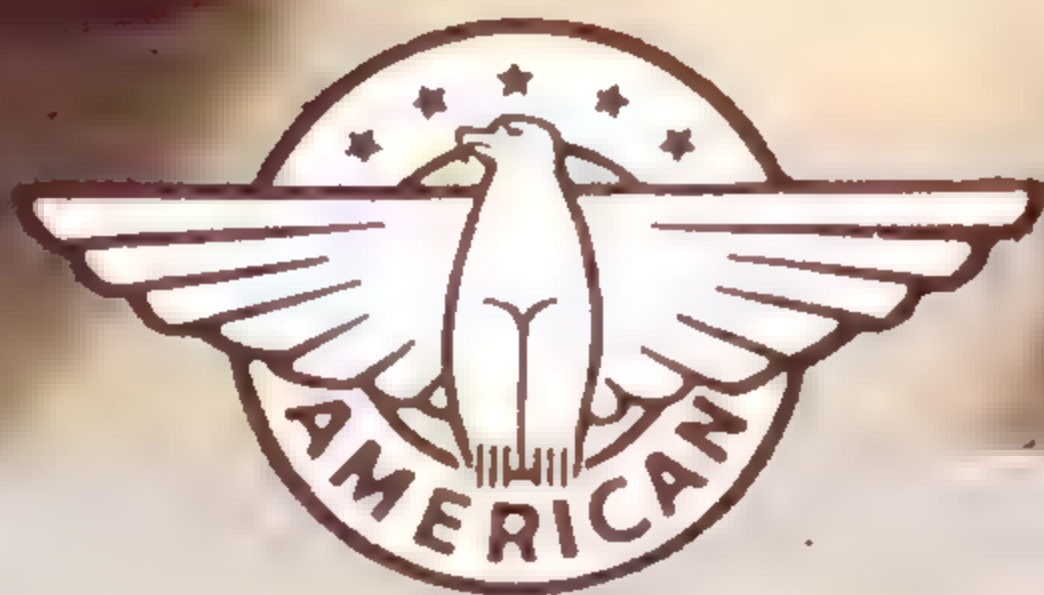
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many pipes made of it any more. It smokes well. Doesn’t heat up. Doesn’t affect the flavor of the smoke. This Kaywoodie briar-wood is seasoned and cured with tempering agents that permeate the wood. That’s why there’s nothing like a Kaywoodie. Always mild, good-tempered and yielding the same delicious Kaywoodie Flavor.

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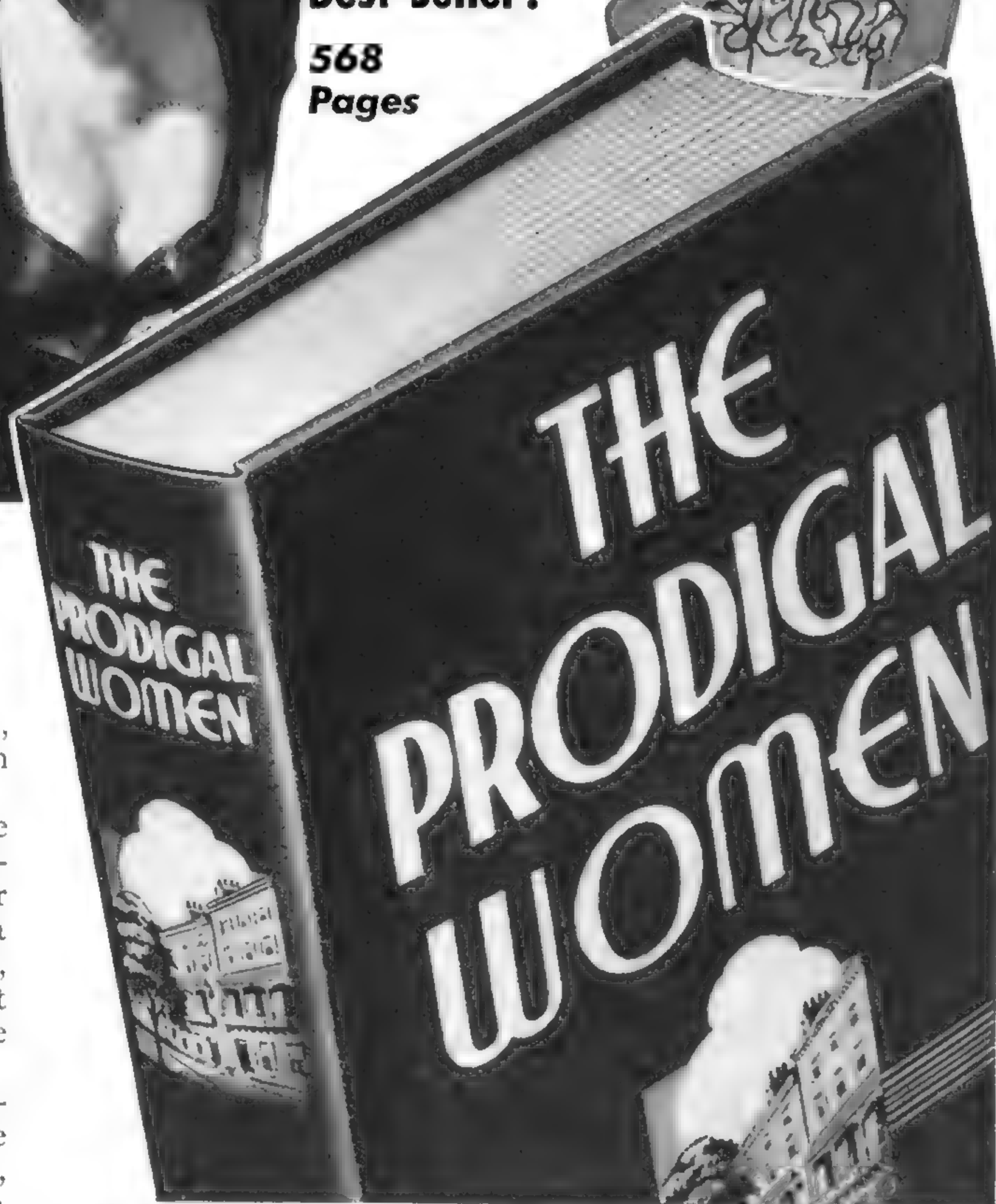
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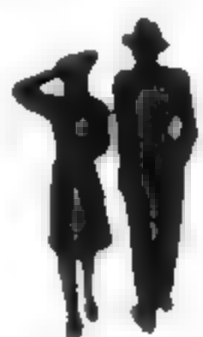
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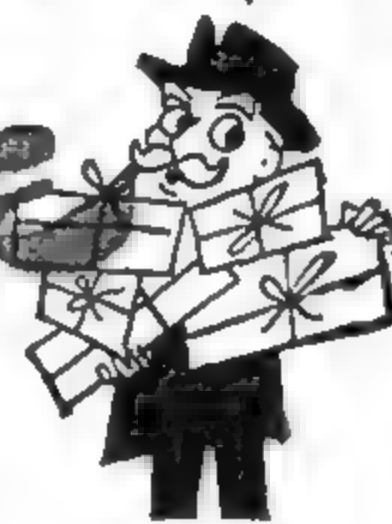
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Talking Shop with Esquire



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MUGGING WHISTLE. Latest frail protector is the mugging whistle, a small gadget with a big voice, attached to a V shaped lapel pin. The Modern Miss doesn't scream when attacked, she just lets out a blast which will speedily call a cab or a cop! The "Mugger" is sterling silver.

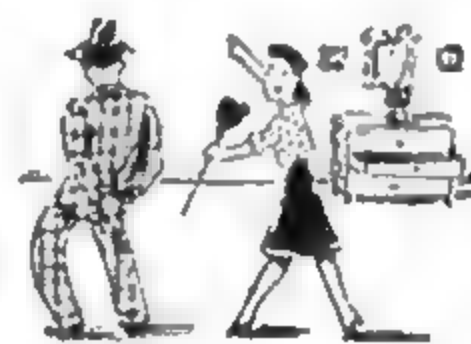


CHASTITY BELT. As a further protective measure you might consider the chastity belt (sorry, it's bogus, and not impregnable) but she'll get the idea. Belt is done in red leather, decorated with a huge gold metal lock and jewel studded key. You can have it made in any color, to order.



HEART HATPIN. Another weapon, since time immemorial a method of female defense, is the hatpin.

These are sentimental beauties, large heart shaped tops in colored felt jewelled with rows of pearls, rhinestones, gold beads and colored stones. Effective on head or in hand.



HOME GIRL. Send her a charm bracelet fraught with meaning, strung with, say, garden implements. Tiny sterling silver lawn mower, wheel barrow, hose reel, water pump, etc. Or a bracelet with such domestic symbols as the knitting bag, scissors, thimble and such. Let marauders know that a woman's place is in the home.



Ranger

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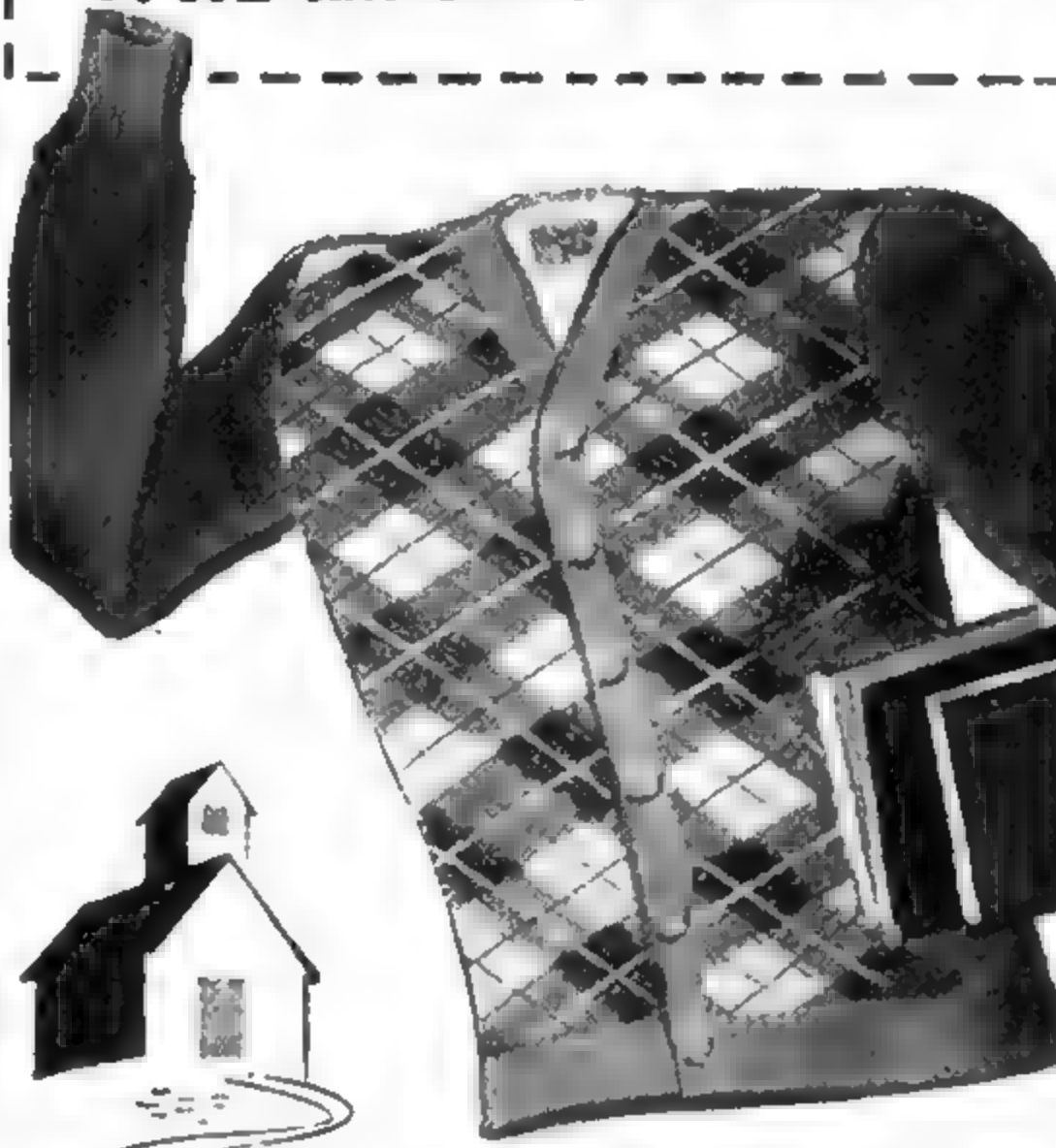
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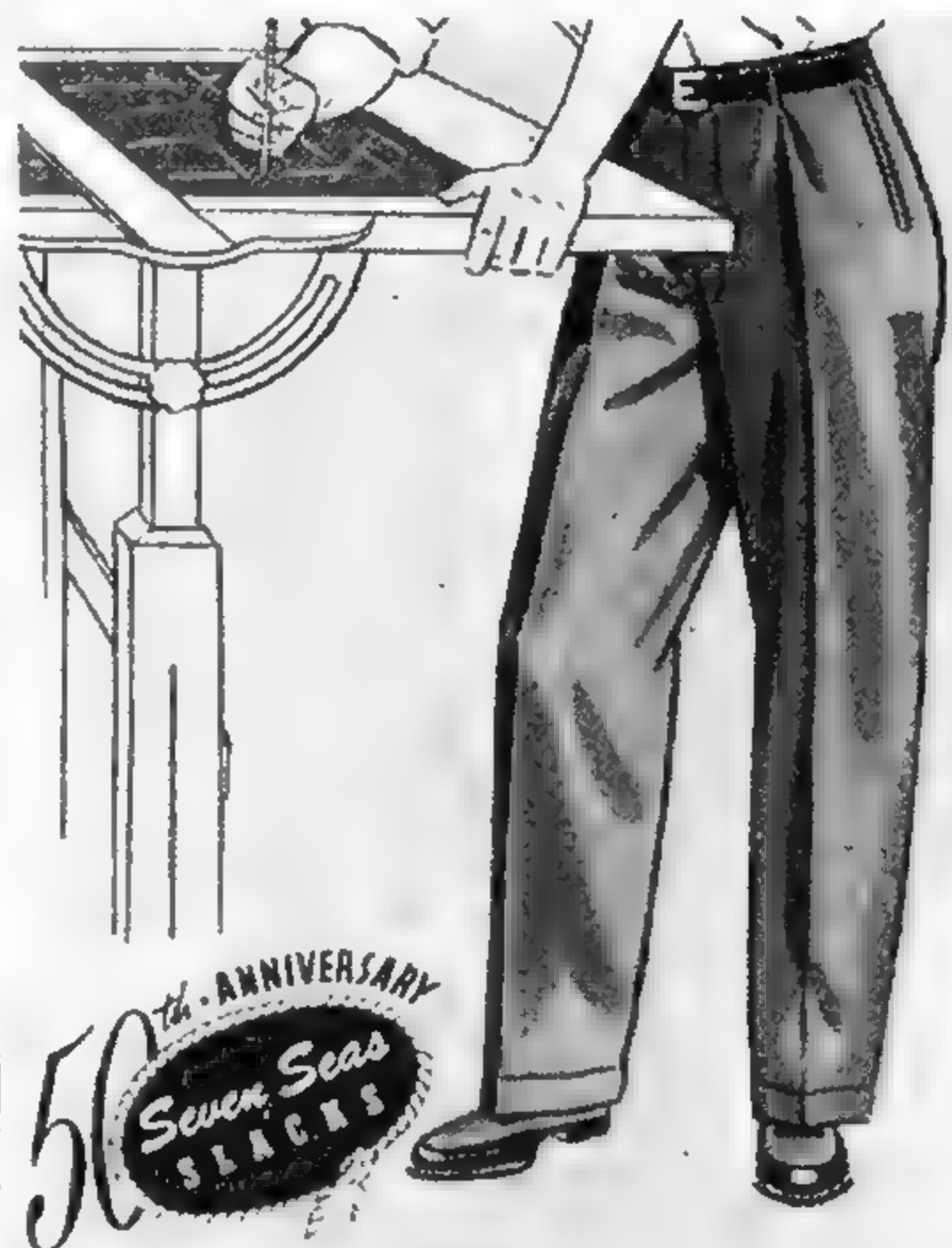
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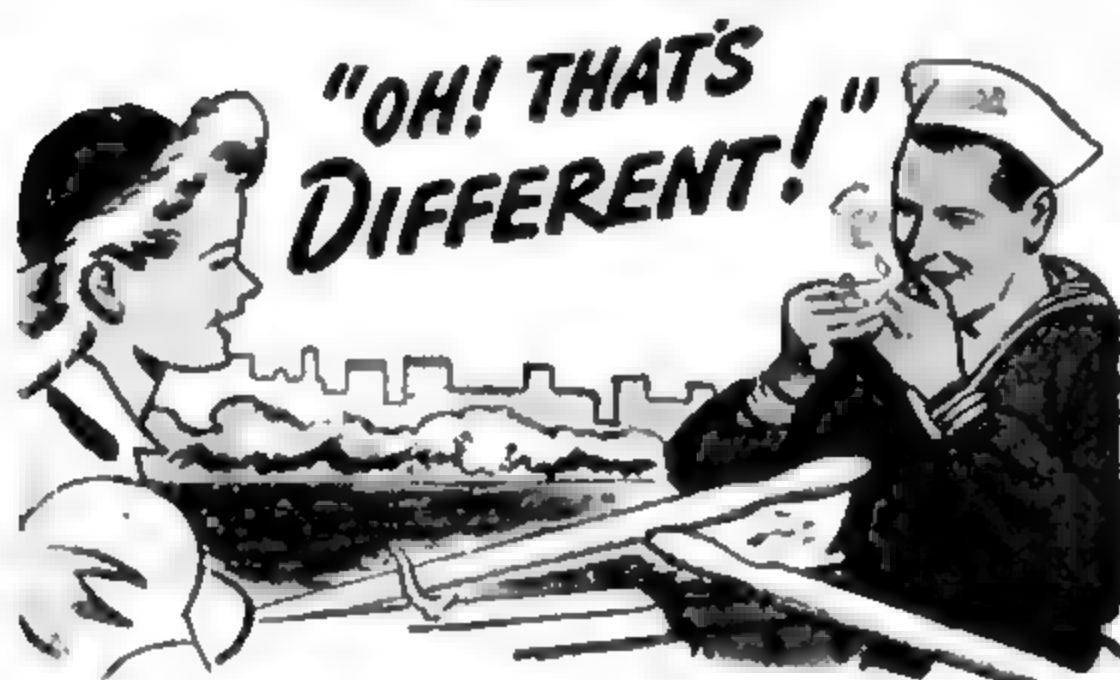
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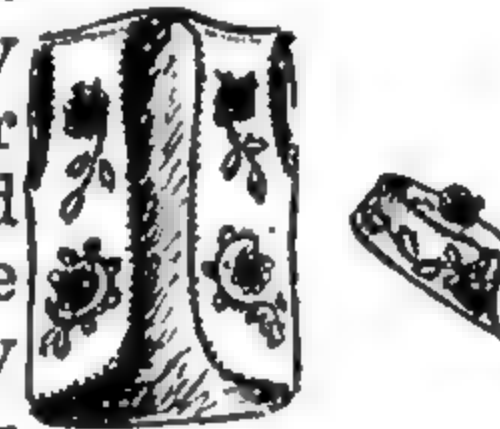


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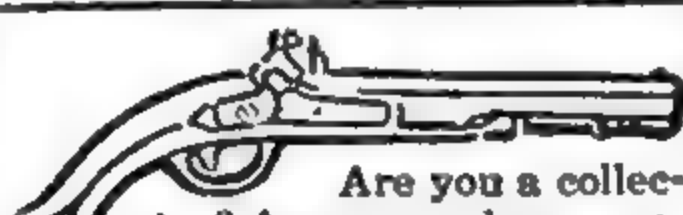
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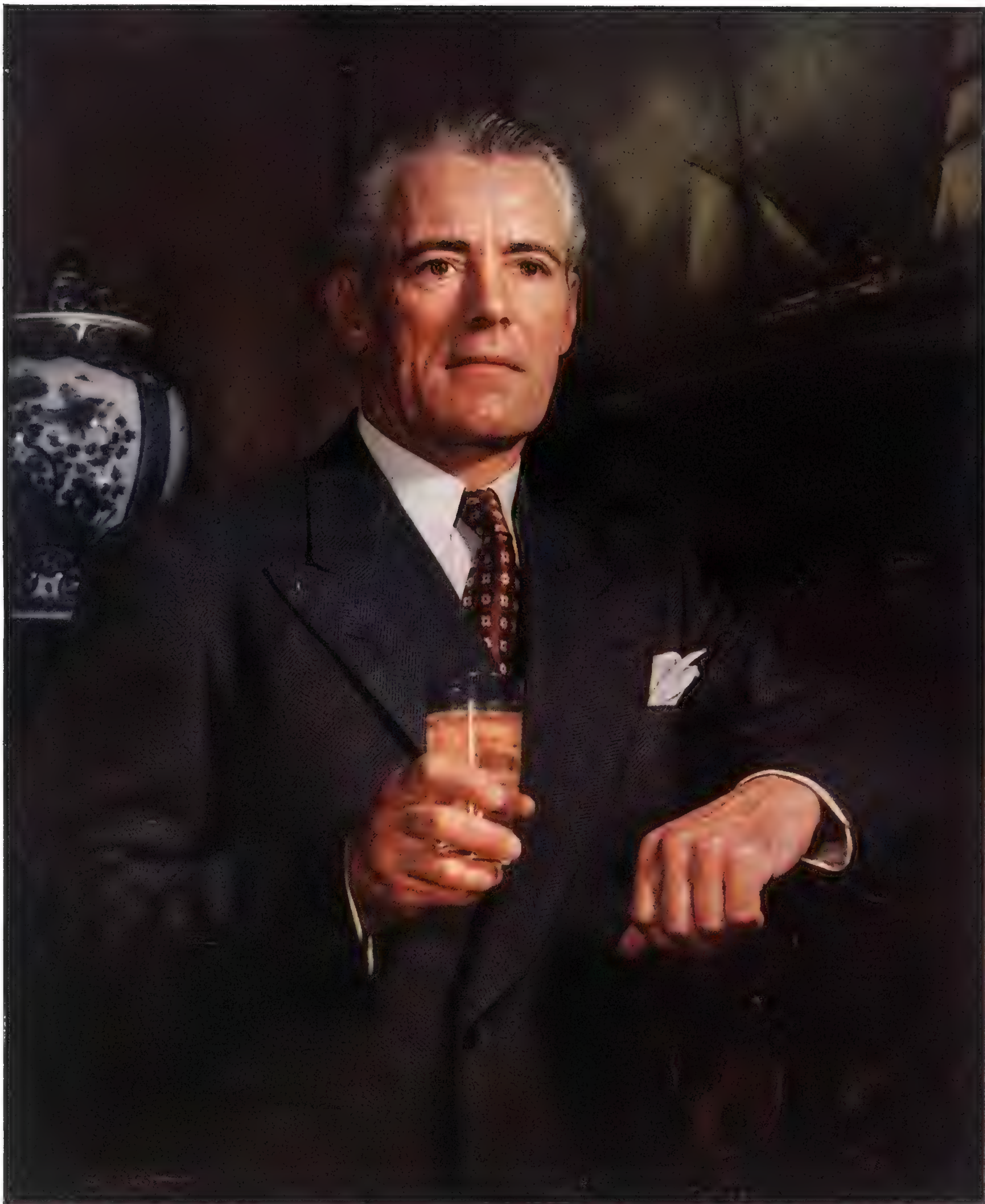
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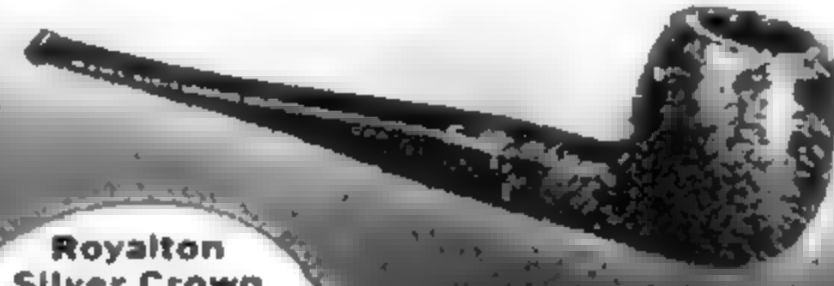
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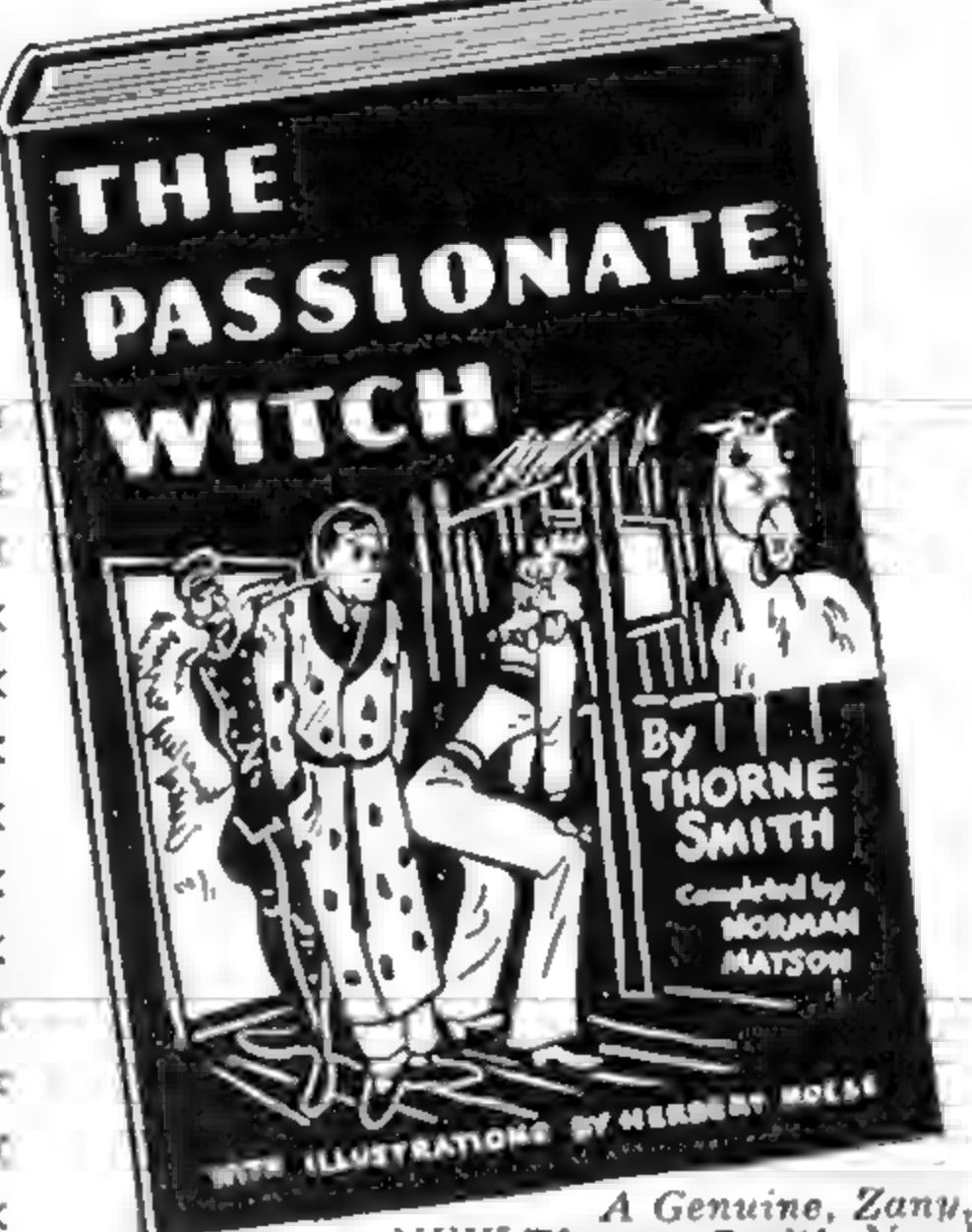
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\$44 or \$6.60 In the Regal Shoe advertisement on page 12, the shoe at the right is the bootmaker's original, which cost \$44 a pair. The shoe at the left is the Regal Reproduction at \$6.60! Please don't feel bad if you "missed"—even shoe experts have failed to choose correctly.

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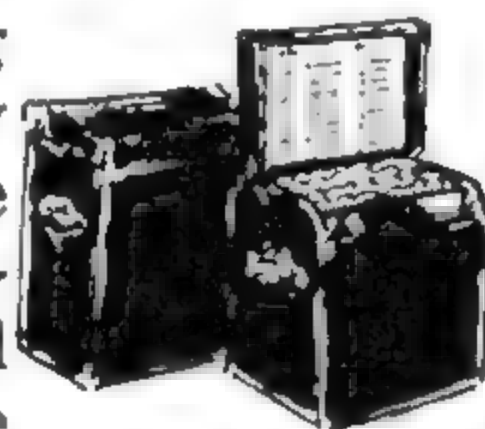
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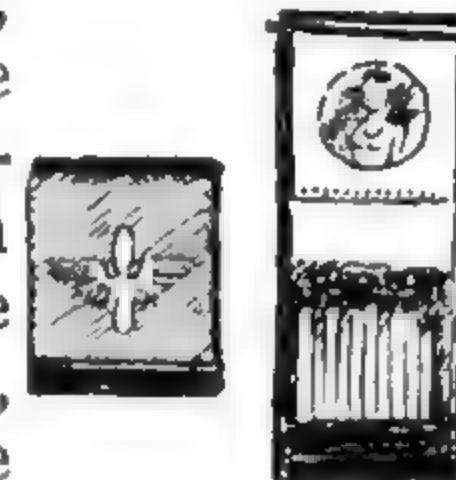
SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS. A great many fellows in service set great store by their own portable phonographs. If you're wondering what to send by way of a gift, one of the new light-weight record cases would be gratefully received. They protect the records against dust and breakage, and are equipped with separate pockets with the filing number of each record showing clearly at the top and an index placed handily inside the case lid. Holds 50, count 'em, 50, records.



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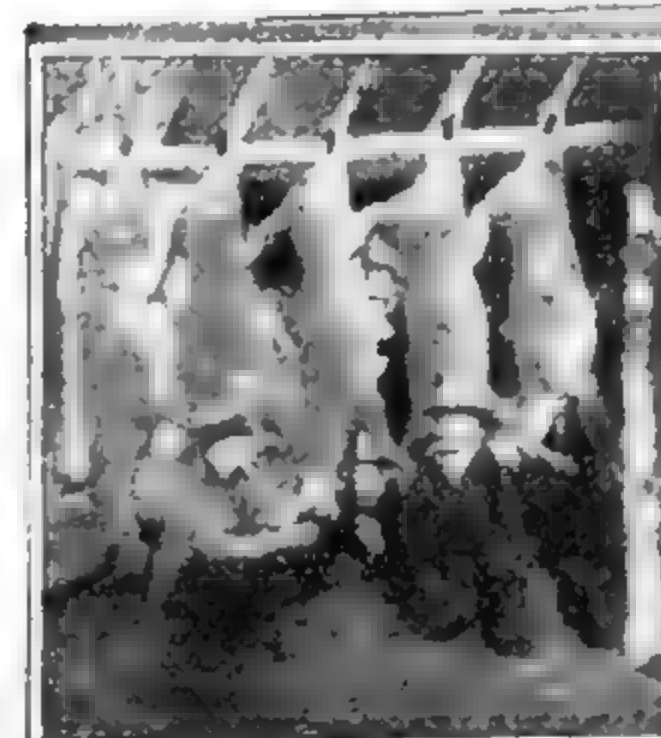
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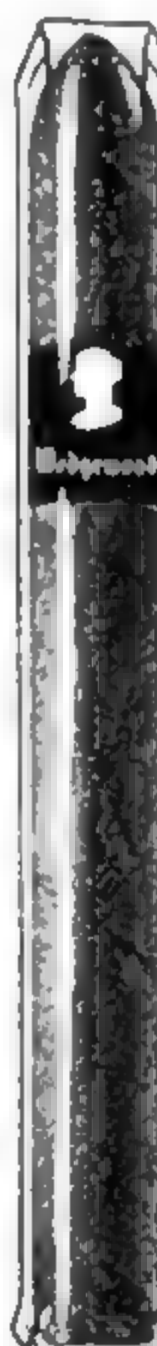
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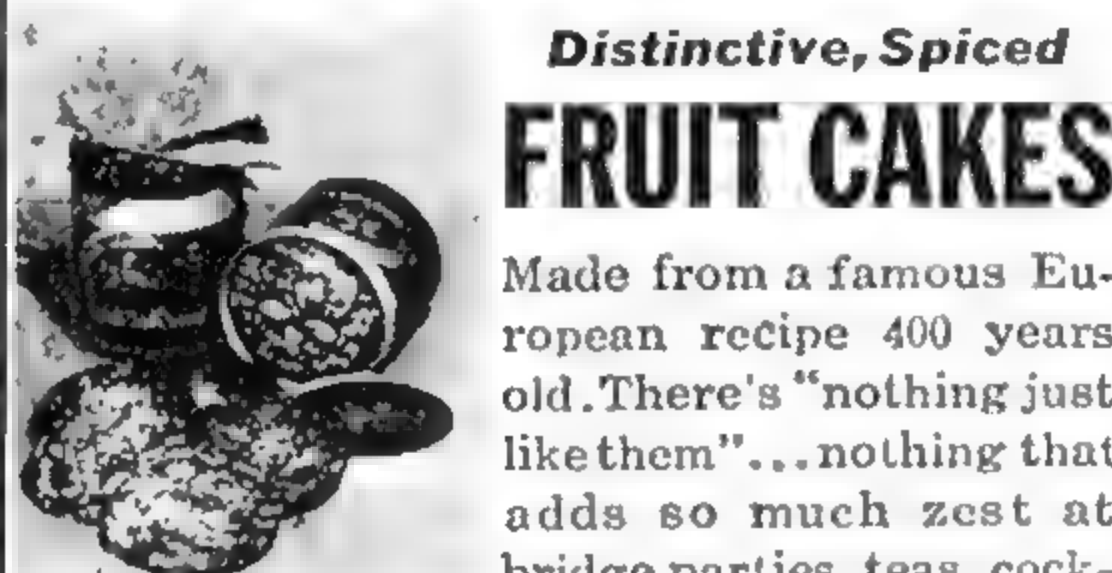
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ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORPORATION
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Painting the Town with Esquire



MUCH BROADWAY history had to move over when Marden-Rivieran Joe Howard (born on this side of the bridge) moved into the attic of the Winter Garden, naming his invasion the Café Zanzibar and doing a well-nigh Amgot job of improvements. For punctual arriviers whose friends are tardy, he has installed a fidget-curing station known as the Safari Bar, and on the wall opposite the bandstand (where Don Redman's toot ensemble alternates with a rumba outfit) he's clapped a grand new mural which we could describe better if we hadn't sat whack up against it, finding the blonde at the next table more ganderable (curse that guy she was with!). Besides, there was food and drink to attend to and the Zanzibar Revue wherein are rampageanted the talents of such sepia celebs as Ella Tisket-Tasket Fitzgerald, copper-coloraturiste Avis Andrews, slapstickers Moke & Poke, standup pianist Maurice Rocco, and the strutting Berry Brothers. Plus a squad of Zanzibeauts. Bruno at the door is already handling reservations for New Year's Eve.

THE HOTEL Biltmore's Roof, cradle of nocturnal slitherculture, has this season hit its all-

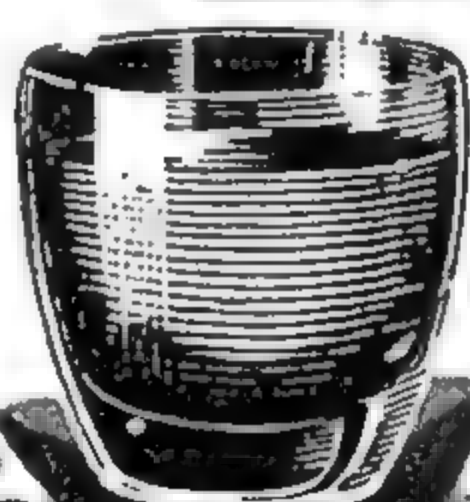
time high in charming the eye with grace of limb and fantasy of costume. Première skateuse Carol Lynne, plenty looky, is attended by four glidesmaids (any one of whom would do us nicely) and a couple of dashing interlopers, the plot thickening and quickening to a Latin finale with bullfighter cape twirlage. Conducive music is conducted by Biltmore and radio favorite Ray Heatherton, singing his own choruses or sharing them with pert thrush Ann Warren. Mere caged canaries, hung along the balcony, chirp in. We caught a song plugger trying to proposition one of them with birdseed. Had he offered some of the Ohio Sauterne we were sipping he'd have got farther.

SELECT LITTLE SPOT for lunching and dining is the brick-fronted, petticoat-size-awned Café de la Ville (65 East 54th) where partners Pierre and Hector cast a critical eye upon every casserole or platter that is toted into the room, making certain that it is as it should be. Frogs' legs leap to poppo. Veal steak nestles among noodles. Broiled chicken melts in your fangs. Snubbers of bar and wine cellar pay a forfeit of two bits.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

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Mix 1 jigger sweetened condensed milk (or coffee cream sweetened to taste) and 1 jigger Jamaica Rum. Add cracked ice, shake well. You'll find this "believe it or not" novelty delightful when made with genuine

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They have a Future...because they have a Past!



FORTUNATELY, thanks to the U. S. Bottled-in-Bond Act which regulates details of aging, bottling and labeling of bonded whiskies, there has been no war-time change in this pre-war quality. For generations past, these five famous bonds have been America's outstanding whiskies. And they still are!

So even in war-time you can still have the finest whiskey you ever knew in peace-time . . . but you will have to have just a little patience with us, when you don't

happen to find the particular brand you want in your licensed dealer's store.

For with limited stocks and an ever-growing demand we have the task of being trustees for you who love fine whiskies. It is our task to distribute these remaining stocks of fine bonded whiskies fairly, but at the same time wisely so that you can depend on having this same superlative quality until conditions permit the production and proper aging of new stocks.

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

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*The distilleries of this company are engaged
in the production of alcohol for war purposes.*

Samsonite *Changes Jobs*

SAMSONITE PRODUCTS FAMILIAR TO MILLIONS . . . ARE NOW PLAYING A VITAL PART FOR EARLY VICTORY



WHEN JOE AMERICA CHANGED JOBS

and joined up with Uncle Sam's fighting forces, the SAMSONITE luggage of his care-free days joined up, too—with the rank of *Army Locker*.

Today, more than one million of these sturdy Army Lockers are stationed wherever our fighting men are quartered; guarding and safekeeping their personal belongings, souvenirs and keepsakes that bind them to the homes they are defending.

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QUITE A CHANGE OVER from a cozy Card Table, whose mission is to make leisure hours brighter, to ammunition boxes that carry shells and bullets to far flung fronts all over the globe.

Not the slightest resemblance outwardly. But the same sturdy, reliable construction that gave SAMSONITE Card Tables the right to claim, "Strong Enough To Stand On" is now built into these ammunition boxes. That's ample proof their cargo will get through to the right place at the right time . . . ready for action.



PRESTO, CHANGO! And those comfortable, modern SAMSONITE Folding Chairs became fiery, incendiary bombs.

How these deadly instruments of destruction are made, and where they are going, is a strict military secret. But we can tell the world there's going to be no let up in turning them out until the day of the enemy's "Unconditional Surrender." Meanwhile, we are sure you will cheerfully bear with us, and your favorite dealer, should it be difficult or impossible to supply you.



HELP MAKE VICTORY DAY COME SOONER by pitching into that war job harder than ever . . . lives depend on it! Pitch in more of your dollars for war bonds and stamps. Remember . . . the more we pitch in here at home, the more our boys can dish it out over there . . . and the sooner Victory will be ours!

When that time comes, and you can travel again, we'll turn from war production to give you all the fine SAMSONITE Luggage

you'll need. There'll also be plenty of SAMSONITE Card Tables for your evening's fun, as well as comfortable SAMSONITE Folding Chairs in which to lounge around and relax.

And you can expect many new, exciting creations of PLASTIC luggage and card tables, too. These already are perfected and will be yours to have and enjoy . . . as soon as we win this war. Help hasten that day . . . buy all the War Bonds you can!

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Works of tie-art in Cohama's amazing "Gamester" fabric...wrinkle-resistant...no "morning-after" look. Ask for them at your favorite men's store.

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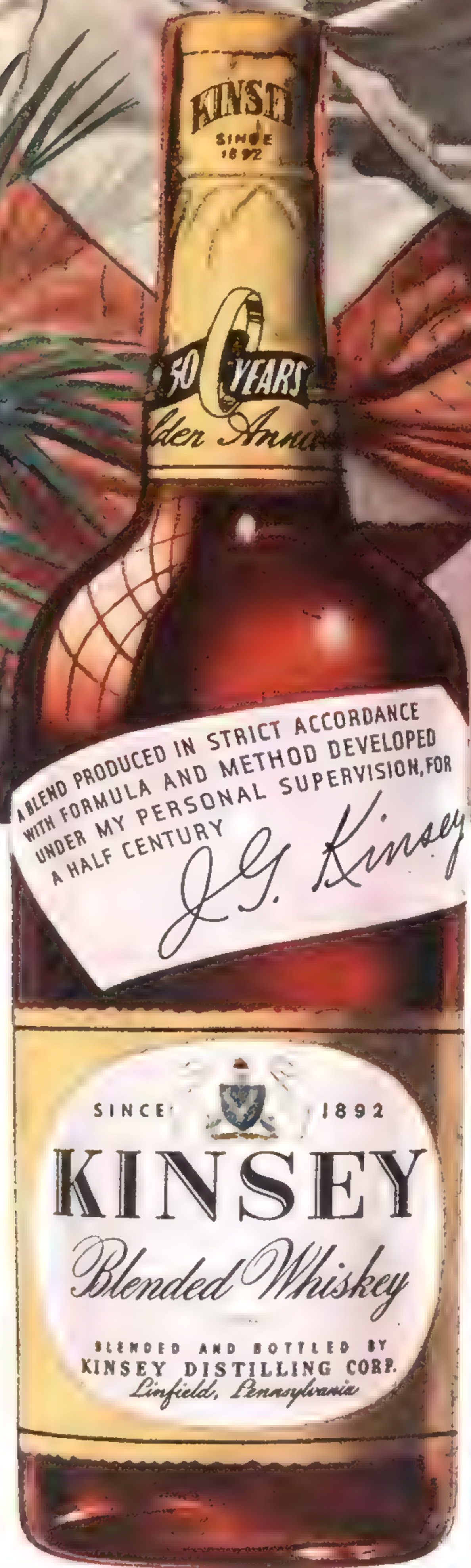
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86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits



NOW AS IN 1892 — *It's Kinsey for Enjoyment*

FIRST AIR WARDEN: That "all clear" sounded good to me. Now for a breather—join me in a "tall one".

SECOND AIR WARDEN: Say, I'd go for an air raid drill every night if I could always top it off as pleasantly as this... with Kinsey.

FIRST AIR WARDEN: Don't try to make me think you need inducements. You're as keen to do your bit for Civilian Defense as your family is way out front in saving scrap metal and kitchen fats. Here's to you and millions like you who are doing what they can...

all they can... the best way they can.

NOW THE GAY 90'S SPEAKS:

MR. GAY 90'S: *Today as in my day it's the same—Kinsey and enjoyment go together. And with Mr. J. G. Kinsey, America's oldest living distiller still supervising the blending of this Golden Anniversary Whiskey, you can depend upon getting the same good product that always has been the secret of better taste in Kinsey.*

Do as we did...

ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR!

in sunshine as in rain ...

you're dressed for the occasion in ...



smart as a topcoat ... and ready for rain!

Be smart ... save your clothes as you save gas. Walk to work in an all-weather Rainfair Storm Coat. You'll be dressed right—rain or shine! For every Rainfair is made of quality fabrics *showerproofed* to make you *always ready for rain*. Try on the new Rainfairs at your favorite store. Note the expert tailoring ... the smart "fair weather top-coat" cut and fit. Rainfair Storm Coats are made to *look well* and *wear well* too. They are coats that will serve you well!

But, remember, military needs are our prime wartime responsibility, although Civilian Rainfairs are available in limited quantities. So we suggest that you shop now. And we hope you'll be patient if your favorite store is temporarily out of your size.

regent ... 21.50 a superior part wool covert storm coat *showerproofed* to make you shine in the rain. The very finest Rainfair quality and styling. Sleeve and deep yoke lining of rayon. (also in part wool gabardine at 19.50.)

ziprain ... 13.75 a smart, easy-fitting English-style Rainfair. Made of fine quality *showerproofed* gabardine in style-right shades of bleached bone or light olive. Sleeve and deep yoke lining of rayon. Popular knee length.

field club ... 13.75 cotton and rayon covert in a smart putty shade. A well-styled all-purpose *showerproofed* coat with bal-type collar, raglan sleeves, button fly front and railroad stitched cuffs and hem.

free: write today for illustrated booklet of Rainfair Storm Coats that make you shine in any weather ... address:
Chicago Rubber Clothing Company, Racine, Wisconsin

Buy War Bonds first!

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies



Mellow and delicious

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM

MADE WITH
Discriminating people have long been familiar with the extra goodness of rum drinks made with dark, delicious Myers's. The fragrant bouquet, the rich colour, the smooth, mellow taste of this fine Jamaica Rum make Myers's the favourite with all who know good spirits. So in your next Planters' Punch, Collins or cocktail, remember, for that wealth of flavour—

The Rum Must be
MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica
97 Proof
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A-1

SAUCE



WE'RE DOING OUR BEST

Due to Army and Navy use of vital ingredients, it's harder nowadays to get A-1 Sauce at grocery stores and restaurants.

BUT! . . . It's worth waiting for. Be patient. Keep asking for it. We are doing our best to keep you supplied.

Send for free recipe booklet.

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

Painting the Town with Esquire



GREAT-GIRTHED, great-hearted David Cowles, amateur host who went professional by opening the Penguin Club of succulent memory, has betaken himself with his pet recipes to the lordly Ritz Tower Hotel, Park Avenue at 57th, establishing there a Penguin Bar and Restaurant whereby Cowles' chow and cheer are now available not only to serene suiteholders under the roof-tree of manager C. J. McCauley, but also to good-news-lured droppers in. Patriotically saving points for the armed forces, resourceful Dave specializes in the unusual and surprisingly palatable, such as turtle steak (akin to veal, but with more to say for itself), capon livers brochetted with bacon and tomatoes, pancakes enfolding curried minced turkey, and sea bass reveling in white wine sauce. As regards whistle assuagers, he's an all-round information bureau.

captious haunter can put up with another look at *them*.

FROM THE INTENSITY of the drill which the champagne bucket brigade is being put through at the patrician Hotel Plaza, we gather that Hildegard's triumphal return to the Persian Room is imminent, with Bob Grant's orchestra backgrounding . . . Lucius Beebe fisting the faucets of a cow wouldn't have boffed us more than the sight of Rain-bow Room maestro Ben Cutler (who breathes breeding) podi-umed at the Village Barn (52 West 8th) and wanding music for the hick hilarities of Zeb Carver and His Country Cousins. At this rate, they'll be running hayrides down there from Park Avenue.

RIOBAMBA beguilements are topped by the keyboarding of Charles Baum . . . Celeste Holm and her ditties are furore scorers at La Vie Parisienne . . . Many a notable is glimpsable as a Sunday afternoon briochebiter at Rumpelmayer's in the Hotel St. Moritz, or assaulting a club sandwich in same hostelry's Café de la Paix, where eventide brings on Ron Perry and his orchestra and Dolores del Carmen with her carols and contours.

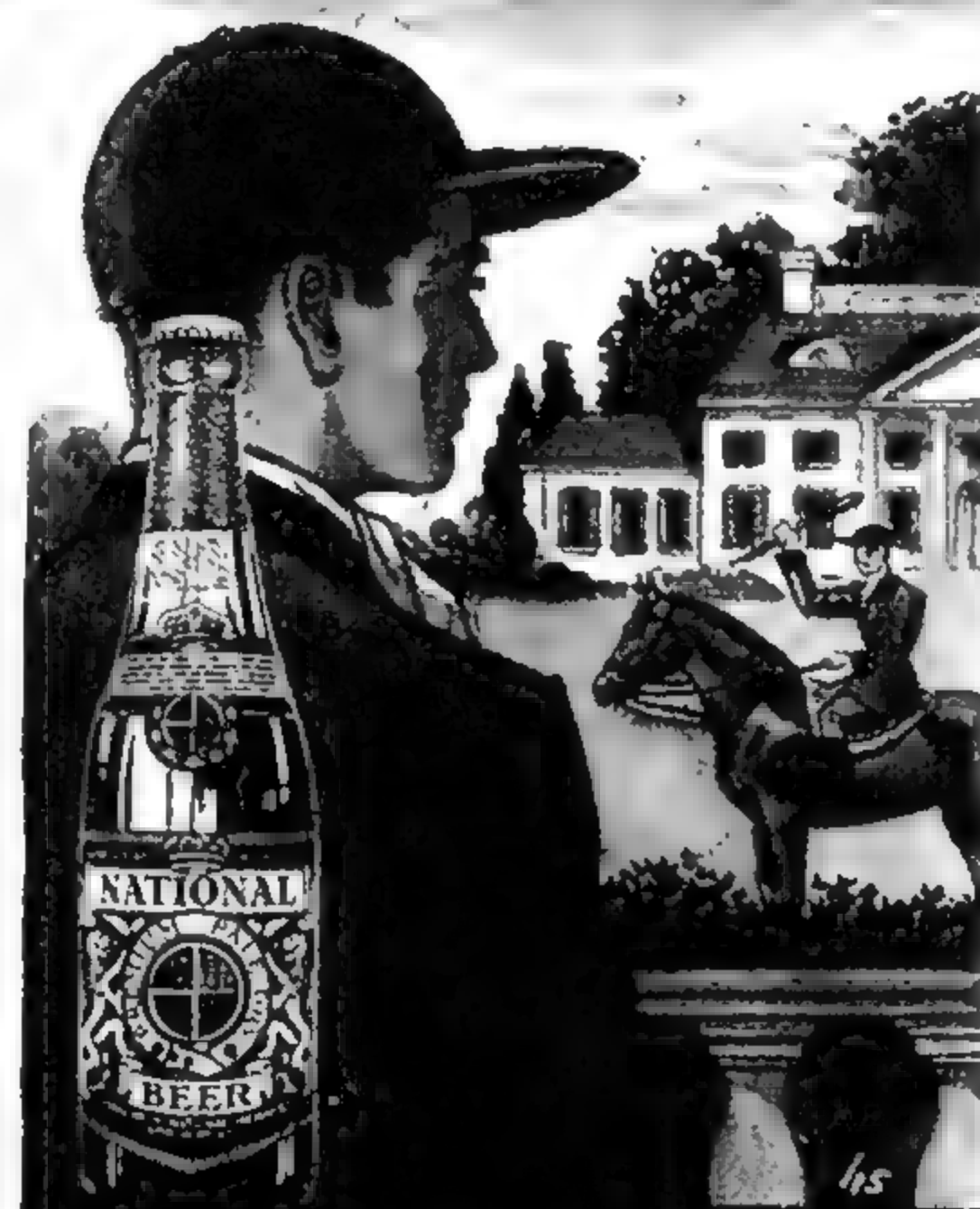
"*THAT* ought to hold them!" is the devout thought of Nick and Arnold of the Versailles every time these twain splurge forth a new show. But it doesn't. Patrons come back for more and different. So the grim task of shellacking previous offerings goes on and on. The comely Ver-Sighs are retained, however; even the most

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"Think hard, Dear—what did you put in the dough?"

MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR
OF GOOD CHEER

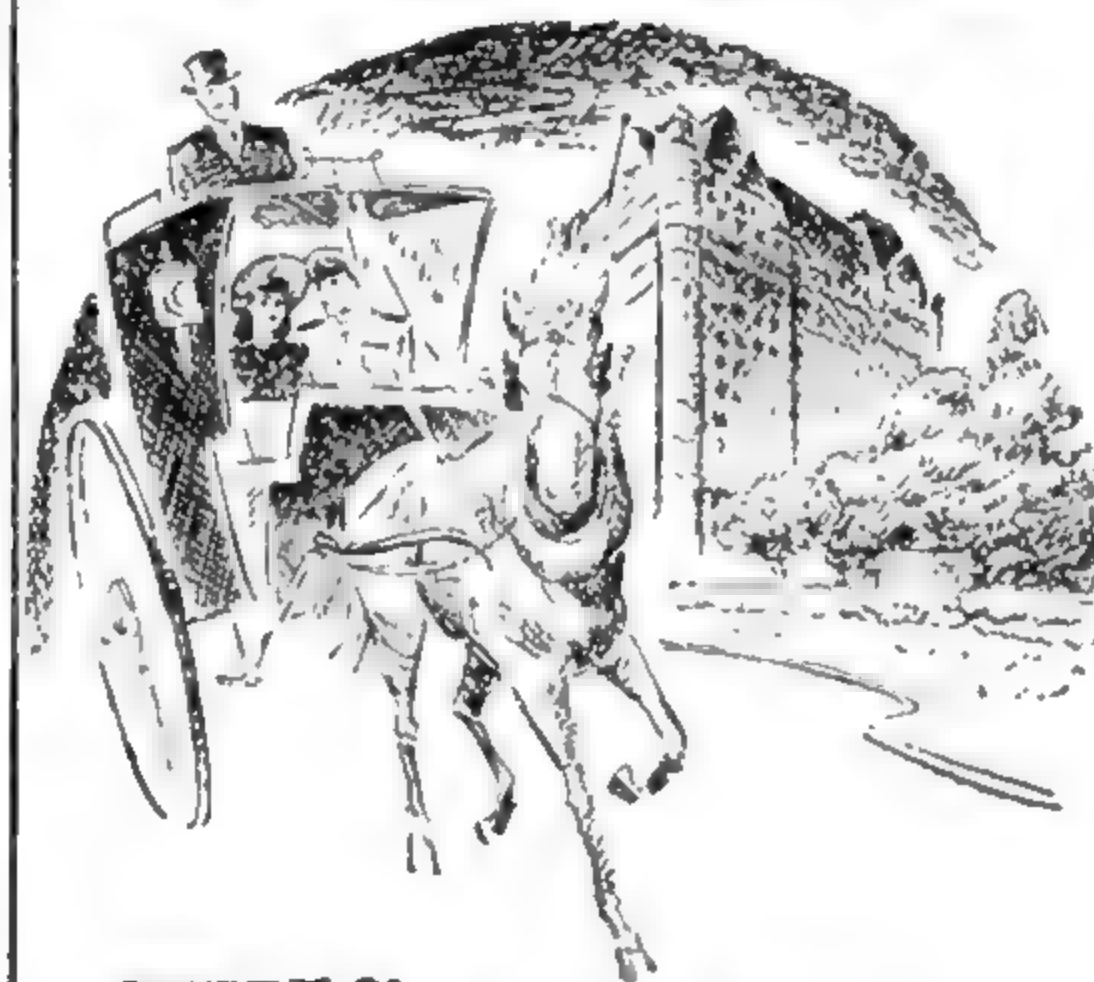


FROM COAST TO COAST

NATIONAL
PREMIUM
BEER

PALE, DRY, BRILLIANT

THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.



THIS is New York

The hansom cabs that roll merrily through Central Park are characteristically "New York." And just as much a part of the Manhattan scene is The Plaza, with its cool park location and its beautifully spacious rooms. Many are air-conditioned.

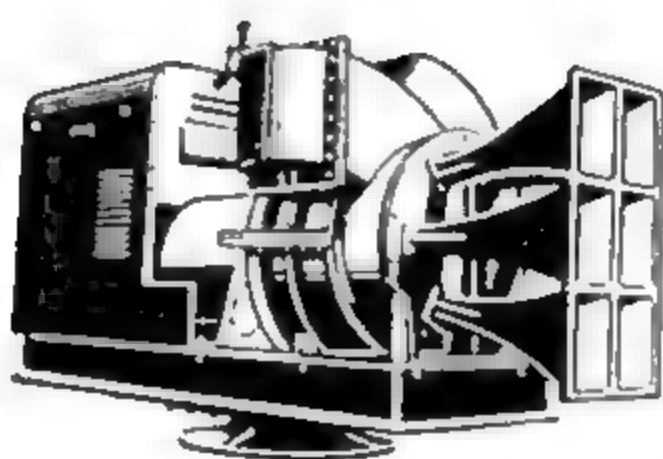
Rates begin at \$4 per person (2 in a room)
single rooms are from \$6

HILDEGARDE
returns to the
Persian Room
SEPTEMBER 22nd

The PLAZA
Facing Central Park
at 5th Ave. and 59th St.
New York
Henry A. Rost, President and
Managing Director



Tractors powered by Chrysler Industrial Engines are extensively used by our Armed Forces for pulling airplanes into and out of hangars and repair shops as well as for other hauling jobs around air bases.

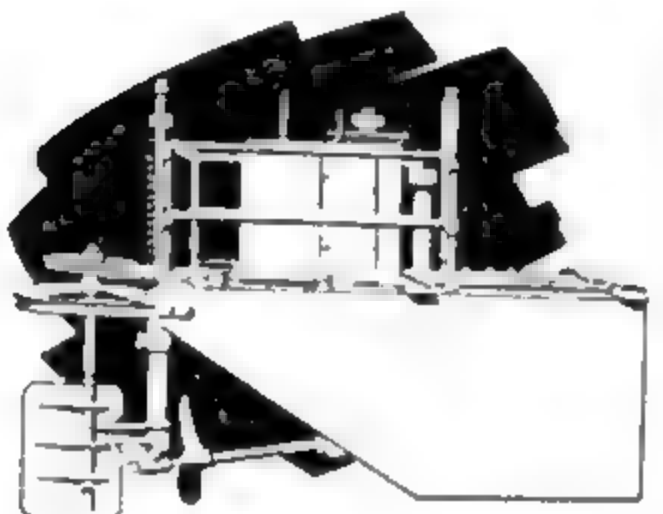


Chrysler Air Raid Siren

MILITARY victories culminate on the field of battle. They begin at the forge, the factory, the shipyard, and on the farm.

Thus the horsepower that contributes to the efficiency of war-time manufacture, agriculture or essential construction is contributing to victory just as surely as that which motivates actual fighting units.

The Chrysler Division, Chrysler Corporation, contributes horsepower both to the fighting and to the preparations for fighting. Its industrial engines are being applied to more than a score of essential uses directly connected with the war effort.



Chrysler Marine Tractor

Among these uses are to furnish power for airport tractors, airport gang mowers, arc welders used in many kinds of construction, gener-

ator sets for firing cannon, industrial lift trucks, emergency fire-pumpers, air raid sirens, air compressors for a variety of uses, farm tractors, farm combines, mechanical shovels and buses.



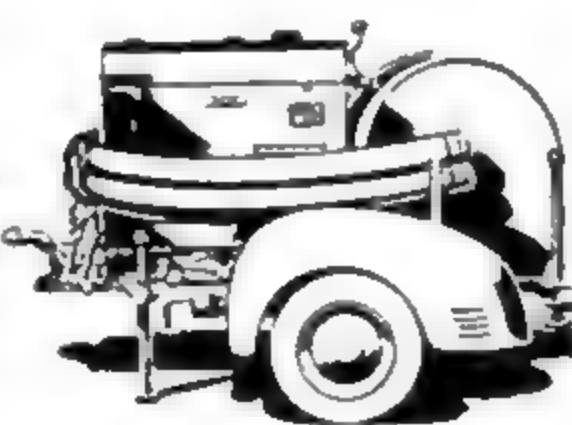
Bofors Anti-Aircraft Gun

Chrysler Industrial Engines are serving as power plants in much of the equipment used by the United States Government. They are meeting the drastic requirements of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast

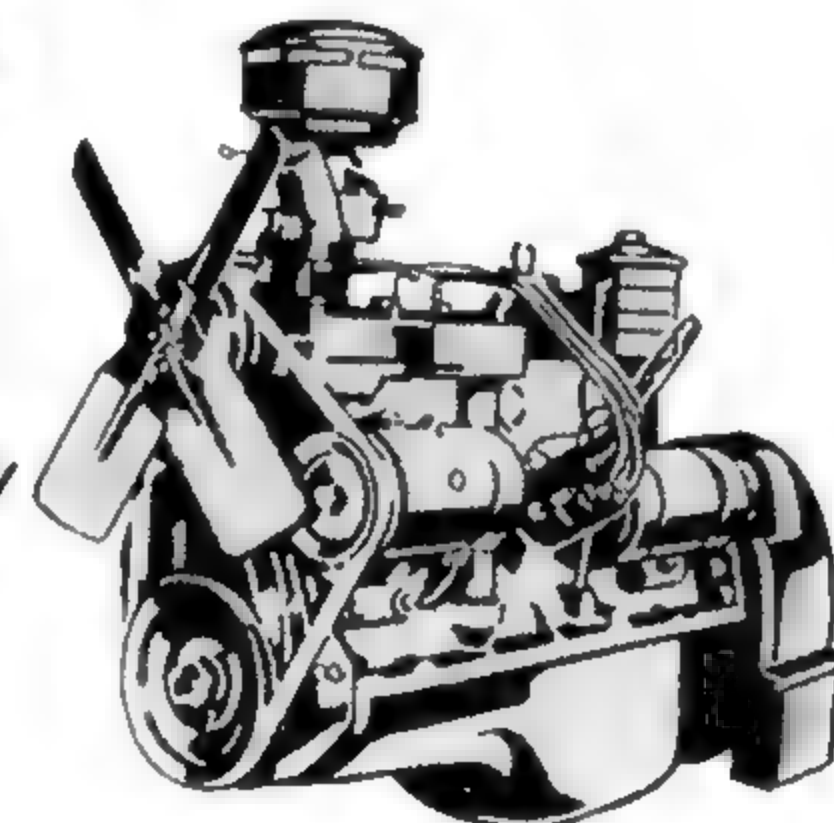
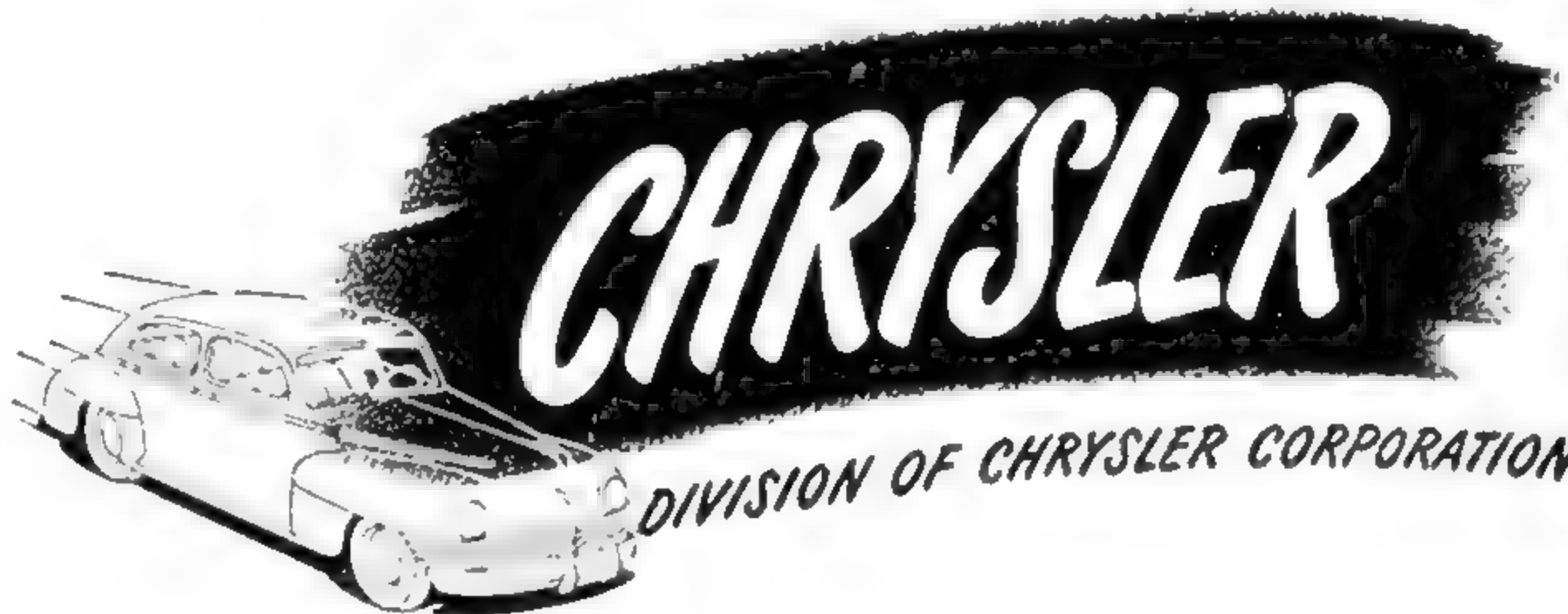
Guards, O.C.D. and O.D.T. for all kinds of service at home and abroad.

Power, flexibility, and smoothness are combined in these engines. Their Superfinished parts insure long life and economy of operation under the most exacting conditions of widely diversified programs.

Chrysler tank, automobile and marine engines by the thousands also are playing an important part in our vast war-time transportation.



Chrysler Fire Pumper



WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION: Industrial Engines • Marine Engines • Marine Tractors • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens • Gun Boxes • Searchlight Reflectors

[BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS]

THE NATIONWIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR WAR-TIME TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



LaVern Ralph Dilweg

LAVERY RALPH DILWEG, U. S. Representative from the State of Wisconsin, is a member of the law firm of Martin, Clifford & Dilweg in Green Bay. He was a director and founder of the Bluejay baseball team in that city, played end on the football team at Marquette University (member of the All-American team in '25); played a year with the Milwaukee Badgers, and seven years with the Packer team. He was All-American end on professional selection for three years, and is currently an official of the Big Ten. His wife, née Eleanor Coleman, is a former Olympic swimming champion. They have four children.

GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY has held diverse laboring jobs, including a stretch as a sailor, but for the most part has lived what is known as a life of letters in Rockdale, Texas. He formerly contributed to little magazines under the pseudonym of Nick Kakantar. But he is better known as the author of *Hold Autumn in Your Hand*, and *Texas, A World in Itself*.

At nineteen JOE GOOTTER was one of the country's youngest sport editors and now, at thirty-three, he feels like the oldest. He works



Joe Gootter

for the Patterson (New Jersey) *Evening News*, for which he writes a daily column. Having long been fascinated by the saga of Sherman Billingsley, he wrote *This Baby Brought the Stork* (page 67).

J. GEORGE FREDERICK has made a nice thing of his avocation (psychology). He is the author of *What Is Your Emotional Age*, *How to Be a Convincing Talker* and *How to Understand a Man or Woman Emotionally and Temperamentally*. His other hobby is eating; he is President of the Gourmet Society in New York and has written three cook books. He is President of Business Bourse, a marketing and research counsel organization, is ex-editor of several advertising journals and author of such books on economics as *For Top Executives Only*.

Portrait Above the Fireplace is JOSEPH YABLONSKI's first published story. He is thirty-three, married, with two sons and a third,



Joseph Yablonski

he hopes, coming. He left high school to seek his fortune in coal mines, mills and sundry other places. Eventually, he returned to his first love, mining. He lives in California, Pennsylvania. His story appears on page 56.

HAROLD LAMB, (author of *Ghenghis Khan*, *Tamerlane*, *The Crusades*, *Nur Mahal*, *The March of the Barbarians*), had already begun to dig up the past in the central Asia field during his undergraduate years at Columbia University. He sold stories then to the pulps and worked for a time on a motor trade paper. After attending the Pulitzer School of Journalism, he worked for the *Times* and the *New York Press*, writing *Adventure* stories on the side. He says: "I gave up the jobs, but not the writing, to go into K Co., the Seventh Regiment in May, 1917. And marriage. After the war, it wasn't so easy to dwell so much in the imagination. I began to wan-

der and that made it more difficult to write. In 1934 I was called to Hollywood to try to write words that might make a picture of the crusades. Some day I hope to have enough fragments of knowledge gleaned, by the aid of scholars and friends of the road over there, to piece together in imagination a portion of medieval central Asia; to see it as a whole. I don't suppose this will ever get quite done, but the delight of trying to do it never ceases. I like crowds and silence and long vistas down which you can see. Being a habitual non-conformist, I dread clubs and business and movements for advancement. I like to walk and to walk away from people—especially when they begin to talk. They talk too much these days."

CROSWELL BOWEN went into the War before Pearl Harbor, serving as official photographer to an American volunteer ambulance unit and representing a national picture magazine. He took photo-



Croswell Bowen

graphs of the war in India, Syria, Palestine, The Holy Land, Egypt and at the desert front in Libya. At Tobruk, just before the fall of the fortress, his leg became paralyzed from concussion shock during a Stuka dive-bombing. He was evacuated by ambulance to Cairo, then by hospital ship to South Africa. There two U. S. Army officers shanghaied him on their empty troop transport, dropping him at Staten Island. He is the author of a prose-photograph book, *Great River of the Mountains: The Hudson*. The material in *Soldiers Learn the Hard Way* (page 37) is part of another prose-photograph book, *War Photographer*, which he is completing while learning to walk again. He was born and reared in Toledo, Ohio, educated at Yale and The Sorbonne in Paris.

MAURICE HINDUS was born in a Russian village and came to this country at thirteen. He worked



Maurice Hindus

on a farm in central New York, attended Colgate University and did post-graduate work at Harvard. Twenty years ago he started going to Russia, first on assignment from the late Glenn Frank, then editor of *Century Magazine*. He says: "I have always approached Russia in terms of the everyday experience of the common man, especially the peasants; learned more from them about the Soviets, Russian character and experience than from all the books I have read; I have never tried to interview Stalin or any other 'big shot'." He has written a number of books about Russia; the latest one is *Mother Russia*.

DALE STAFFORD writes a daily column called *To Whom It May Concern* for the *Detroit Free Press* and has a sports radio program on station WJR in Detroit five nights a week. While enrolled at Michigan State College he was athletic publicity director and progressed from there to the Pontiac (Michigan) *Press*, the *Associated Press* in Detroit and finally to his present job. He is married and has a son, John, aged five, who bats left-handed and throws right. This, says Scout Aloysius J. Egan of the Tigers, is the thing to do. ##



Dale Stafford



Short Cut to Friendship

BILL says he cussed the moving-van
for bringing me next door...
I tell him, "You were poison, man,
the first six months or more!"

We short-cut through our gardens, now,
and vault the picket fence,
For common danger's taught us how
to act with common sense!

Tonight, as we review a scheme
to guard our homes and town,
We'll pledge our mutual esteem
with savory Seven Crown!

MOST PLEASING
to the Palate
LEAST TAXING
to the Taste

Seagram's 7 Crown

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

Loose Talk Can Cost Lives !



**Keep it under your
STETSON**

Something to **Smack** your lips over!

Marlboro's "Dress-Work" Clothes as pictured below

On the swing shift...or the off shift...La Playa's "Dress-Work" clothes punch the clock smartly. Husky, hardy Big Timer plaids...coveted, colorful corduroys...sporty, spirited steeple-chase checks...double-duty La Playa' "Dress-Work" coats and pants...factory or function utility jack-

ets...freedom-loving Lo Hi sport shirts. They're real morale builders for freedom builders!...sunny, rainbow-hued clothes that give your wartime spirits a great lift! See them at your nearest Marlboro dealer today. The Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc., Baltimore, Maryland.

BUY A BOND
and
KISS A BLONDE



SHIRTS BY
Marlboro
LA PLAYA DRESS-WORK CLOTHES



For the most delicious Collins
in the world, make one with
the gin that for nearly a
century has been the
world's favorite

GILBEY'S
the International
GIN



THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN..ENGLAND.. AUSTRALIA.. CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—Copyright 1943

Soldiers Learn the Hard Way

Candid word pictures from the battle front by a cameraman whose slants on war concern the average fighting man

by CROSWELL BOWEN

• ARTICLE •

DURING one of the early advances of the British army into the Libyan Desert, a British Tommy picked up a bright shiny object.

"Blimey," he said, "if some officer 'asn't lost 'is fountain pen."

He picked it up and unscrewed the top so as to have a look at the pen point. But he never got that look. At that moment his face was blown off.

About the same time another British Tommy saw a chromium-plated thermos bottle glistening in the desert sun. It was lying beside an enemy officer's abandoned dugout. British soldiers are issued cloth-covered metal bottles with which to carry water. A thermos bottle is the height of luxury in the desert. He picked it up, unscrewed the top to see if there was whiskey or water inside. This Tommy's hands were blown off.

Troops can be lectured about "booby traps," and given severe orders on the subject. But, somehow, there are always those who cannot see the connection between the lecture at the post and reality in the field. Casual looting by an advancing army is motivated by two of the strongest instincts in man; curiosity and the love of getting something for nothing.

When an army enters a captured village or town or an abandoned enemy camp late at night, the rule is apt to be, "Possession is nine-tenths of the law." Everybody rushes to grab a good spot in which to get a night's rest after a hard day's riding in a troop lorry.

Late one afternoon, during an advance, a group of twenty British Tommies billeted themselves in a partially-wrecked concrete store of one of the Libyan coastal towns. During the night they were all routed out into the open by an irate Sapper officer. He had just discovered that a good jolt would have sent the concrete roof of the store crashing down on the sleeping Tommies.

It is the job of the Sappers, or Royal Engineers, to examine all abandoned enemy buildings to determine if they should be condemned as unsafe. Sometimes a building turns out to be completely untouched by artillery fire or bombing. Generally, it is allocated as General Headquarters for the o.c. (Officer Commanding) and his staff.

A billeting officer once discovered such a building and scanned the furnishings with an appraising

eye. His aesthetic sensibilities were jarred by a picture hanging askew. Fortunately he was alone, for when he straightened the picture the building blew up. On another occasion all the furnishings of a house were left intact and the officers used it for their mess. One of the features of the living room was a lovely old Italian clock on the mantelpiece. At the end of a few days, it occurred to the orderly in charge to wind the clock. A few turns of the winding key blew the building up.

One evening in a troop canteen I had a talk with a Sapper sergeant about "booby traps." Practical jokers seldom owe their success in civil life to their whimsical talents, but they certainly can capitalize on them in the army; and the Engineers' Corps is their special niche.

"Sappers," my friend the sergeant said, "must know all the tricks. For example, you take up a board in the floor of a house. It is supported by three beams. You make the center beam a little higher so the board see-saws. Then a bloke steps on the middle of one and nothing happens. This is where the delayed action part comes in. At the other end you have attached one wire to a piece of metal on the board and another wire to a piece of metal on the beam. Maybe this board is over in the corner. It's a nice room and enemy officers are well settled in it. Then one day, the room is crowded. An officer sets foot on the wrong end of the board and 'bang'!... up goes the lot of them.

"This delayed-action stuff is the best. Maybe there is a drainage pool or a rain barrel in connection with a very nice house, suitable for a GHQ. You run a wire into the water. Then you put a piece of metal two inches above the water and attach the other wire to that. Buried down in the basement, maybe, are a nice big charge of TNT and a couple of dry-cell batteries. Maybe while the officers are messing a lot of water goes down the drain. The more water goes down the drain, the quicker the house goes up.

"A very good place to plant a bomb is inside a lot of papers, especially a lot of papers marked 'secret'. Soldiers always like to read the enemy's secret papers. Then, it's nice to plant a bomb in connection with an artillery piece or a gun nest. Soldiers always like to look over strange guns. Any-

thing that makes a good souvenir also makes a good "booby trap." A lot of bright red penny banks used to be left around the desert. After a few of the boys got blown up by picking them up and shaking them, they learned to pass them by."

Both the British and American armies have made movies designed to put the fear of "booby traps" into the minds of soldiers. Movies also try to bring home the lesson that no building in enemy territory is to be occupied until it has been thoroughly inspected by the engineers.

Entering enemy territory arouses the exhilaration of conquest. The morale of the troop rises to a new high, by the same token that it goes down during a retreat. There is a strange kind of depraved beauty in the scenes of desolation left behind by the retreating enemy. Everything, you feel, is as it should be. It seems to echo some dim, dark memory so that you find yourself saying, "This is familiar. I have been here before."

It is like entering a stranger's house when he is not home, and reconstructing the man's personality and image from the evidence he has left behind. One American war correspondent treasures an army leave slip he picked up just as the Germans began retreating from El Alamein. The German had arranged, with considerable over-optimism, as it developed,

to visit Cairo the following week.

Driving into a destroyed town is like entering another world. Just as one wrecked building, in a city otherwise normal, has a shocking effect, so an untouched building in a destroyed enemy town produces another kind of shock.

Although the idea is horrifying, you can't repress a deep curiosity concerning hopelessly wrecked buildings. Perhaps it is a single glove left carelessly in the sand, or a sun helmet, or a water canteen with a bullet hole in it, or a child's toy that rouses your imagination. Perhaps it is the line formed by the body of a man lying in the sand where he was felled by bullet or shrapnel. The thing that impressed one soldier most, of the many horrors he had witnessed, was coming upon a single shoe in the desert and discovering that a foot was inside it.

In reconstructing the life of enemy soldiers from their dugouts and the materials they leave be-

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THE COMMANDER'S LAST DIVE

by John Falter

A Command to Be Heard Forever

Clinging to the conning tower of his submarine the wounded Comdr. Gilmore gave his final order: "Take her down"

by **PAUL GALLICO**

THE American submarine backed away from the Japanese gunboat she had rammed somewhere in the Pacific, deep in the heart of enemy territory. The gunboat immediately began to fill and settle.

The Jap, done for, struck like a venomous snake, thrashing in its death throes. They manned heavy machine guns and opened fire, the bullets cutting white spray into the blue surface of the water. The white line crept closer to the dark hull of the pigboat. The lead slammed into the steel hull and bridge with hard, spiteful clangor.

The commander of the submarine standing on deck gave an order—

"Clear the bridge!"

Ratings and officers piled over the protective curtain and into the open hatch of the conning tower, in order of rank, the lower the rank, the sooner to reach security. It is Navy tradition that the highest officer is the last to seek safety.

The commander waited his turn calmly. Bullets hissed, ricocheted, whined, punctured the steel bridge. They thudded into the body of the waiting commander. He fell.

The men came clambering out of the hatch to pick him up. On the deck of the sinking gunboat, a Jap crew was working desperately to bring a three-incher to bear on the sub. The commander gave a second order:

"All hands below!"

The order was obeyed. It had to be obeyed. Only the officer of the deck remained topside, struggling to lift his fallen commander. The distance between the sub and enemy gunboat was increasing. In another moment, the heavy cannon could be brought to bear. The skipper gave a third and last command:

"Take her down!"

The deck officer scrambled down the conning tower. The hatch cover slammed shut with an iron clang, echoed by the bullets ringing from its side. On the gunboat the three-incher spanged sharply. The projectile yelled as it passed over the diving submarine and tore a spume from the surface of the sea beyond.

Only the top of the conning tower was visible now, the wounded officer still clinging to it.

In a swirl of white, salt froth, the submarine vanished beneath the surface. The commander died alone in the sea. Many weeks later, the sub came home.

* * *

Some day, when this war is over, midshipmen, wandering through Memorial Hall at Annapolis where the sacred relics of the Navy are kept, may find engraved on a tablet a third noble phrase to take its place along with those other two that have come ringing down through the corridors of history to inspire the fighting men of the sea—John Paul Jones—"We have just begun to fight,"

and James Lawrence's—"Don't give up the ship!"

It will be Commander Howard W. Gilmore's—"Take her down!"

Commander Gilmore was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, posthumously, the highest honor that his Commander-in-Chief could bestow upon him. And yet by the simple words he spoke he may achieve the highest honor that history can bestow—immortality.

Gilmore was thinking neither of death nor sacrifice when his deadly submarine was attacked on the surface by a Japanese gunboat. He was concerned with winning the battle in which he had become involved.

The gunboat tried to ram him. Gilmore, a veteran submarine man, already twice decorated, with a record of 26,000 tons of Japanese shipping sunk, evaded the gunboat's rush, maneuvered his awkward pigboat like a yachtsman and sent it crashing at seventeen knots into the flank of the Jap.

He was not thinking of death, because in the heat of battle few fighting men do. His deed in ramming his antagonist was in the line of duty. He would not have called it heroism.

Men in battle do not know, or believe, that they are about to die, for if they did, there would be no more battles. Nature has armored man somehow with the belief that no matter how great

the danger, it will not be he who will be struck down. The infantryman charges, the sailor mans his guns, the aviator hurls himself upon his target. To the end he is concerned, not with dying, but with living.

When Commander Gilmore gave his last order, he knew that he was going to die, that there was no escape, no forlorn hope of survival, no chance, or luck, that this was the end of life for him. He signed his own death warrant to save his ship and his crew.

It is bitter to die, knowing that you are going to die. It is bitterer to die, knowing that you might live. Commander Gilmore had a family, a boy, a girl, a charming, tender wife waiting for him in New Orleans. It was more than his own life that he abandoned. It was all of the ties that bound his heart, the pride and warmth and the sweetness of the love of his children and his wife.

Over the scream of flying metal, the crash of exploding cordite and the hissing of the sea, rang his magnificent cry—"Take her down!" Hurt, in the agony of wounds, he had no pity for himself. The harsh, hard words, the tender, exquisite, noble words rose from the sea to penetrate the portals of Elysium where all the long dead heroes stirred at their trumpet sound and prepared to greet one who willingly had given his life that others might live and the victory be won. ##

Notice: No Hunting Allowed

**Despite the demand for meat and hides
the conservation debate goes on while
wild game flourishes on farmers' grain**

by **ROSCOE FLEMING**

• SPORTS •

R

THIS Fall will see men turning out like pioneers to protect themselves, their livestock and crops against rapacious rabbits, ferocious pheasants and dangerous deer. This is more than a joke, as anyone who has tried to garden in deer and rabbit country can testify; but the point is that such self-protection is now the only pretext upon which a person can get ammunition for hunting. If you have a reserve stacked away, you're all right, but every purchase of ammunition must be accompanied by a sworn statement that it is for essential purposes—and that includes only the protection of livestock or property. Thus spoke the WPB with a bow to the Army, in May, 1943.

When one adds to this situation the ever-tightening ban on the use of gasoline and tires for pleasure driving and the fact that some 10,000,000 younger and hardier men, including most of the hunters, will be otherwise and elsewhere engaged for the duration, it is seen that the nation is going to have virtually a closed season, on hunting such as it has not had since the white man moved in.

And proponents of the latter viewpoint add that our soldiers, who are dreaming of happy days to come spent with a gun in the field or a rod on the brook, are going to be very angry indeed if they come back to find no game or fish. The soldiers reply that if the worst comes, the American people will treat their game as a crop and eat it, and many will say good riddance.

This debate is perennial. On the side of conservation are, for the most part, the state game and fish commissioners, together with the people of certain federal bureaus, such as the Fish and Wild Life Service and the National Park Service. On the other side are most ranchers and farmers in big-game country, and federal bureaus such as the Forest Service and the Grazing Service, which feel that game ought to give way more to the claims of cattle. Adding piquancy is the fact that certain bureaus with very hard feelings on the subject toward each other are all under that Poo-bah of Washington, Mr. Ickes. The controversy is pointed up by a bill introduced by Senator McCarran of Nevada which would give Federal officials in charge of national forests, etc., the right to slaughter game they consider sur-

plus—a measure hotly opposed by game and fish commissions and sportsmen's societies.

What are the facts?

Well, the U.S. has more wild game at this moment, big and little, than since the coming of the white man. (This phrase, incidentally, is usually used to drive home the assumed difference between the white man and his red brother, who is represented as a model game conservationist. The facts are again, however, that our red brother killed all he could; every time he could, and if he hadn't been so few in number and if his equipment hadn't been so poor, he would have swept the game from the continent before the white brother came. The typical Indian reservation is a biological desert.)

Not for two generations, at least, has there been as much large wild game as there is now.

The last census of which I have knowledge, published by the Fish and Wild Life Service in 1940, shows the presence of nearly 6,000,000 big game animals. In all probability, the number is 7,000,000 by now, or ten per cent of the number of U. S. cattle.

The fact is that pheasants swarm the high plains country by the millions, and that, through the agency of Ducks Unlimited and the co-operation of other services, there are four or five times as many wild ducks and other migratory fowl as at the time of greatest scarcity; so many that upland farmers, where grain may stand out all winter, were given a dispensation by Secretary Ickes to hunt ducks in self-protection until January 31, 1943, in their fields.

The Fish and Wild Life census shows the country has 5,300,000 deer, of which the most numerous

—constituting the most numerous single large game animal—are white-tailed deer found in 44 states, with Michigan having 835,000 and Kansas eight.

There are 1,395,000 mule deer, California having 283,000 and Colorado 225,000; and 301,000 Columbian black-tailed deer, all in the Pacific states.

There are 201,376 elk or American Wapiti, Wyoming having 57,000 and Colorado 25,000. There are 14,222 moose, Minnesota having 5,193. There are 164,943 pronghorned antelope, the graceful speedster of the plains, with Wyoming having 34,765.

There are 8,400 Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep, and 5,341 desert bighorn—the bighorn are an exception to the general trend in that they are not increasing—14,153 mountain goat, 49,820 peccary, 1,650 European wild boar, 105,106 black bear and 1,163 grizzly. For most of these species, a new count probably would disclose an increase in numbers.

Whether this is good or bad causes heated debate wherever game men gather; or, for that matter, wherever men gather who must live with the game.

Many folk even today think that our wild life is "vanishing" and that the sternest restrictions must be continued lest more species vanish altogether, the victims of man's truculence and greed, and specifically of cruel and indiscriminate over-hunting.

As with so many popular concepts, this one now has little foundation, though Heaven knows it was true enough when the buffalo and passenger-pigeon were slaughtered. But so powerful has been the counter-drive of the conservationists, led originally by Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot, and others, that our wild game is now plentiful and safe (with the exception of a few species) and so rigidly safeguarded that even now, if worse comes to worst, it will be difficult or impossible to tap the reserve of billions of pounds of meat it represents, save through the old device of licensing the man with a gun on his shoulder.

There has always been debate between those who look upon game as simply another crop, to be reaped and put to human use in the most efficient manner; and those who look upon it as part of our heritage from the wild, never to be market-hunted but always

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*"It's like this nowadays—the hunters can't get ammunition,
and if they could, they couldn't get gas to get here!"*

Flight of the Wawkus Bird

Hank declared he was a hot-ship man and wouldn't fly one of those windmills for all the coffee in Brazil

by **RICHARD SALE**

• FICTION •

ALEX heard a footstep at the door of his stateroom. He hastily folded the letter he had been rereading. He had received it the day before, but it was already dog-eared and soiled, and on the face of its envelope, other than the legend "Lieutenant Alex Graydon, United States Navy, Londonderry, N.I." was the face of King George on a postage stamp. It had been forwarded to him and the converted aircraft carrier, the *U.S.S. Staten Island*.

The door of his stateroom opened, and Ensign Henry Blaney stepped in jauntily. Hank was Tail-End Charlie of Fighting Squadron One of which Alex was the leader. "Hello, lover," Hank said jubilantly. "Heard the good news?"

"Not a word," Alex said.

"Sailing orders!" Hank said. "Better run topside and take a nice long look at the Rock. It's the last you'll see of it for a bit. We're sailing at dusk for God's country!"

Alex said, "Swell," but did not look elated.

"What's the matter with you?" Hank said. "Home! I haven't seen New York for eight months. You haven't set your feet on the sidewalks-of in about a year and a half. And you, bonged with brass, medals and ribbons weighing down your chest."

"Let's go topside and get some air," Alex said quietly. "It's a fine night."

The talker, over the intercommunication unit of the ship, interrupted with, "Lieutenant Alex Graydon to Airplot. Ensign Henry Blaney to Airplot."

They eyed each other warily, and left the stateroom. They stepped over bulkheads, found the steel ladder by the light of the faint blue bulbs in the companionway, and scrambled up to the hangar deck where they entered the base of the flat-top's "island" on the starboard beam and then proceeded to Airplot.

Commander Stevens, the air officer, looked almost pleasant. He had looked so grim so long, aware of the fact that he shuffled the lives of men on daily patrol. He too knew the *Staten Island* was homeward bound on the morrow.

"I've already been through this matter with the rest of your squadron, Alex," the AO said. "It won't take longer than a 'no' from you to finish it up. Washington orders that we ask for volunteers

for special service aboard British ships."

Hank Blaney grinned. "What sort of special service is it? Something that would raise a land-lubber to the rank of rear-admiral? With the proper compensations—"

The AO said cynically, "It's special service of a one-night-stand variety, and in the British Merchant Marine. One of our converted oil slicks—an aircraft carrier to you, gentlemen—arrived from Boston yesterday. It's bound for Plymouth with a cargo of wawkus birds consigned to the British Merchant Marine. These wawkuses are being transferred, one to each ship for anti-sub work on the long voyage home. Washington wanted American volunteers to pilot the windmills until they reached England, where RAF boys will take them over."

Alex Graydon looked perfectly blank. "I'm afraid I haven't followed you, Sir," he said. "What is a wawkus?"

"A wawkus," said Commander Stevens, wearily, "is the mythical bird which always flew backwards. It wasn't interested in where it was going. It was only interested in where it had been."

"But I don't see—Oh! You mean helicopters! The Sikorsky helicopters!"

"Exactly. They are supposed to be very good for blasting subs. I doubt it, but the moral effect may bolster ships' crews. Anyhow, that's the offer. Your decisions, gentlemen?"

"As for me," said Hank Blaney blithely, "I am a hot-ship man myself. I wouldn't switch from a Grumman Wilcat to that monstrosity for all the coffee in Brazil.

I'm a fighter pilot, not a—"

"Thank you," the AO interrupted wearily. "Save the oration for your grandchildren, Ensign. And you, Alex?"

"Sir," Alex said quietly after a moment's thought, "I think I'll volunteer."

"What?" asked the AO shrilly, no longer bored.

"Are you crazy?" Hank Blaney cried. "Begging your pardon, Commander!"

"You don't have to beg my pardon," Commander Stevens said with fire. "The question is well put. Do you realize what you're getting in for?"

"I don't know what I'm getting in for, Sir," Alex replied. "But I would like to volunteer."

The AO shrugged. "As you say. Get your things together, your transfer will be waiting for you when you get back. You'll go ashore and report to Admiral Wycoff of the Royal Navy, and he'll assign you to your new ship."

"Thank you, Sir."

"That will do."

When they left Airplot, they stepped out onto the flight deck for a breath of air and a goodbye. Stars filled the sky behind the sheer rise of Gibraltar's black bulk. In the faint moonlight enemy bombers could easily have seen the vast company of ships which rode their anchors under the shadow of the Rock. Fortunately, there was little room in the sky over Gib for an enemy bomber. The omnipresent RAF night-fighters patrolled monotonously, and the radar network functioned ceaselessly.

Hank Blaney looked empty. "I don't know what to say," he remarked hoarsely. "For the love of Mike, Alex, who's going to lead Fighting One while you're toting a windmill to the Isles? And why the devil should you throw a chance of going home to go to sea on a dirty British freighter that'll like as not have her boilers blown by a Jerry pickle?"

"England is where I want to go," Alex said.

"But this old converted tomato is sailing home, Alex! Home to Park and 53rd where your best girl lives."

"That," Alex said, "is the catch. She doesn't live there anymore. She's in London. She came over with the Red Cross Motor Corps for service in England. I just had a letter from her."

"Oh," Hank said, deflating,



"Let's go out on the porch—I can't kiss with those guys looking over my shoulder!"

and then he persisted with a final flash of fire, "No woman is worth it! Giving up a Wildecat to fly a flopping wawkus! There's no sense in flying unless you fly fast. Otherwise, give the sky to the blimps, by God! A wawkus can't do anything better than a fast ship—spotting, fighting or bombing. I wouldn't be found dead in one."

"I've got to get my things together," Alex said. He smiled faintly. "And I'll miss you too, Hank, until I get back."

* * *

At dawn, Alex began to see the ship to which he had been assigned. He groaned at the dirty paint and rough fittings of his stateroom. The *Burma Star*, a hulk of four thousand tons, had probably been the ship that took Kipling out to see the flying fishes play way back before the *Road to Mandalay* was a John Charles Thomas encore. She smelled old, she creaked unseaworthily, even at anchor, and her bedbugs were of a size to be reckoned with only by a government model Colt. The things a guy will do, Alex brooded, for the love of a good woman.

He was dressed and topside at 0600 hours as the sun came up behind the Rock. The American task force had its steam up, and while he stood back by the *Burma Star's* poop where the carpenters had already knocked together a flight deck for a wawkus bird, the *U.S.S. Staten Island*, with her accompanying two cruisers and five destroyers, upped anchor, blinkered nervously to base, and set sail for the open Atlantic beyond the strait. Alex watched the flat-top go with a heavy sense of loss. He could see her scouting planes taking off as she headed into the wind, and he waved a long time at her, thinking one of those figures on the flight deck, waving back might be Hank Blaney. Then she was gone.

"Never mind, old boy," a voice said at his elbow. "You'll see her again."

Alex turned to see a grizzle-faced, white-haired old gentleman who looked as if he should have been in the home for the infirm, except that he wore a commodore's stripes and had a jaw that looked as firm as Gib itself. "Commodore Lykes," he introduced himself. "I'm the *Deus ex machina* of this blasted scull and I'm damned glad to have you aboard, Lieutenant. Not often we have a Yank aboard, and we've never had an air ace! Join me for breakfast."

Alex shook hands firmly. "Thank you, Captain. That would be a pleasure."

"Not a pleasure," Commodore Lykes said wryly. "But the best we can manage. She is a johnny, this tub, and I never know myself whether she'll float to her next landfall. But even old wrecks can be useful in war. Like myself, for instance. Still warm to the touch, and therefore capable of skippering. But quite a comedown from bygone days."

Alex smiled. "Did you com-

mand a younger ship in the last show, Sir?"

"Not command. I was rather a gilt-sleeved priss aboard the *Warspite*, bless her. Jutland was an interesting sight, from her fore-deck. You're just a child, Lieutenant, but the fighters come younger and younger. You've shot down five jerries, is it?"

"Six, Sir," Alex said uncomfortably. "But then, the Wildecat is a marvelous ship."

"Wildecat?"

"Martelets I think the Royal Navy calls them."

"Oh, yes. Stub-winged little devils." They had reached and entered the captain's quarters where a steward was already in with the

first signs of breakfast. "I fancy," Commodore Lykes continued, "that flying this thingamabob we are to carry will be quite different."

"That I'll have to see about," Alex said. "I've never flown one. The flight deck aft seems like a postage stamp."

"It was built to U. S. Naval specifications," Lykes replied. "I have only followed the directives."

He was a grand old man, and Alex liked him very much. The captain took him for a stroll around the *Burma Star* after breakfast. They watched the assembled ships from the new flight strip, astern. The host was huge, and far to the east, shining against the background of the Rock, Alex

could discern a Kaiser special, one of those newer flat-tops of small size which had been knocked together in a hurry. The story was that the sponsor had to start swinging the champagne when the keel was laid, in order to connect with the bow at launching time.

"She's the *Paul Revere*, I think," Commodore Lykes volunteered. "And she is the aircraft vessel which brought in our helicopters. I'm to send you over there today to take delivery of our machine."

At 0900 hours a launch left the freighter with Alex, and threaded its way amongst the anchored fleet until it reached the mooring boom of the *U.S.S. Paul Revere*.

The *Revere* seemed quite like

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"Bill says I have a nice figure—when he takes me to dinner he certainly makes sure nothing happens to it!"

No Place to Retreat in Russia

This statement of the martyr Panfilov became a national slogan for the heroic people who alone stemmed the Nazi tide

by MAURICE HINDUS

• ARTICLE •

EVERY school child in Russia has heard of the *Panfilovtsi*, soldiers of a regiment the colonel of which was named Panfilov. It is the only regiment in the vast Russian army which bore its colonel's name—a signal tribute to him and the men he commanded.

In the battle of Moscow in the early months of the war Panfilov was killed and twenty-eight of his men and their political commissar found themselves alone in a trench that was in the way of the German advance. To crush them the Germans sent out a tank column. One tank approached the trench and a German shouted: "Surrender, you Russians." The loud demand frightened one Russian soldier and he instantly threw up his hands. But he never surrendered. He had no chance. The political commissar shot him and several others turned their guns on him. Then at the command of the commissar the twenty-seven remaining men fired away with their

anti-tank guns and flung bottles of incendiary explosives at the German tanks. After four hours of battle fourteen German tanks were destroyed and set afire.

The defeat did not stop the Germans. They sent forth a fresh column of tanks. As they were nearing the trench the commissar counted them. "Thirty, brothers," he said, "we shall die, all of us." Then he added these epochal words: "Russia is immense, but there is no place to retreat. Moscow is behind us." The tanks came closer and closer. The men in the trench kissed each other good-bye and fought on until they were all dead. Only later when the Germans were driven back did the story of the *Panfilovtsi* come to light from hastily scrawled documents found beside their lifeless bodies.

Since then these twenty-eight men have become a legend, so much so that boys and girls who play war games invariably love to call themselves *Panfilovtsi*. The commissar's words—"Russia is immense but there is no place to retreat—Moscow is behind us," have become a national slogan and a text for thousands of patriotic sermons.

Since my return from Russia I have been asked over and over what it is that makes the Russians fight with such stubborn zeal even when face to face with disaster. It would require a volume to fully answer the question. I myself

often put it to Russians especially during the bitter days of the battle of Stalingrad. Invariably the answers included words to the effect, "We Russians are a heroic people and the German cannibals can never defeat us." These words may sound boastful, but they are not. There can be no question that the heroism of the individual Russian, civilian and soldier, is one of the supreme weapons of the Russian people in this war of wars.

Here is Mikhail Mezhev, a private in the army. The company in which he served was ordered to put out a well-camouflaged machine-gun nest. Twice the company rose in assault only to be driven back by powerful enemy fire. Then Mezhev volunteered to creep over to the dugout and blow it up with hand grenades. The officer in command gave him his blessing and Mezhev started "on his belly" as the Russians say, for the German dugout. Hidden in tall grass he took aim at his target and flung at it one hand grenade after another. A loud explosion followed and when it subsided there was utter silence in the machine-gun nest. Mezhev lay still, wondering if all the Germans were killed. He dared not move to investigate. After all he was all alone. Then he saw the men in his company start out again. When they were halfway toward the enemy, a machine gun struck out with a volley of fire. Several Russians fell dead and the others quickly ran back for shelter. Mezhev decided he would silence the remaining German machine gun, but how? His hand grenades were gone and the pistol in his possession was too inadequate for the purpose. He crept very close to the dugout and so silently that the Germans did not hear him. Then with a swift and well calculated jump he flung himself on the machine gun and plugged it with his body. He silenced the gun and also himself—forever. Soon afterwards the Russians occupied the German position.

No less moving is the story of Lieutenant Bakin. Before the war he was a sailor on a Volga boat. A sturdy youth with not a hint of fear in his peasant heart, he enlisted as soon as the war broke out. Soon he rose to the rank of lieutenant. One evening his captain ordered him to select a group of men and hurry over to a bathhouse in a nearby village and occupy it. No sooner did Bakin and

his men settle in the bathhouse than they found themselves engaged in violent battle. The fighting raged all night and every now and then Bakin or one of his men rushed to the telephone and informed the captain in the rear of the progress of the battle and where to direct his artillery fire.

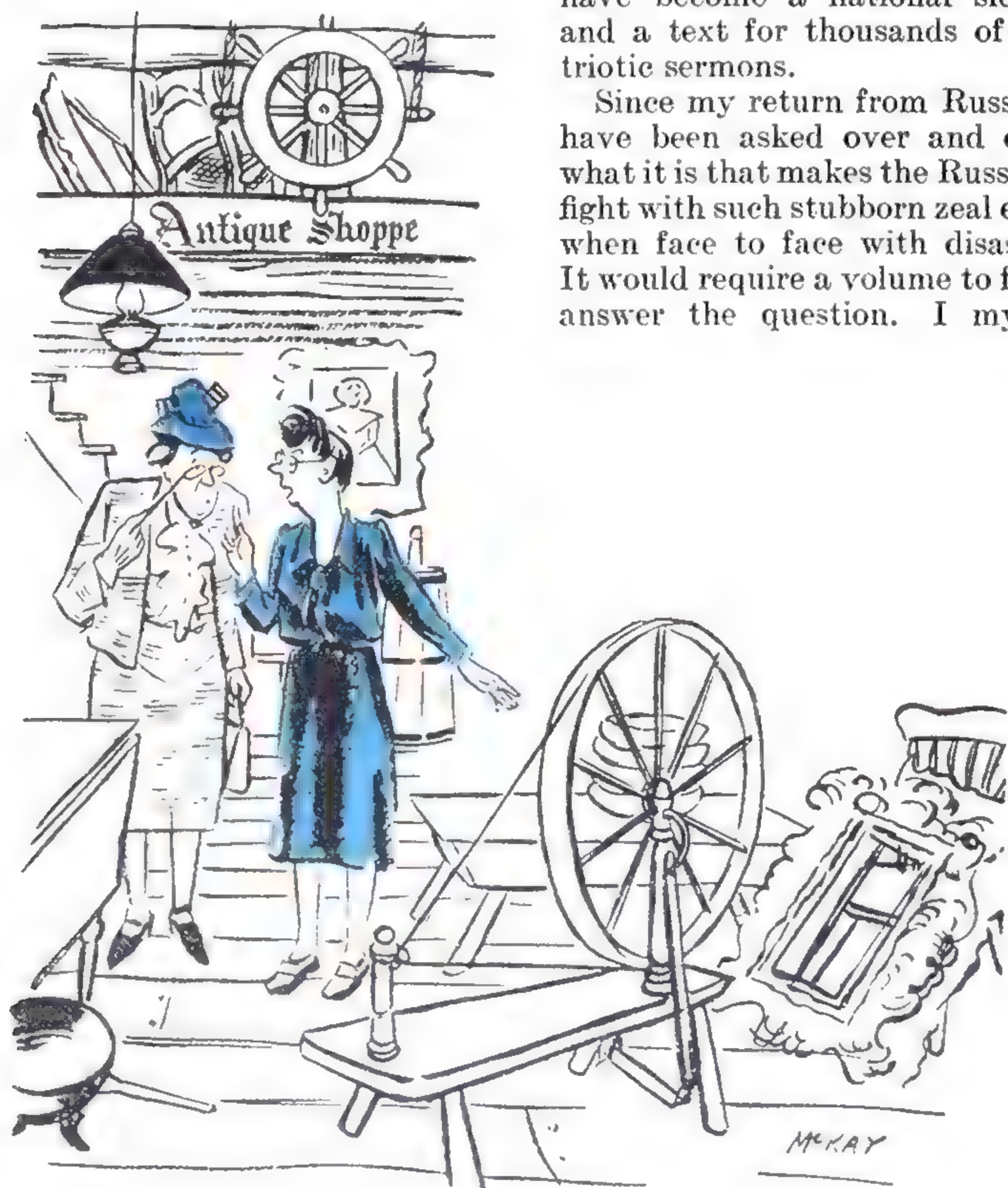
In the morning the situation was desperate. Bakin had only a few men left and not much ammunition while the Germans were pressing closer and closer. The Germans shouted to him to surrender. He answered the demand with a fresh volley of bullets. Incensed, the Germans flung themselves forward with fresh fury. More Russians were killed. Bakin was so weary he could hardly stand on his feet. Aware of the futility of further resistance he made his way to the telephone and speaking hoarsely he said to the captain: "We cannot get out of here—shell the bathhouse."

Bakin knew that the shelling would kill him and his men, but he also knew that the Germans could not fortify themselves in the bathhouse. The captain acted accordingly. Later the Germans were driven from the village. On horseback the captain drove up to the bathhouse and amidst the burned wreckage he found the charred bodies of the Volga sailor and his men.

Out of the Battle of Sebastopol in the Summer of 1942 came many a stirring tale of heroism. Yet none roused such deep emotion all over the country as the story of the marines. Their names were: Nikolai Filchenko, Vasily Tsibulko, Yuri Krasnoselski, Daniel Odin. They fought on until two of them were dead and the others had no ammunition left except a lone anti-tank grenade apiece. All around them the city was flaming and crashing to ruin. There was no escape for them, and rather than become prisoners they tucked their anti-tank grenades into their belts and flung themselves under advancing tanks. The tanks blew up and so did they.

Not always of course do the acts of heroism result in death. Here, for example, is Ilya Kuzin. As a boy Ilya loved to catch birds. Once he fell off a roof and seriously injured his leg. That disqualified him from military service. But like all school children in Russia he learned to shoot and to throw hand grenades.

When the war broke out he felt
Continued on page 155



"This is the last of our genuine 17th Century spinning wheels—priorities, you know"



"Hello, dear—this is the gentleman who sells us our fuel oil"



*"That referee better not start threatening me—you know I
can always go into war work!"*



"Who in hell cares whether they're male or female?"



"And what, may I ask, makes you think we're serving horse meat?"

Cutlets for the General

Lt. Lesseur was a thoughtful student of life as well as archeology and he understood General Daudet very well

by STUART CLOETE

• FICTION •

"IF WE had horses or camels..." The general lit a cigarette.

"Yes, my General." Lieutenant Alphonse Lesseur stood by quietly, trying to carry himself with just the right degree of stiffness, the right degree of ease. He had been a soldier long enough to know he could not ask why he had been summoned.

"If we had horses or camels." He looked at the sea of mud, at the column halted now for two days, distributed and camouflaged round them. What an outfit! Some English tanks, American trucks, captured German half-tracks, an English six-wheeler, ten Italian guns and—he went over their equipment in his mind—a mixture of everything. It had been given to them, they had borrowed some of it, they had stolen some of it, they had captured much of it. It had been his dream, this mechanized column. He had been sure that he could get them over the salt marsh if the weather had held. But it hadn't. Marsh—mon Dieu, it was a sea. There were even waves on it, lashed up by the biting wind; little waves it is true, but nevertheless waves. And the general wanted horses. He was a cavalryman and believed in horses. He was like a man who, thinking of women, looked continually for the hour-glass figure that had been his youthful ideal.

General Charles Daudet could not see that times and fashions changed in war as in women. He pined for his squadrons, for his Spahis, for his Chasseurs, for his Camel Corps. Almost, it seemed to Lesseur, that the general shivering under the ground sheet that covered his overcoat was saying, "I told you so... if we had had horses, if we had only one regiment, only four squadrons and a mountain gun or two instead of all this mechanization..." However, they had no horses except a troop of abominably mounted irregulars—a few Chasseurs d'Afrique, some Polish cavalry and Arabs. A mixed lot whose main use was orderly duty.

He said, "Yes, my General," again. The general liked being said yes to.

Lesseur understood the general as he understood a problem or a historical period—not because he had as much as spoken to a general before the war, but because as a scientist his mind attacked all problems in an orderly advance from hypothesis to conclu-

sion. Before the war Lesseur had been a professor of archeology and ancient history. He was logical, curious, thoughtful, and always, even as a lieutenant in the French army, he was a student. It was his nature, as it was the general's nature to lead men. It was because he was a good student that he understood General Daudet.

He was a very fine general indeed—brave as a lion, cunning as a serpent, tough as an old halter rope. Nothing could kill or tire him; but he had his idiosyncrasies. He always wore spurs, long swan-necked ones of brass. Old *Eperon*, the soldiers called him. The legend was that he slept in them even when he was on leave. This dated naturally from the old days and was the subject of some coarse jokes—one of those matrimonial jokes that are affectionate by the very fact of their familiarity.

The general's wife was a very beautiful woman, considerably younger than himself. A woman in the style of the third empire—Baroque, you might call her. But this was not the time to think of women—the general's or your own. It was the time when orders were given and orders carried out. Lesseur looked curiously at the general. Why had he been called?

A map lay on the little folding table in the tent, and the general was tapping it thoughtfully with his finger. The paper was soft with the dampness. The indelible pencil marks on it had run. Lesseur tried to study the broken pieces of marble which held down the four corners of the map. How many hundred years ago, he mused, had someone carved out that face? Some artist of Rome, or Carthage, or Egypt, of people who had fought and died here just as they were doing now.

At last the general spoke. "And what," he said abruptly, "are we to eat for dinner tonight?"

It was with some difficulty that Lieutenant Lesseur found his tongue. "Dinner, my General? There are ample supplies of bully beef, and biscuits. There are a few onions, and some jam. Unfortunately..."

"We shall have cutlets." In this tone the general would have given an order to attack.

Lesseur wondered if this were a joke, and regretted that his rank did not permit him to share it. "I am afraid..."

"I said we should have cutlets." He waited for the question.

Lesseur's reply was the one he had learned, not the laugh he felt in his throat or the question that tickled the back of his tongue. "Yes, my General," he said, as always, "But how?"

"There is a dead camel," said the general, "which I observed yesterday on a little hill nearby. Even this abominable mud would not prevent a mounted man with an axe from riding out and bringing back ribs from that camel."

"Yes, my General. But the outlets?"

"What," shouted the general majestically, "is a outlet but a piece of meat surrounded by bone? Bring back those camel ribs and saw them up to the size of outlet bones. Against these bones, cook will construct outlets." He drew a deep breath and carefully smoothed his thick white mustache. "Making and eating outlets is an excellent diversion, Lieutenant. We will fight when we can fight. When we cannot, we will eat, and sleep, and rest for the next fight."

He took two sheets of white paper from the table and handed them to Lesseur. "From these," he said, waving them in the air, "you will cut the frills. It is understood?"

And Lieutenant Lesseur had hardly recited, "Yes, my General," when the general lay down on his camp bed and went to

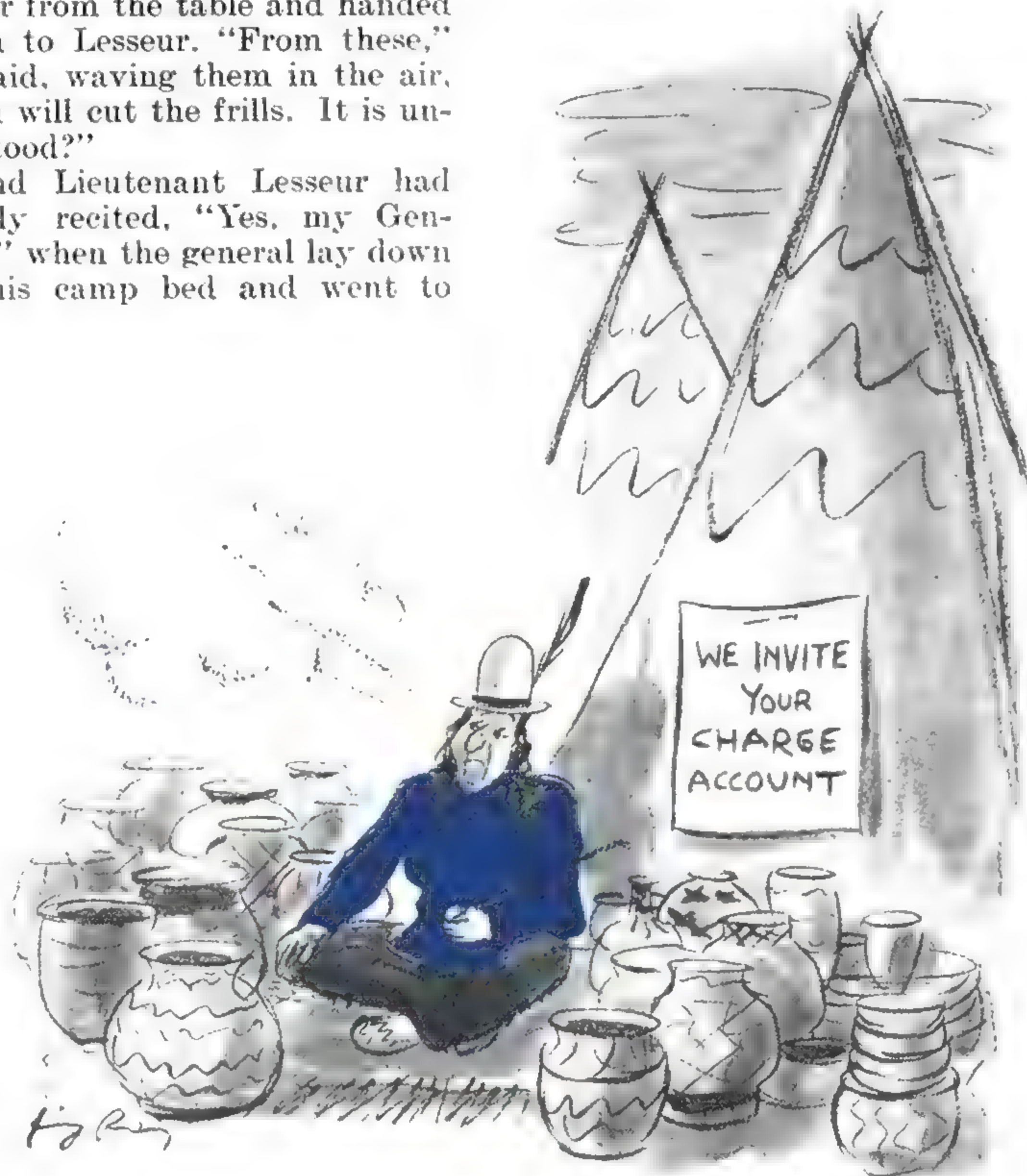
sleep. This was his great gift, thought the lieutenant. If there was nothing to do he could always sleep. He could sleep for eight or ten hours at a stretch. He could also sleep for eight or ten minutes. He was soon snoring. A beautiful face, thought the lieutenant objectively, as he would have thought of any object which was the very best of its kind. Brown as a saddle, with thick white hair and heavy eyebrows. A fine man to serve under—one who was always calm, who when in doubt always attacked.

Lesseur turned and left the tent. Outside was mud. When he raised a foot, it weighed about five kilograms with its casing of adhesive earth.

* * *

Lieutenant Alphonse Lesseur rode slowly through the mud that came up to his horse's hocks. The horse, a grey cross-bred Arab stallion, he called the Professor. The name had long been a private joke

Continued on page 140



The Island of Sea Bears

No other spot on earth offers such a scene as the beach at Bogoslof with its tawny, huge, bellowing sea lions

by BEN EAST

• ARTICLE •

THOSE who knew them at their flood said the bison herds of the American plains were the greatest wildlife spectacle ever seen by man.

Travelers who have crossed Africa claim first rank now for the vast game herds of the veldt.

Let me nominate, for a place among the great wild brute spectacles, the Steller sea lion herd of Bogoslof Island as you see it from the deck of a small ship reeling in through the long summer groundswell of the Bering Sea.

There are fewer than ten thousand sea lions on Bogoslof, maybe no more than a third that many. But once you have seen that bawling, bellowing, restless herd of great yellow-brown brutes packed row on row along the black volcanic beach nothing in the world of mammals can ever surprise you.

I have seen the Pribilof seal herd, and it's a huge and breathtaking thing. You can't watch the birth and battles of two and a half million wild beasts, on lonely beaches where cold fog shuts out the sun day after day and the breakers never cease their rhythm, without feeling a deep and primitive stir in your own blood.

Nevertheless, the sea lion colony of Bogoslof will take the edge off that spectacle.

We came to Bogoslof aboard the United States motorship *Brown Bear*. It was the last summer before Pearl Harbor and the *Brown Bear* was on peaceful patrol in the Aleutian Islands Wildlife Refuge, now a theater of combat.

The warm sunny morning was toward the end of June. Such mornings are rare in the stormy Aleutians. Despite the clear sky a strong westerly wind was blowing and we were getting a taste of typical Bering Sea cruising. I felt the ship's Diesels slacken to half speed, the pitching and staggering increase. Then Jack Longworth, Alaskan game warden attached to the *Brown Bear* for the summer, put his head inside the stateroom door.

"On deck and get a look at what's out here," he said.

We were cruising slowly, a quarter mile off the shore of a bleak, wild, treeless island. There is no harbor on Bogoslof, no secure anchorage in bad weather. The beach for the most part is of black volcanic sand, strewn with jagged rocks of many shapes and sizes. All along that dark shore great

breakers were crashing in an angry white welter. And the beach as far as we could see was covered with huge sea lions.

Most of them were lying down. From the ship they looked like big yellowish rocks. But just beyond the surf was a line of bulls, upreared on their front flippers, massive and ugly looking, like ponderous sentries posted to keep guard over that wild and windy seascape.

The entire herd was bawling and bellowing in endless unison and the uproar rolled across the water to us, rising and falling with an irregular cadence on the sea wind.

No other place on earth affords a scene to match the beach of Bogoslof as we saw it that morning. No other display of mammals is quite like it. There was an

unreal quality about that great concentration of tawny brutes. For all their name they have no kinship with the lion clan and there is nothing feline about them save their yellow-brown color and their voices. They are really giant bears-of-the-sea and that line of bulls ranged along the shore just beyond the surf's reach looked astonishingly like a line of clumsy land bears, half reclining, staring steadily out to sea to watch our wallowing ship. But nowhere on the earth will any man ever see a fraction as many true bears, gathered in one place, as the sea lions on Bogoslof that morning.

Bogoslof has been called the strangest island in the world and it merits the title. It lifts a few hundred feet out of the grey plain of Bering Sea, the tip of a submerged mountain resting on the

ocean floor, a steaming, rumbling volcano that has exploded many times in the last two centuries. A big pond in the shallow crater is heated close to the boiling point the year around. Because of frequent eruptions the few travelers who saw Bogoslof in the early history of Alaska rarely found it twice alike.

We had our fill finally of studying the island and its sea bears from the deck of the patrol ship. Capt. John Sellevold, skipper of the *Brown Bear*, offered to lower a dory for us if we believed we could manage a landing in the surf.

First Officer Nokard Schroder studied the curving silver line of breakers along the shore. He had a lifetime of experience on whaling vessels. He shook his head at last. "I would not take a dory in there today."

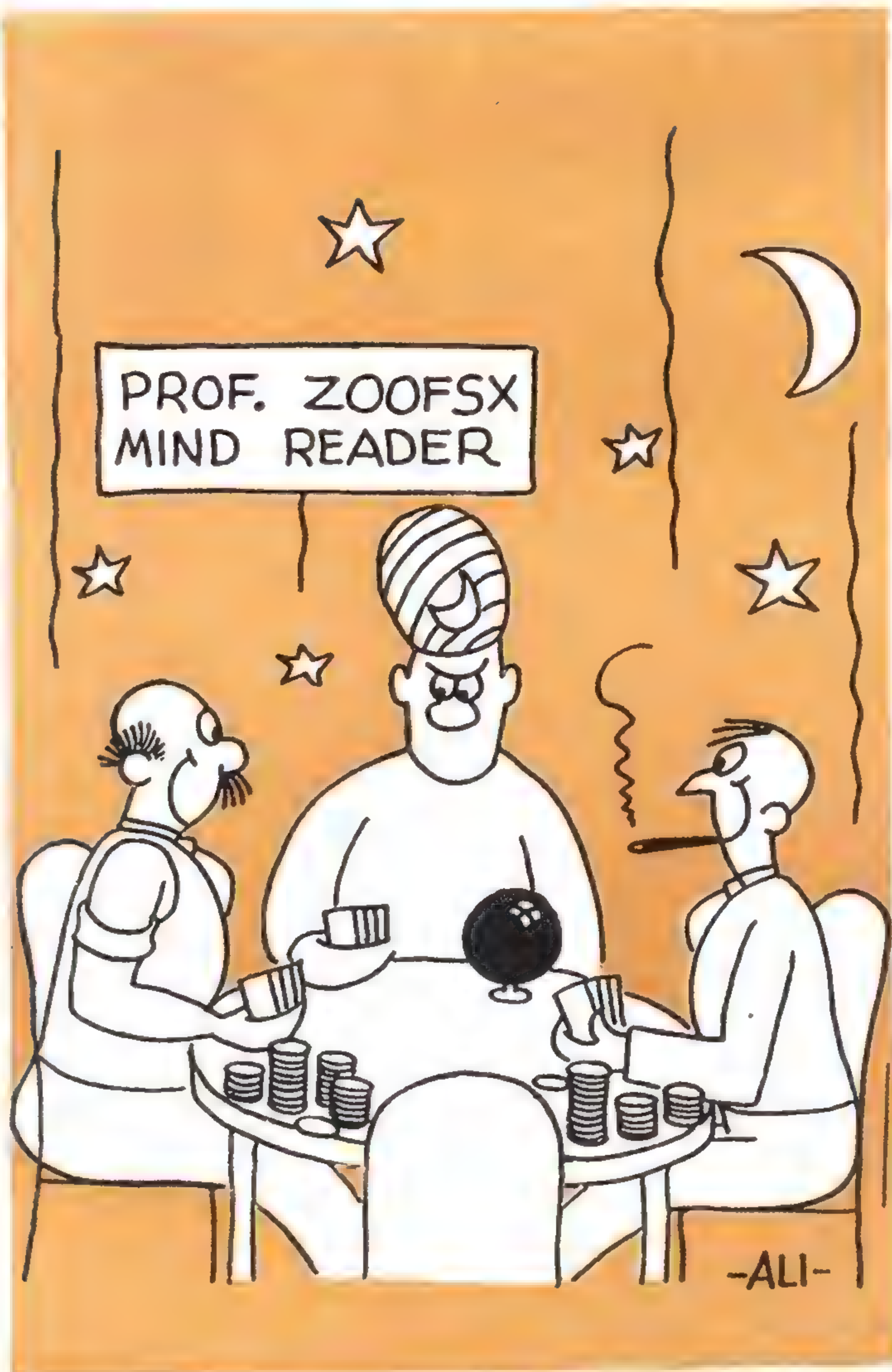
But Jack Benson, wildlife agent from Kodiak Island, believed it could be done. Gunderson, the *Brown Bear's* boatswain, agreed. Capt. Sellevold ran the motorship around the island to take advantage of what little lee he could get. We buckled on lifebelts, stowed our cameras and gear and swung the dory over the rail. Six of us stepped aboard and the falls lowered us into the long swells. As we rowed in toward the shore a few sea lions left the beach and swam out to meet us. They circled the dory, only a few yards away, studying us with deliberation and gravity and looking more than ever like big, gray-brown bears of the sea.

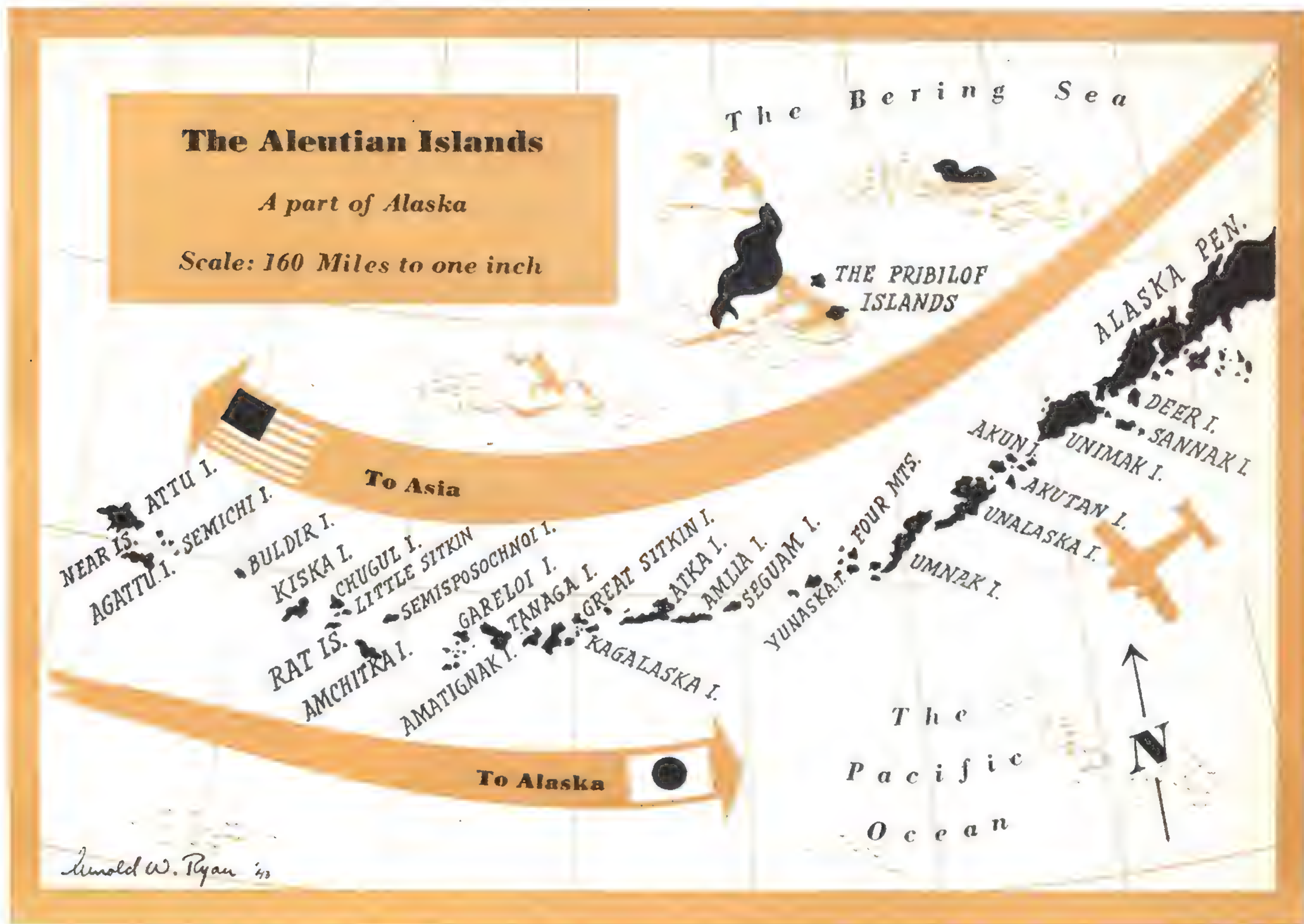
When we neared the beach we saw we could land. Benson and Gunderson, at the oars, backed the dory toward the beach and the rest of us stood by to jump out the instant the keel grounded and drag the boat up beyond reach of the breakers.

But now another menace appeared. The line of sentinel bulls on the beach had shouldered around to face us. All the herd along that section of the shore was aroused, bawling and roaring in resentment, and the nearest bulls showed plainly they meant to fight. They were reared high on their front flippers, swaying and blustering, baring fangs as heavy and long as those of any land bear, bellowing their rage.

We guessed the weight of the biggest at near to a ton—later our guess was confirmed—and any one of them offered a challenge we dared not accept. Our landing

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Along the Rocky Road to Tokyo

Leaves from a peacetime notebook
on the not-so-far-away Aleutians

by BEN EAST

THE long, curving land bridge of the Aleutian Islands thrusts 1,100 miles west from the North American mainland.

Unimak, first of the islands, is incredibly, vividly green in summer from its soft, thick carpet of moss and grass. Timber disappeared far back on the bald, snow-covered Alaska peninsula but on Unimak belts of thick tangled alder mark the course of the snow-fed streams down the hillsides and across the rolling meadows. Higher on the hills snow lies the year round. At the eastern end the symmetrical dome of Roundtop looks down, shining white 8,000 feet in the sky. A little farther west is Ragged Jack, with sawtooth peaks and black pinnacles knifing through the snow. And then Shishaldin, 9,400 feet, trails a plume of yellow smoke, first of the thousand mile line of volcanoes.

The rest of the Aleutians will look much like Unimak. They are the peaks and alpine meadows of a mountain range built on the floor of the sea. On Unalaska, 150 miles west of False Pass, is Dutch Harbor. Unalaska was a busy port in the Alaska gold rush days. There were seventeen persons living in Dutch Harbor in 1940. Beyond Unalaska lies Umnak where a rancher was grazing 15,000

sheep when the war began. The villages of Umnak and Nikolski on Umnak Island were the limit of voyages of the commercial ships from Seattle and Seward. Thence onward to the end of the chain, 800 miles farther, were only two tiny native villages—Atka and Attu. Atka was the westernmost post office and had seventy Aleuts. Attu had about fifty natives, two whites, a church and a school. Beyond these the western Aleutians were unpeopled and 200 miles of sea rolled between them and Russia's Commander Islands.

The native *barabara* was the natural dwelling in a country without trees or other building material. A sod hut, built partly below ground level, it was weatherproof and warm, as easily heated as an Eskimo igloo, and permanent. Driftwood or whale ribs formed the frame support for the earth roof. Wild rye grass grew thickly over the whole hut, binding the earth firmly. Grass mats, sea lion skins and seal pelts covered the earth floor and walls. Flat stone lamps for burning seal

or whale oil gave light and heat. Frame houses with stoves and naked electric lights are seen now.

For a few weeks in summer the bleak and stormswept Aleutians are carpeted with flowers. The windy meadows are a natural rock garden under a blanket of blossoms that stretches as far as the eye can see. The Aleutian sea cliffs harbor the greatest bird cities in America, where masses of sea fowl hide the land and the rocks. Brown bear and caribou range west as far as Unimak. Beyond that there is only the Arctic fox. Sea mammals are abundant. Steller sea lions rove the beaches, hair seals are common and fur seals from the Pribilof herd migrate through the Aleutian passes each fall. From Amchitka to Tanaga remnants of the once great sea otter herd were starting a comeback before the war. Lakes and streams teem with trout.

American troops battled the Japs in snow on Attu in late May but that was on the hills. Snow lies in the ravines less than a thousand feet above the beach all

summer. But the low hills and meadows are as green in June and July as the wheat fields of Kansas.

The Aleutians lie a thousand miles below the Arctic Circle. Sudden gales reach a velocity of a hundred miles an hour. The islands see more fog than sun, especially in summer. But the sixty-below cold that strikes the interior of Alaska is unknown here. Year round mean temperature is about 40 degrees. Sixty to seventy is a fair summer average and zero weather is not common, even in midwinter. The latitude is the same as that of London and the islands are washed by the same Japan current that gives Southeastern Alaska a climate as mild as Maryland's.

I have in mind one summer day when I was headed for shore in a small boat in Captain's Bay, near Dutch Harbor. Twenty yards from the beach was a strange dark line, like a submerged reef. But as we neared it fish exploded out of the water. The reef was a tremendous school of humpbacked salmon moving along the shore to go into a snowed creek to spawn. I rigged a small spinner on my flyrod, cast it beyond the reef of salmon, let it sink a few feet and began to retrieve the line. For several hours I never had better sport. #

Portrait Above the Fireplace

Behind the painted face was a strange power which so mastered him that his greatest fear was he might lose her

by JOSEPH YABLONSKI

• FICTION •

R

JOHN LENNER walked into the second-hand shop whistling. He was a tall, straight-backed, square-shouldered fellow. A newspaper folded to the sports page was in the pocket of his well-pressed gray flannel suit. Only his big, rough hands with the fingernails broken and blackened by machine grease showed that he was a mechanic. Before he went into the store he got rid of his cigarette, not tossing it carelessly on the sidewalk but stamping it out and flipping it with his toe into the gutter. That was a result of his aunt's discipline.

He was going to buy a chair to make his boarding house room more comfortable. The clerk was busy selling a used baby carriage to a woman so John looked around among the old davenports, sad old dressers with drawer handles knocked off, frowsy rugs in piles, mirrors, refrigerators, pathetic dining room sets, a staggering bookcase with a dusty row of books that he did not look at. There were plenty of dingy, overstuffed chairs with springs coming through the seats, but nothing he wanted. Then he saw the picture.

It was on the floor leaning against a battered washstand in a dark corner. The eyes were looking right at him. Under the dirt the colors seemed bright. He saw that it was a strong, dignified face before he saw that it had beauty, the beauty of character expressed in fine, regular, somewhat austere features and a haughty, direct glance. John did not analyze it thus to himself but he felt it. It was a half length, almost life size; dated by the high-necked gown of soft blue silk with leg-of-mutton sleeves. Blackened gilt of the frame was scaling off and the corners were broken.

When the clerk came to him John said he was looking for a chair.

"Plenty more upstairs," the clerk said. John started after him but stopped.

"Say, how much is that picture?"

"Aw, call it ten dollars. It's a hand-painted oil. Clean that frame off and you could hang it up anywhere."

John knew better than to pay a second-hand man's first price for anything, but he shoved his hand into his pocket. "I'll take it."

He left the store without buying a chair and with three dollars and twenty cents left to last him

until pay day. The portrait was covered by old newspapers and he was carrying it by a heavy cord tied around its middle. Nobody was around when he climbed the stairs in his boarding house. He went into his room, unwrapped the picture, leaned it against the wall and sat on the edge of his bed to look at it. He realized he was too close to see it properly. He knew nothing of painting. It did not occur to him to wonder how an apparently distinguished work like this had been found among the junk in a second-hand shop.

Tonight he had intended to play poker but the whim had seized him to buy a chair. No use trying to get one out of the landlady. Now that he had blown ten dollars like a fool for this picture it would have to be a movie. Maybe bowl a few frames and have a few beers. Couldn't go stepping with a girl this week.

Mrs. Minnie Long, the landlady, poked her head in the door in her nosy way when she heard him driving a nail in the wall. "What you got there?"

"Nothing," said John.

"You shouldn't hammer no nails in the plaster."

"Listen," said John. "I know enough to drive the nail into a stud and not do no damage. If I do any damage I'll pay for it."

He had lived in that little room seven years and he had his rights.

John was twenty-six years old. He worked in a garage. One thing he had to give his aunt—she had driven him through high school. She hated the job when he was dumped on her. As a boy he didn't know what good food and good clothes were. He delivered papers before daylight and groceries after school to help pay for his keep. His aunt was rigid about his behavior. When he was growing and his shoulders slouched she whacked him on the back with her hard, bony hand. "Stand up straight. Stand up like a man. Make up your mind what you are." When she died John moved into Mrs. Long's boarding house. She was a friend of his aunt's so naturally she expected to run him. A fact about John that might have interested a psychologist was that he had been constantly under woman domination.

He sat looking at the picture until the dinner bell rang. After dinner he did go out and find the bunch and get into a poker game. He lost twelve dollars on the cuff.

They used up a couple of quarts and later he borrowed ten bucks on the security of his wrist watch, that was only partly paid for, and they went stepping. He came in softly before daybreak.

Sunday forenoon his mouth was like a rat's nest and his head was woozy. He laid his flannel suit on the bed to clean the spots off it. There was nothing but some change in the pants but he felt something in the coat pocket. It was a small bottle of gold paint he had bought when he started out. He looked up at the picture. The eyes were on him. "Now don't look sore," he said. "I'm going to fix you up. I didn't forget you."

John went down to the small, smelly washroom on the floor below and came back with a basin of warm water, a piece of hand soap and his washrag. He took down the picture and set it on his wooden kitchen chair. When he cleaned it and put it in the square foot of sunshine the colors came out remarkably. As soon as it was dry he spread newspapers on the floor and touched up the frame with the gold paint.

"Now, pal," he said to her. "Now, pal, don't look at me that way. I ain't such a bad guy. Be a pal."

When he hung her up again he

laid down on the narrow bed. She looked down at him. The direct, haughty gaze went straight through him and he turned his face away.

The next week brought a rush at the garage. John was working overtime and that suited him, a spell of hard work and time and a half, most of his debts paid up, all square with Mrs. Long and a roll to blow with the bunch. He liked working with engines. As for ever getting any money together to go into anything for himself he never thought of it. He didn't have time to look at the picture. He would wave his hand as he went out, "So long, Babe," or when he came in tired it would be, "Here I am, Babe." He found unconsciously that it was uncomfortable to stand and give back her hard, purposeful stare.

Four days in bed with flu brought a change. The doctor came once and then John stayed in bed to get over it. It was then, as he lay, his mind clouded by fever, that he saw her looking down on him and her eyes were tender. On the worst day, before the fever broke, he half roused himself, semi-delirious, and threw off the blankets and was going to open the window. Then he knew he heard her voice, low but clear.

Continued on page 126

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE ♦

The face and fortune of Leslie Brooks

As Lorraine Gettman she did very well as a model in New York. Still as Lorraine Gettman she went to Hollywood and continued to do very well as a model. She has a torso like Helen of Troy's and a pair of photogenic gams. It was only a matter of time before the movie men claimed her for their own. Her first picture was *Ziegfeld Girl*, in which she was very ornamental.

She was still Lorraine Gettman when she was picked for one of those Lorelei known as "The Navy Blues Sex-tet." She was about to be sacrificed on an altar of cheesecake. She was doing so well as an ornament that nobody thought of giving her a chance to act.

She went to work for Columbia Studios. Some dreamer there decided that behind that face and façade might lurk a fragment of the divine spark. Somebody there decided she might be able to act.

Her name was changed—in accordance with the current vogue of bestowing male names upon females—to Leslie Brooks. Now she is on her way to prove that Nature is no damn fool—to demonstrate

her gifts are more than skin deep.

In Hollywood there are two kinds of talent: beauty and brains. If you have a face and a figure, you are advised to leave the acting to the less fortunate. Any young lady who tries to leap the gap from Dream Girl to Duse is regarded with skepticism. Leslie Brooks is now leaping that gap. You can judge for yourself if you see her in *Cover Girl*, in which she plays the lioness to Rita Hayworth's lamb.

Brooks on Men: "My species is supposed to be more deadly than yours. But from what I've seen the female is a transgressor in a man's world and any deadliness she acquires is protective coloration. Don't forget—Little Red Riding Hood was a lady, and the big, bad wolf was all man. Trouble is, we don't fight hard enough. Let's put it this way: The male is much too hale—the feminine gender, far too tender."

Vital Statistics: Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 125 pounds; Born: Lincoln, Nebraska; Social Graces: Can paint, sing, and speak French; Hobbies: Collecting hook rugs, slacks, and jewelry.





Anton Bruch

From Bazookas to the Moon

Rockets, which have helped us destroy tanks and carry convoys, may some day make Jules Verne's fantasy come true

by **HENRY C. NICHOLAS**

• ARTICLE •

R

ONE of the wildest dreams of fictionists is being realized in this global war. No novelist ever imagined a more fantastic story. The rocket in which Jules Verne made his imaginary trip to the moon in 1865 has become one of the most powerful instruments of war and may well prove to be the determining factor in the winning of World War II.

This giant cousin of the Fourth of July firework, fueled with an explosive power many hundred-fold more potent, has already driven the tank out of its dominant position in land warfare, thereby altering the whole schedule of American industrial production and changing the course of military history. This fantastic instrument of destruction played a major role in the defeat of the German armies at Stalingrad; enabled the Allies to carry their huge convoys through the Arctic seas to Russia; and proved one of the most powerful weapons of American and English forces in the defeat of Rommel and Von Arnim in Africa.

When the United States and England mobilized their outstanding scientists at the outbreak of the war, included among them were those scientists who had had the longest experience in the study

of rockets. But it is doubtful if anyone dreamed of the invaluable contributions these scientists would make toward the winning of the war.

It was during the early years of this century that American and European scientists began the serious study of rockets to determine the principles on which they operate. The talk of space flight in a rocket ship was regarded as the visionary dream of the novelist, but if a rocket could be made to rise to great heights above the earth, into that vast outer region which no plane or balloon could reach, then our knowledge of the unknown world of the stratosphere would be greatly increased.

If such a rocket was given sufficient speed, it was conceived it might even outfly the gravity of our planet and then continue to shoot through space on its own momentum to some undreamed of distance. Instruments could be suspended in a parachute attached to the rocket, which, when automatically released at certain time intervals, would float safely back to earth. In this manner, scientists visioned the possibility of obtaining a record of the temperature and electrical conditions of the ionosphere. Not only would our knowledge of cosmic rays and

the propagation of radiowaves then be vastly increased, but it might be possible to turn this knowledge to immediate practical use in long-time weather forecasts.

It was not until after the first World War, however, that any notable progress in this new field of astronautics became a matter of public record. In the middle twenties rocket experiments in Germany attracted world attention. It was then discovered that while scientists of other nations were experimenting and exchanging information in the spirit of pure scientific research, the scientists and inventors of Germany were secretly seeking for means of using the rocket as an instrument of war. While still forbidden to manufacture military planes, Germany was already planning for a future war.

One of the first of these German experiments was a rocket catapult for lifting planes into the air from ships. This catapult was powered with compressed air, released through a firing chamber similar to the breech of a cannon. Through the use of this device Germany believed it would be able to convert its larger commercial steamships into airplane carriers. Its two trans-Atlantic luxury steamships, the *Bremen* and *Europa*, were equipped with these catapults, ostensibly for the quick delivery of mail by planes launched from the ships while still at sea.

The more important purpose for which this catapult was designed was not revealed by Germany until shortly before the outbreak of World War II. That was their use in underground airports and hangars dug into a hillside, the catapults being designed to hurl the planes into the air from the very doors of these underground quarters.

German scientists also experimented with rockets which were powered with gunpowder and attached to automobiles, sleds and gliders. Fritz von Opel, a German inventor, was the first to fly a glider so equipped. In a rocket automobile he was said to have attained a speed of 60 miles an hour. Most of these experiments, however, were dismal failures, usually ending in an explosion and a wrecked vehicle. The one success attained by Germany was in the use of the rocket to help lift overloaded transports and bombers into the air. Through the use of these rockets to overcome the ini-

tial gravity in this war, Germany flew transports which were loaded several thousand pounds above normal gross loading.

The attitude of Germany in these rocket experiments was a curious commentary on the psychology of that nation. It was a combination of secrecy and boastfulness, both of which were exhibited at the wrong moment. Germany appeared to think its catapult for launching planes from ships possessed great military possibilities, and it attempted to prevent all outside knowledge of this rocket powered with compressed air. But the catapult did not originate in Germany. It had been invented by an American, Capt. Washington Chambers of the United States Navy, and had been used to launch the Langley plane. American experience had demonstrated that its use in launching planes from warships was impractical.

Shortly before the outbreak of World War II, Germany and Italy made sensational claims of tremendous speed attained by their planes equipped with rockets. Mussolini advertised these claims to the world in 1940 when he decorated the Italian speed pilot, Col. Carlo Bernadine, for flying a rocket propelled plane at an alleged speed of 630 miles an hour. But the later results must not have justified these loud boasts of the two dictators. In fact, less than two years ago an Italian test flight was made during which an average speed of only 130 miles an hour was obtained from a rocket propelled plane. If the rocket plane is one of the secret weapons of Hitler, he is still keeping it a secret from the German air forces. The pilots of the Allies have yet to meet with a single rocket-propelled plane of the enemy in battle.

Meantime the scientists of the Allied nations working in the field of pure research, and not handicapped by any military pressure, had learned a great deal about the rocket, a knowledge which they were able to turn to the creation of the first really new weapons of World War II. It was an American physicist, Dr. Robert H. Goddard, whose scientific research laid the foundation for these revolutionary weapons. Goddard early recognized that if a rocket was to rise into the ionosphere it must possess a motor more efficient than the best airplane engine, and be powered with an energy more

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THE ESQUIRE CANTEN

Featuring Vera Zorina and the Ballet Theatre

THIS MONTH'S performance goes gaily classical, giving the boys something to conjure with in the form of the one and only Zorina—Vera Zorina, the *ballerina absoluta*—plus three cohorts from the Ballet Theatre. At Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House this year, La Zorina threw her delicate weight into the most successful ballet season in U.S. history. During a six weeks' run, Impresario Sol Hurok counted 150,000 beholders and 250,000 dollars—an interesting example of what can be accomplished with tip-toes, floating skirts, colored lights, swirling music and beautiful girls.

Zorina always wanted to dance. She reached a ripe nine years in Norway before presenting a solo recital, creating all the dances herself. An only child, Zorina has always been very close to her mother, still looks upon her as her best adviser. At nine years she was enrolled in the ballet school in Berlin where her first teacher walked around with a stick in her hand—and used it.

Today Zorina bowls them over, but it wasn't always so easy. As a

little girl of fourteen, dancing in a German café to very sad music, she was paid off only in cakes. Her first big success was in *Ballerina* in London, a production dealing with the life of a dancer. Since then, she has been in *On Your Toes*, where she met George Balanchine; two years later, she became his wife. She has starred in Hollywood in the *Goldwyn Follies*, and in Broadway in *I Married an Angel*, but she believes that her real screen career began when she went before the cameras at the Paramount Studio enacting her original role in the B. G. DeSylva success, *Louisiana Purchase*.

The other three dancers, reading from left to right, are Albia Kavan, Roszika Sabo, and Mimi Gomber. Albia comes from Chicago, carries own luggage, likes to cook and to see movies. Roszika also hails from the Windy City, but Mimi Gomber is a Cinderella from Brooklyn. Except for not chewing gum, Mimi is as close to the Brooklyn pattern as Ebbs Field. She loves football, the Dodgers and she jitterbugs.

The Wings of an Angel

If a big furniture man wants to help a talented girl like Miss Whelan in show business, he has to make an investment

by **WOLFE KAUFMAN**

• FICTION •

LOOK, you're a lawyer and if you're gonna be my lawyer in this case, why, the least I can do, it looks like to me, is to give you the true and actual facts of the case. So here they are. Only I guess maybe you better make up your mind to be patient, because it's a long story and the average person who does not know the facts might think that I really gypped Frank Montague, like he claims, even though my own claim is that I was an innocent citizen all the way, anyway.

So here it is. This is the way it happened.

I am sitting in my office minding my own business and worrying about what am I going to do to turn an honest nickel when he walks in. I will never forget it. It was on a Tuesday and I remember checking up on the day when he got started talking and yes, it was Tuesday. Tuesday is my lucky day. Although this particular thing, it was not a matter of good luck or bad luck, especially, it was just the breaks.

Well, so this guy comes into my office, and he says, "My name is Frank Montague."

I figure him for a chiseler, proving that my first hunch was right and I should have stuck to it. So I give him the head-to-toe and I say, "So what?"

"What do you mean, 'So what'?" he says.

"That's just what I mean," I answer him. "You claim your name is Frank Montague and I say 'So what?'"

He laughs and he says, "I am in the furniture business."

Then something clicks in my fat head and I realize I have made a mistake, this guy is in the chips and he is well known on Broadway as a chaser. Also he has been known to sprout wings for many a show.

So I bust into a big laugh.

"That's the funniest thing I ever heard," I says. "Frank Montague has to tell me who he is!"

And I bust into some more laughing.

Finally I say, "Look, Mr. Montague, who you are and what you do is an old story to me. I have been on this street many's the year now and I am not just a little punk beginner. I know what the score is and I know all the people who count. I spotted you the minute you walked in the door. But I figured, 'Why does

he come to me?' And I answered myself, 'He comes to see you, Nate, because he wants to finance one of your shows.' Then I told myself, 'Well, if that is what he wants, let him break it his own way, don't rush him, don't look like you're too interested, because if you do you might lose him.' So that is why I made believe I didn't even recognize you."

Montague looks me in the peepers and he says, "Mr. O'Neill, I came here to see you with considerable misgivings, but now I can see that you are my man. If there is one thing I like it is honesty and your speech proves that you are an honest man."

"It does?" I says, surprised.

"Yes, it does," he says. "I am quite sure now that you are my man. So I will not waste any more time on any preliminaries.

I am told that you have a musical you would like to produce. Is that right?"

"It's a drama," I tell him.

"No, it's a musical," he says.

"It is a gay, funny musical."

"Oh, that one," I says. "Well, yeah, I have a script like that, but I didn't want to mention it because it would be too expensive. It would cost fifty G's to produce it. So I figured maybe I would rather first do this little comedy, which is a very funny comedy and which is sure to kill the people."

"No, no," he says. "You don't seem to understand me. The play that you want to produce which I have heard about is an intimate musical with a nice part for a tall blonde girl who sings."

"Oh, that one," I says, beginning to catch on. "Well, sure, that one is a great piece of property,

but it will cost fifty thousand dollars to put on."

"I heard you can get it on for thirty," he says.

"Well, yeah," I says. "We could chisel and get it squeezed into about forty, but it'll be a skimpy production."

"Yes," he says. "I'm sure it will be a wonderful production. I know you can do it for thirty and make it look like fifty. What's the name of the show and when do the rehearsals start?"

"Well," I says, doing the fastest thinking of my life, "it is temporarily called *Happy Hunch* and the rehearsals could start right away. The only thing that's holding up rehearsals is that I have to post a bond at Equity and you know the way them actors are—they won't budge till they see the long green."

"Money is the least of your worries from now on, Mr. O'Neill," he says.

"Call me Nate," I says. "It sounds more friendly."

"Okay, Nate," he says. "The money will be in the bank tomorrow morning and we can get started immediately. The first thing in the morning I will deposit thirty thousand dollars in the bank in the name of *Happy Hunch Inc.*, and we can draw up some papers."

"I don't think we can do it for a cent under forty thousand," I says.

"Thirty," he says.

"We might manipulate with thirty-five thousand," I says.

"But that is the very least."

"Thirty," he says.

I sigh.

"You are a hard man," I says. "So we'll do it for thirty. Now, about the cast. I have a terrific idea. I know a girl we could get who would be wonderful for the show. She is a tall blonde and she can sing. I'll give you one guess who I've got in mind."

He makes believe he is thinking hard.

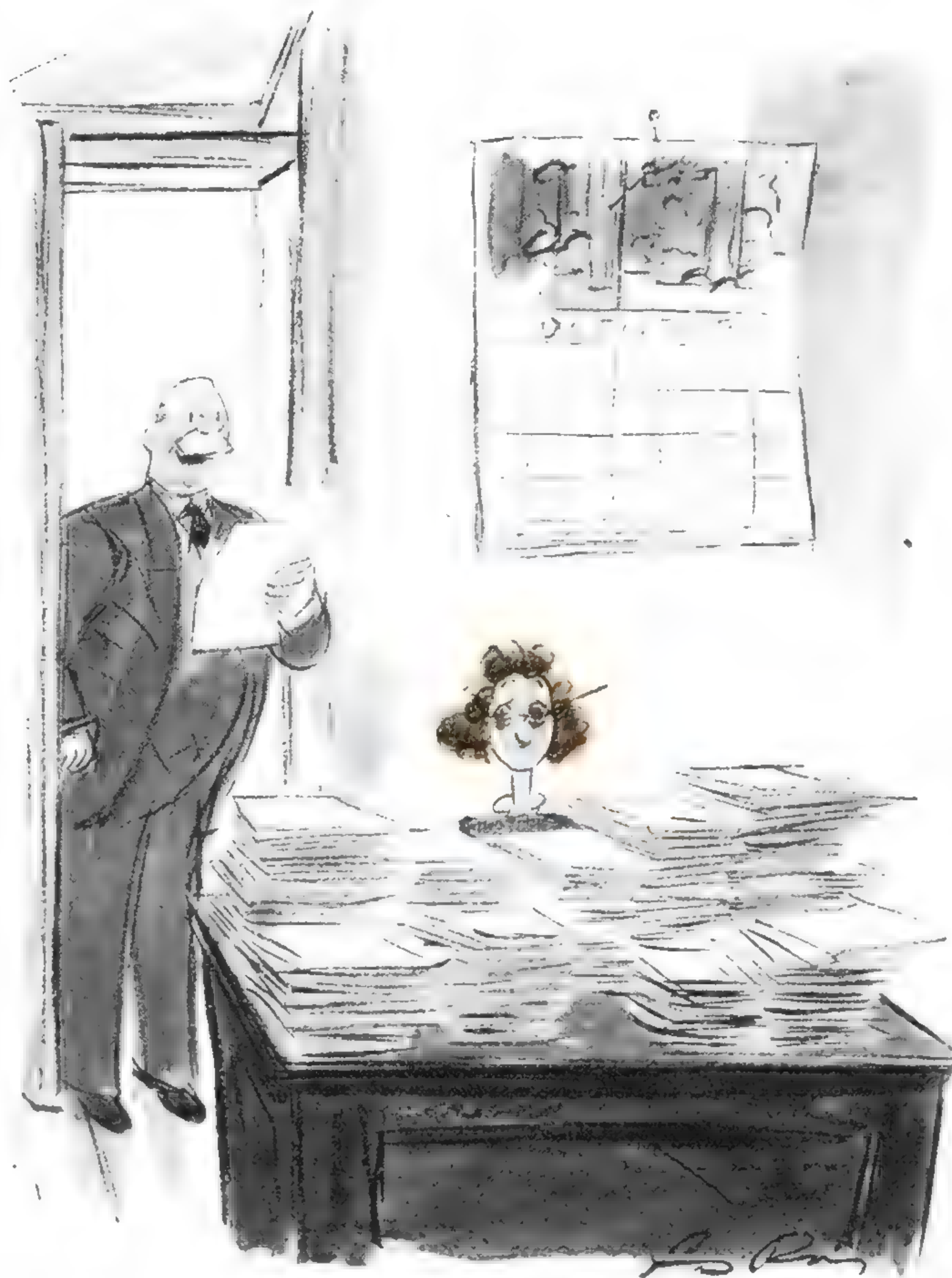
"You don't mean Jane Whelan, do you?" he asks.

"That's the very girl I mean," I says. "She's not only talented but she's pretty."

"She's not pretty," Montague says, "she's beautiful."

"Well," I says, "you leave it in my hands. I think I know where I can get hold of her and maybe I can convince her."

"Yes," he says, "you try. I think maybe you could convince



"I think you need a few days off, Miss Fagan—you typed this letter on the adding machine"

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“Looks like they been rasslin’ an’ dozed off—we better haul Uncle Rafe out from under thar”

No Slackers on the Gridiron

Contrary to the notion of misguided squawkers, sports contribute to the war effort in three important ways

by **LAVERN R. DILWEG, M. C.**

• SPORTS •

IT WAS natural enough that I should be out there at the football game that fine Autumn afternoon. Even after seventeen years of participation in the game, first at Marquette University and later with the Green Bay Packers, I had not had enough of this great sport which not only develops the individual physically but also provides him with the finest kind of companionship. I was feeling perfectly at home, perfectly satisfied and content—until I happened to overhear a middle-aged fellow in the row ahead remark: "Isn't it a crime those husky guys out there aren't in the Armed Forces?"

That was a shock to me. My reaction was to agree. Then I had a sudden impulse to grab him by the collar and snap: "Listen, Bud, let's not be too quick about those fellows out there."

But then I realized that that would be a bad start. What I did do was tap him on the shoulder and open up a conversation:

"Those kids out there," I said, "are tough and husky enough, as you say, to make good soldiers and sailors. In addition, all of them through football have acquired a lot of other characteristics that will help make them the best fighters in the world. These fellows aren't asking any favors; nor getting any. All of them are ticketed for some branch of the service. Many of them have been sworn in already, but the services have decided that they belong in school for the time being. They'll all be in there when their time comes."

"In the meantime they can fit football into their scholastic-military schedule. And don't forget that's a schedule that would break me or you in two, of itself. These chaps are playing football because the services believe that football will give them qualities they will need in the combat zones. They are playing because the schools believe there is value in keeping football on the American home front. They are playing because the boys on the battle fronts want football to continue at home. They are playing because the American youngster has more reason to play football than ever before; and because he has a right to get all the fun he can out of life before he is called up."

By this time I had the fellow leaning my way. He just hadn't thought; or rather he had thought superficially—usually more dan-

gerous than not thinking at all.

"Football is a morale tonic," I concluded, "that keeps all of us on our toes. It gives you and me a chance to come out in the open air for a while and relax. Tomorrow we will read about it, and the exciting plays that happened at the many other games all over the country. That, too, will give us a moment of escape. Don't forget there are millions of football-conscious war workers, not as lucky as we are, who are working this afternoon. Many of them are wondering how this game is coming out. When they quit work tonight, they'll grab a paper or turn on the radio to find out about the scores, and the long runs and the like. Also the boys on the battlefronts are eagerly awaiting the results. They want movies of the games. It's possible this game right here is being broadcast to Attu, or Australia, or Iceland."

In America sports are an outstanding symbol of the very democracy we are fighting for. Hitler tried to copy our sports system; so did the Japs, and Mussolini. They saw in the other war how much better fighting men our boys were than their robots.

We sent baseball over to the Japs forty years ago. Before Pearl Harbor it was virtually their national pastime. But they were never more than mediocre ball players. Any of our good college teams could cope with their best. A group of American big leaguers would be champions forever in Japan. Why? Because the Japs are still medieval. If a Jap kid makes an error in a tight spot, he instinctively thinks of hara-kiri. He is disgraced. He is so upset by what he thinks his ancestors think of him that he presses too hard to play the game by the book—by a prescribed mechanical pattern . . . in which he is not so likely to make any more errors. He never attains that relaxation and nonchalance that is common to our big league stars, and absolutely required to play the game right and well.

In Germany, after the other war, American sports were impressed upon the young Germans, not for any pleasure they might get out of them, but expressly for the purpose of trying to get into them the initiative and ingenuity and creative aggressiveness that was absent in the German troops when they made their first assault on civilization during World War I.

Take the time Hank Marino, Ned Day, Charlie Daw, Doc Ehlke and Elmer Koch, bowlers from Milwaukee, went over to Berlin in 1936 for the Olympic Games. Hank, Ned and the rest of them were just out on a big picnic. Bowling to them is fun, not work; but when they get down to spilling the pins, they're inspired by a competitive fire to excel and win.

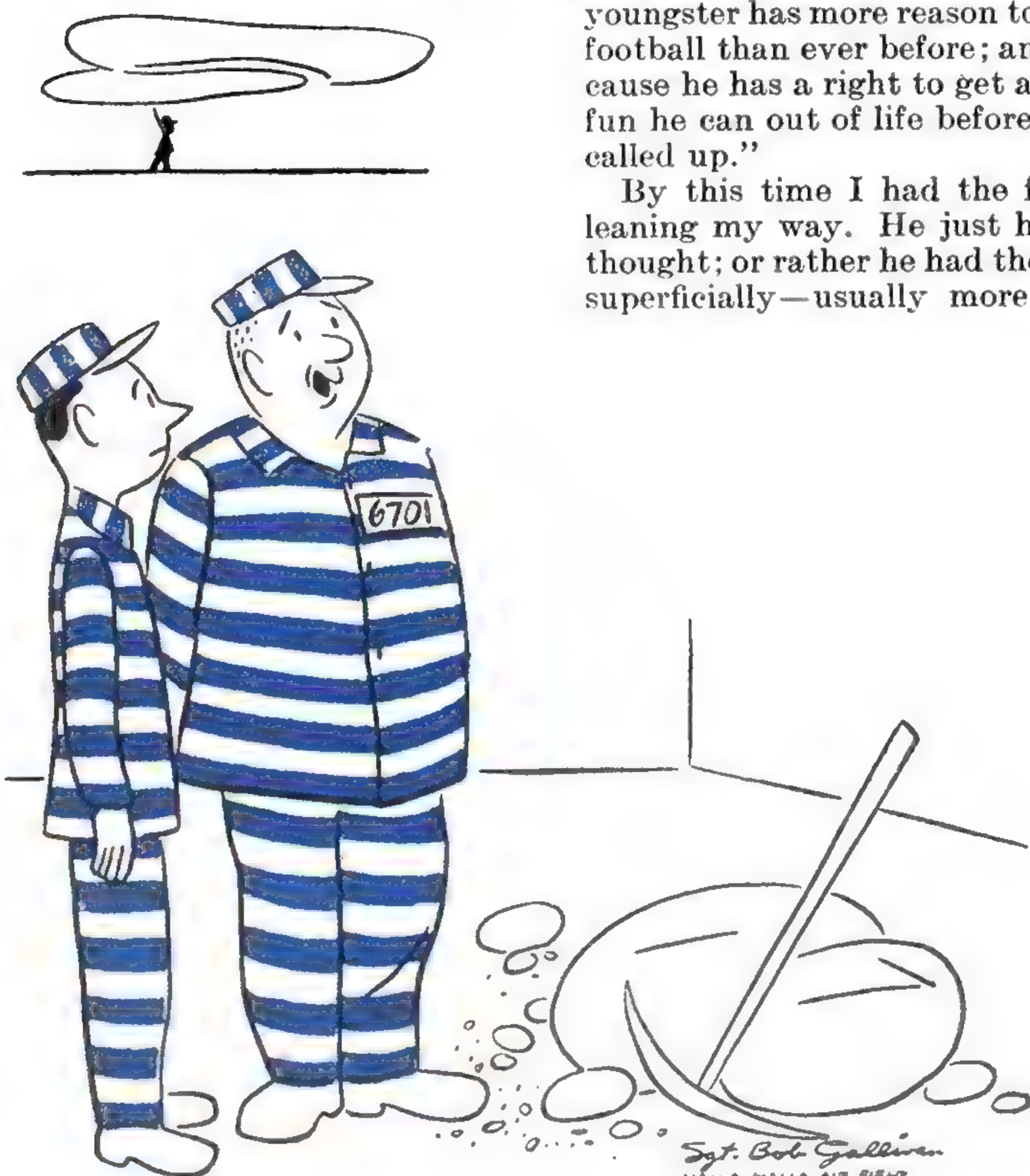
To the Germans it was an entirely different proposition. It was dead serious business to them. The German bowlers reported in uniforms much like the sweat suits American track athletes wear. Before the bowling competition, the German entrants went through a series of setting-up exercises. They had been chosen because they were big, powerful men. They had been selected to give the impression that Germans were supermen. Bowling as a game was incidental.

And what happened? When the bowling matches were over the Americans had won the team and three-men titles, and Marino had captured the all-events championship. The Germans were flabbergasted. Right away they wanted to buy the Americans' bowling balls because they hooked or curved into the pins, believing the hook was the result of some mechanical contraption built into the ball. They were astonished to learn that the hook was accomplished by a simple twist of the bowling hand and wrist.

A review of the performances in the Olympic Games reveals that Americans have always been outstanding in these competitions. In many instances where non-Americans won, they were athletes who had grown up in America, or were trained in American methods. In other words, there is undeniably something in the American scheme that brings out the best physically in men. When foreign-born boys are brought up in our system, they also excel. Scores of Italian-Americans and German-Americans have made good in major league baseball, football and other games. The famous "Fighting Irish" of Notre Dame of late have included a remarkable number of fellows whose names indicated that their forebears immigrated from downtrodden lands.

Our sports system starts off on the premise that all youngsters are created with equal opportunity. The coal miner's son from West Virginia stars on the football team

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"Oh, it was a beautiful bank, Herman—huge marble pillars reaching to the ceiling"



*"Now stop bothering me, Gilholm! I'll tell you when the
Lady Marines get here!"*



"We're not fighting. We're just trying to pick a Supreme Command for our house"

This Strange Condition of Mine

"COME in, Mr. Harkins."
"Thanks, Doctor. How are you?"

"Fine, th— Ow! Ow! Let go my hand!"

"Oh— sorry, Doc. That's been happening all the time lately when I shake hands. Don't know my own strength. Why, I can take a horseshoe these days and knead it into a lump just like it was clay."

"Sit down, Mr. Harkins! You make me nervous!"

"All right, I'll try to sit down, but I can't guarantee a thing. Haven't been able to sit still for weeks. Seems I just have to be doing something constructive all the time."

"The most constructive thing you can do right now, Mr. Harkins, is to tell me your story."

"Sure, Doc. Well, I just feel too good for my own good. In the morning I jump out of bed all ready to go, just popping with energy, and it's that way all day."

"By noon I've gone through my work. Where stuff used to collect in mountains on my desk, I can't even build up a little pile of unfinished business any more. I nearly went crazy from not having enough to do, until we got short-handed from the draft and I started doing two men's work. Everybody's suspicious around there now, because from the presi-

The doctor admitted no office could be expected to tolerate such a man

by SCOTT CORBETT

dent down they all think I'm after their jobs. Honest, I'm liable to lose my job for being too efficient."

"You take my breath, Mr. Harkins—but go on."

"I'm so horribly good-natured nobody can stand me. 'Mr. Pollyanna' and 'Everybody's Sweetheart,' they're calling me. I caught the switchboard girl crying the other day because I never snapped at her any more. It's just completely unnerved her."

"You do sound pretty poisonous, at that, Mr. Harkins."

"I am. Nobody can make me nervous, or depressed any more—and that soon gets hard to live with on both sides. After all, there are times when it's a pleasure to get irritable, and people it's a pleasure to hate. I miss those simple pleasures. It's like I said to my wife when she came home from her nutrition class the other night. 'Honeybunch,' I said—"

"Say that again, Mr. Harkins."

"'Honeybunch.' It's a term of affection."

"No—I mean, did you say 'nutrition class'? And does she come

home and try out what she's learned on you?"

"Sure, sure—everything we eat now either bulges with vitamins or clanks with iron. Why?"

"Ah-ha! Now I begin to see the light! My friend, you have a good stiff case of Vitamin Twitch."

"Vitamin which?"

"Vitamin Twitch. I've been getting a great deal of it lately. Symptoms: excessive health, unrestrained good nature, abnormal energy. Mr. Harkins, you're supercharged. Tell me—do you worry about the war?"

"No, that's another thing I was going to mention!"

"As I thought. These cockeyed dietitians don't understand a normal man has to worry about the war once in awhile, or go crazy."

"Especially out in company. If you just sit and smile all through Raymond Gram Swing, people look at you funny."

"I can imagine. Now, I'm going to give you a strict diet. For dinner, boiled meat and mashed potatoes—mash 'em till all the vitamins are mashed to smither-

eens. Cabbage, and boil it to death. A rich, heavy dessert, followed by two big, strong cigars."

"You're not kidding, are you?"

"Mr. Harkins, I was never more serious. Now, for breakfast, have just toast, coffee and three cigarettes. Be sure it's white bread, not enriched."

"That's not easy to get these days, Doc."

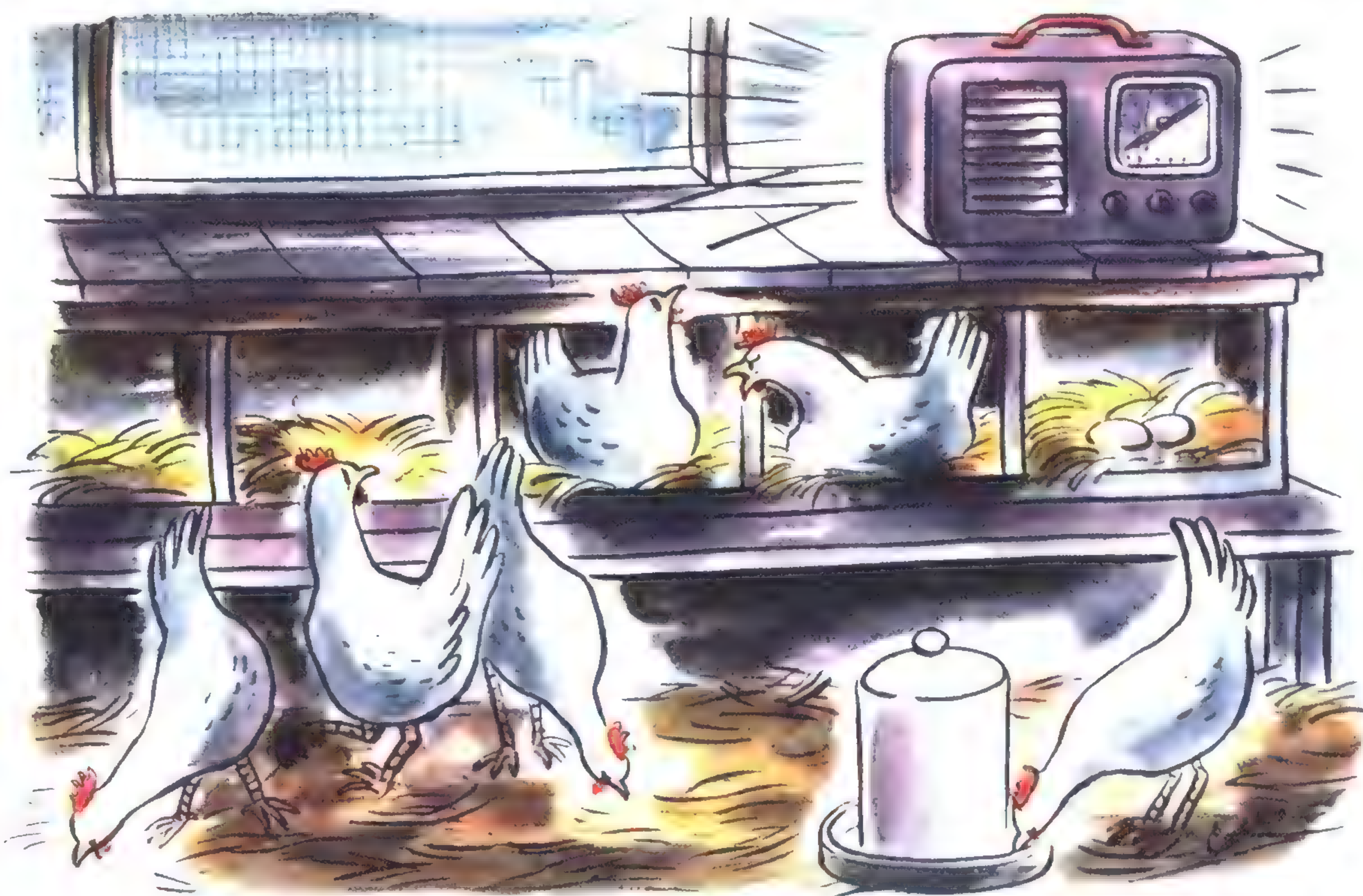
"I know, I'm writing a prescription for you. . . . Here, take this to Dingle's Specialty Bakery. They make a specialty of non-nourishing white bread—'B-None Bread', it's called. They also feature fattening Melba toast, sun-exposed milk, and Vitamin extract with the vitamins extracted—a secret formula. Incidentally, have you had lunch yet?"

"No."

"Good. Then I want you to start right off by having a hot dog and a glass of beer, and maybe a big pickle on the side. When you eat that hot dog, don't chew it—gulp it down, see?"

"You bet, Doc. Gee, if you can only get me back down to normal—if I could just get that good old tired feeling once in awhile again, I'd ask for nothing more!"

"Don't you worry, Mr. Harkins. Just follow my directions and I'll have you feeling worse in no time!" #



"Well, it won't make me lay any more eggs!"

Revelation in North Africa

The merchant discloses what is more precious than all the stuff he sells

by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

IT WAS a typical Mediterranean bistro, the sort you see in Marseillaise or Toulon. As I entered from the narrow side street there was a brief silence.

Our "invasion" was only a day old. The public, while generally welcoming the sudden arrival of Allied Forces, was confused. Then the proprietor, huge and sweating, came forward with a rush, brushing aside an assistant. He had a fork in his hand, a napkin in his collar, and a mouthful of food.

"Bienvenu, mon capitaine, bienvenu!" He boomed it out for all to hear. "My humble house welcomes the friend from America."

I am not too sure he was overly delighted to have my patronage, but nevertheless he carried it off quite well, taking no chances.

I had to arrange for meals for a sizable detail. I casually revealed a roll of Algerian currency and we agreed on twenty francs per head, including wine.

Hors d'oeuvres consisted of shrunken, bitter olives soaked in oil which must have come out of a crank-case, and a leaf or two of what tasted like garden weeds. The bread was mahogany colored inside and out. *Pièce de resistance* was *cous-cous*, Algerian style—wild rice over which warm soup was poured, including tiny bits of unfamiliar vegetables and one

lonely square of meat, the size of a box of matches. The pink native wine was weak, but refreshing, and I liked the dates and tangerines which made up the dessert.

No one talked directly to me, but I was being watched and discussed from head to foot. I could catch snatches of conversation about my canvas leggings, my heavy field shoes, my woolen trousers, and so on. A rather plain but pretty girl with dark, oily hair sat across the room with an elderly woman who never took her eyes off her newspaper. A pimply-faced young man, with Cesar Romero sideburns and a nifty blue serge suit a size too small, joined the girl. I knew they were discussing me, and I guessed that from his standpoint the discussion was not complimentary.

As I headed back toward the radio station, the shop windows were either pitifully empty or cluttered with trash. A hand-carved Moorish chair caught my eye in an antique shop on the corner. The proprietor, a frayed looking elderly man with thick glasses, stood in the open door-

way. A white enameled American electric refrigerator was the main exhibit, looming up startlingly in that display. As I started to move on, the proprietor addressed me in understandable English.

"I have been admiring your strong, handsome shoes," he said. "They are magnificent."

I instinctively looked at his shoes. They were wood soled and cloth topped, the type you see and hear frequently in Algeria. At first glance they appear to be leather. In superior shoes the wooden sole has been cut across and joined together with a hinge under the arch, allowing the sole to bend.

"My feet are bad. There is nothing I would not pay for a pair like yours." He looked at me sharply. "Do you know a soldier who might part with an extra pair—if I paid him enough?"

"I'm afraid you're out of luck," I answered. "It's against regulations to sell Army equipment."

The man stepped nearer, dropped his voice to a whisper, and said:

"Just the same, my friend, I would pay a lot. I am no longer young, and the comfort of my poor

feet is far more important than the price I pay. I have worked all my life for money, but what good is money if it cannot buy what I need? Paper—just paper—but for you who already have strong, comfortable shoes and warm clothes, money will buy many things."

"For instance?" I asked.

He looked surprised and finally answered: "Girls—wine—all that young soldiers think about."

I could not resist the temptation to press him further. "How much will you pay?" I asked.

He answered in a whisper. "The equivalent of one hundred American dollars in French or Algerian currency."

My face must have reflected my surprise, for he continued: "And if I have to, I will go higher. I am old, and for me, who cannot leave here, my money may never have value again. And why should I worry about the future—when right now my feet hurt?"

It was getting late. I looked at my watch, and said: "If I run into anybody with an extra pair I'll give him your address."

He smiled philosophically, indicated his wooden shoes, and said: "The longer I have to wear these, the more I'll be willing to pay."

I laughed and went on my way, but believe me, it was not easy to laugh off. #



"It's funny—I keep dreaming about circuses"

This Baby Brought the Stork

Sherman Billingsley electrifies his hired help with nightly messages in his own peculiar and personal manner

by JOE GOOTTER

• ARTICLE •

THE sheer drama of war communiqués is just beginning to make itself felt to millions of readers but to the hundred-odd employees of New York's fantastic Stork Club, the same sort of climactic impact is old stuff.

For they have been reading breath-taking communiqués of their own for a long time. All of them are issued by the "officer of the night," Sherman Billingsley, who reigns supreme as the major of Manhattan's café society world.

That's where supper clubs are plush-lined, with bank accounts to match. That's where the trend to these sophisticated spots transforms a minimum of space into an ornate palace, where people vie for the privilege of paying plenty for food and drink. Even to play gin rummy, they prefer this elaborate background.

In these magic haunts, Billingsley has rubbed Aladdin's lamp and come up with a lot of "seratch." His Stork Club has been a tremendous success almost from the start, is topping all records with the new war-born entertainment boom. Now every night is New Year's Eve and the place is jumping.

Consequently, directing such an establishment carries considerable responsibility and the owner is well aware of it. His task is to bring the same realization to his employees—and that's the reason for his unmatched communiqués. With a passion for the printed word, he dictates all these messages to his printer who promptly emblazons them in big type, after which the individual notices are distributed to the hired help.

If Billingsley wants to say "Hello" to them, he has it printed. He may have it set bold face in huge attractive letters on a circular inserted in the pay envelopes, but not without first taking advantage of the situation to deliver a punchy message of instructions on how to extend similar greetings to the customers.

The communiqués are an amazing mixture of just that nature, combining instructions to the employees with comments on their appearance or behaviors and adding personal notes. Billingsley frequently likes to remind them that his own diet needs rigid attention. He has been worrying about his health and recently had himself under observation in a hospital.

But after a complete examina-

tion, he returned with his face wreathed in a smile and declared triumphantly: "No ulsters!"

Consequently, it's easy to understand why he was so emphatic in this communiqué: "To those who are connected with the serving, preparing, etc. of food—When I order a thin steak, I mean cut it as nearly as possible to the thinness of tissue paper. When I order hot skimmed milk, I mean to have it made hot, but not to boil it, and I want to be sure that it is skimmed.

"I do not ever want any grease, butter or any other kind of seasoning put on my food. I am on a strict diet which does not allow me to have any fats, sweets, or spicy foods. So please do not give any of it to me; and above all, do not or do not allow anyone else to bother me while I am eating because I have a very nervous stomach and when I am bothered while I am eating, it upsets my stomach and makes me sick. Thank you.—Sherman Billingsley."

These instructions evidently were not followed to the letter (or bulletin) for it was not long after that his printer rushed out this message:

"Will everyone who works at the Stork Club please be civilized and put lights out where not needed? I am more than surprised to have had complaints from customers about certain waiters, bus-boys and others having dirty hands, dirty fingernails, and being untidy and unclean in their personal appearance.

"Again, ... it, don't bother me while I am eating."

Then there was the time when he dwelled on the chemical effect of mixing liquor and work. "A couple of people who work here," he pointed out, "seem to ignore me and my rules completely. If this is to continue, I might as well make them a present of the Stork Club and walk out myself.

"Again, I don't want anyone representing or talking for me when under the influence of intoxicating liquor. I cannot understand why a person can't go for eight or nine hours of working time without drinking a lot of booze.

"Also, I do not want anyone that represents me bawling out or getting back at customers who are good enough to come here and spend their money with us. If I could not carry out orders of someone that I worked for and

could not do without drinking for eight or nine hours while working, I think I would jump into the river and do away with it all."

On another flier in print, he virtually declared the employees in as partners, a windfall the readers took without even arching a jubilant eyebrow.

"Your job at the Stork Club means that you are a part owner of the place," this notice blared. "Therefore, you should do all that you possibly can to save everything for the Stork Club. In ordering your food or being served, you should not try to eat everything in the house or to order the foodstuffs that are most expensive and the most difficult to obtain.

"Everyone who has anything to do with purchasing for the house should spend that money in the same manner that they spend money out of their personal pocketbooks, because in reality, every employee on the payroll is a part owner. Therefore, please save, save, save in every way possible and you will be rewarded in more than one way.

"A person who is bright and of the average intelligence does not have to be told to do the same thing more than once. If there is anything that aggravates me, it is to have to continuously tell anyone to do the same thing over and over again. So, please if you want my appreciation for your work, do not make me tell you the same thing more than once."

A patient man, Billingsley can let himself go when he feels a typographical spanking is in order. As when he issued a communiqué which read:

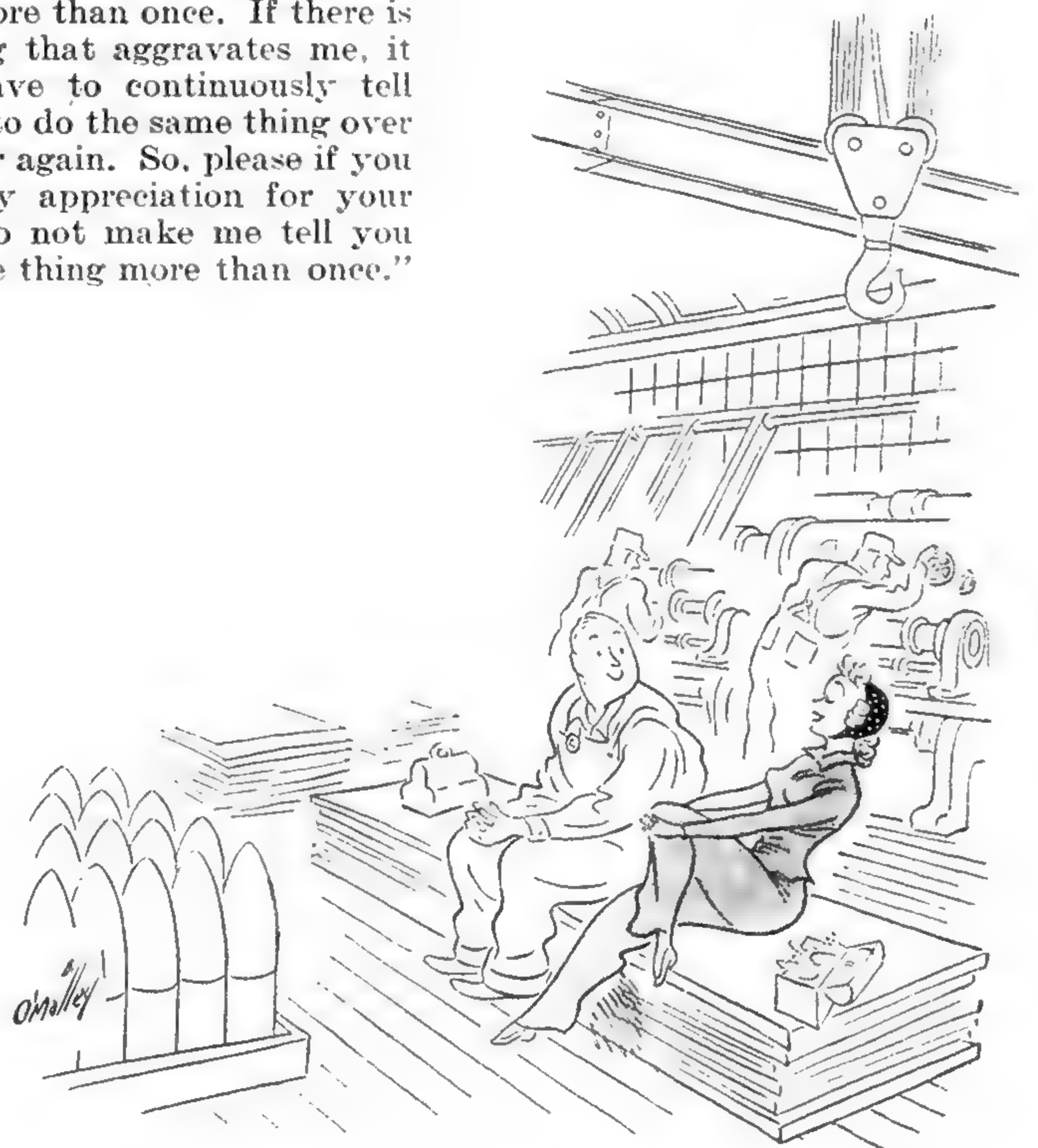
"Some employees are certainly not doing the job they are supposed to do. They come in late, leave early, and do not have their minds on their work, whatsoever. They just run in to eat and stall through their jobs and have a good time, and then get out as soon as they can.

"This is a shame and will not last too long around here. If those employees only realized that it is much simpler to do a good, honest, conscientious, and sincere job than it is to do a pretense job that they are trying to get away with, they would last a lot longer.

"Again—if a customer should ask how I feel, always tell them that I am feeling very good, even if you think in your own mind that I am feeling badly."

Obviously, it wouldn't do for

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"Just think—some day our own little factory with Junior at the automatic lathe"

Dorais, the Mighty Mite

City councilman of Detroit and head man of the Lions, he passed to Knute Rockne and coached George Gipp and Bing Crosby

by DALE STAFFORD

• SPORTS •

FOR three weary years Fred L. Mandel, Jr., the president and chief stockholder (total investment \$400,000) of the Detroit Lions, wasn't a lion at all.

Rather, he was a human bird dog attempting to flush Charles E. (Gus) Dorais from the University of Detroit campus to the head coaching job of his team. Having succeeded, congratulations were being accepted by Mandel from fellow owners and the coaches of the other National Football League clubs.

"Just think of the publicity Dorais will get," enthused Jimmy Conzelman, the sporting world's one-man circus and a fellow who can grasp the content of a 60-point headline at 60 paces. "Dorais threw passes to Rockne, didn't he? And in football that's comparable to making touchdown pegs to St. Peter."

So Gus Dorais, the 145-pound Notre Dame quarterback whose overhand forward pass changed football from a pushing and tugging mass game to the present open style, is rejoining the professionals after eighteen years at the University of Detroit.

Dorais had six years of professional football experience as a player before and immediately after World War I. The career was terminated under circumstances that were abrupt, if not pleasant.

Massillon, Ohio, was playing Canton in one of the blood-and-thunder games of the early professional era and Gus accidentally tripped Jim Thorpe when the big Indian was racing for a punt. Jim skidded along on his nose for some yards and when he finally stopped said, "Ugh!"

A few minutes later Dorais was arising from a pileup of players when something hit him. The next day the Massillon team physician told him it was Thorpe, and not a derailed express train. Also that a kidney had been injured and his football playing days were ended.

"I shudder every time I see that guy," remarks Dorais who encounters Thorpe frequently now that big Jim is a Detroit.

In retrospect the Dorais football career is a glorious thing but it certainly didn't start that way back in September, 1910, when he arrived at South Bend, Indiana, from his home at Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. At the gymnasium the late Frank C. (Shorty) Longman, former Michigan star who was then Notre Dame's coach, made a

sarcastic remark about Gus's stature—or lack of it.

Undaunted Dorais went to the room assigned him and there found the boy who was to be his roommate throughout college—Knute Rockne. After confiding to each other that they were without funds, the boys shook hands and agreed to proceed from scratch as a two-man team. From this handshake the whole game of football was revolutionized.

A source of income wasn't long in arriving and by opening the window Dorais and Rockne let opportunity in—and out, too. Their dormitory room was the only one in the building located in the basement and there was a convenient window adjacent to the ground. Fellow students were told of and conveniently permitted to use the opening as an after-

hours exit and entrance at the rate of twenty-five cents a head.

Dorais received no more attention in the early stages of football drill than he did on the first visit to the gymnasium. In fact the uniform Notre Dame furnished one of its football immortals was so large that Gus finally sent home and got the outfit he wore in high school.

At the time forward passing was frowned on and teams employed aials only when they were hopelessly behind in the score. Standard practice was to throw the ball either underhand, or end over end.

Now Dorais was a winning baseball pitcher and had adapted the overhand throw of the diamond to football. The introduction of this type of pass by Dorais drew ridicule. Coach Longman asserted

Gus' passes were next to worthless because they would fail on a rainy day when the football was thoroughly soaked.

To prove the point, Longman placed a ball in a bucket of water for an hour and then presented it to Dorais. Gus continued to throw the ball with accuracy, Longman's neck became fiery red and a few weeks later Dorais was the regular quarterback of a team that was to lose only one game that season and none in the next three years. The Dorais passing method was the same one used today by Sammy Baugh, of the Washington Redskins, who, Dorais says, is the greatest forward passer of all time.

During the first three years of the Dorais-Rockne era, the forward pass was an integral part of the Notre Dame attack and to quote Gus it was "like shooting fish in a barrel." Opponents seemingly had no adequate defense for the aerial game used by Notre Dame despite the fact that one man (Dorais) was doing all the throwing to a single receiver (Rockne).

"The usual thing was for the opposition to put a tall lineman in the backfield in an effort to stop our passes," Dorais recalls. "As soon as this happened we would include plunges through the place the lineman had vacated and it was seldom that they failed."

Some of the finer details of modern day passing attacks were born in this era. A few years back the "button-hook pass" became a darling of the football world. This bit of strategy consists of having the receiver run up to or past the defender and then turn around and start back, catching the ball while the opponent is trying to reverse his course.

"Shucks, 'Rock' developed that one by accident," says Dorais. "One day he fell down just as he got to the halfback, and then got up and caught the ball which I had thrown short when I saw him on the ground. Rockne said he thought the accident could be converted into a play, and as it turned out it was a most successful one. In advance Rockne used to tell me which way he was going to cut, and I would throw the ball to the spot. And these methods are the basis of the system used so well today by Cecil Isbell and Don Hutson of the Green Bay Packers, the greatest passing combination in football."

Until 1913 the Notre Dame



passing weapon was displayed only in the Middle West.

But that Fall Army scheduled Notre Dame for one of the first intersectional games in history on the plains of West Point. So little known was Notre Dame at the time that one New York newspaper announced the first of one of the greatest series of football games by stating that "Notre Dame College of South Bend, Illinois, will play the Army in football at West Point today."

Now Dorais and Rockne had spent the summer together working at the summer resort at Cedar Point, Ohio, and had developed their passing efficiency to a peak. But let Dorais tell about this game:

"Army had a big, strong team and received. Taking advantage of weight Army rolled to a touchdown. In those days it was considered the smart thing to kick off but I knew that if we were going to win we would have to get possession of the ball. So I elected to receive. Then we started our passing, getting in the vicinity of the Army 30-yard line. Rockne used to feign injury and by hobbling on a couple of plays, he would lull the defensive halfback into a feeling of security. 'Rock' did this a couple of times. Then he limped up to the Army halfback, turned on his speed and sprinted toward the goal line. He caught the pass just as he went over. The result was almost complete demoralization of the Army team, Notre Dame winning 35 to 13 by using the forward pass, not as a mere threat, but as a real offensive scoring weapon."

The modest Dorais didn't mention it but in one part of this historic game, he completed 12 consecutive passes, setting what is probably still the record for completed consecutive aerials.

Dorais began his coaching career in the Fall of 1914 at a small Iowa college then known as Dubuque. Later, it was called Columbia and still later Loras. During 28 games played from 1914 to 1917, he won 17, tied 2 and lost 9. One of the stars of his 1914 team was a 39-year-old railway engineer who was partaking of higher education during a year's absence from his job. When he left to return to the throttle, he expressed his gratitude for a year of pleasure to Dorais by announcing that the people at Dubuque were the most "hostile" he had ever encountered.

When World War I engulfed the United States, Dorais joined the Army and was detailed to Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas, where he served as director of sports.

In 1919 Dorais returned to the shadow of the Golden Dome of Notre Dame, this time as Rockne's backfield coach. It was George Gipp's freshman year, and Dorais spent a great deal of time coaching him. In addition he coached the Notre Dame basketball team.

Before the succeeding football season, Gonzaga University named Dorais its director of athletics and

coach of football, basketball and baseball. He stayed at Spokane, Washington, until March of 1925, bringing Gonzaga out of the football wilderness and presenting it with a Northwestern Conference championship in 1922. Of 36 games played under Dorais, Gonzaga won 20, lost 13 and tied 3.

Dorais remembers his Gonzaga days for several unusual reasons.

His fourth string quarterback in football and regular shortstop in baseball was a slight youth who entertained by singing in the dressing rooms. The boy's name was "Bing" Crosby, and the bond of friendship between Dorais and the King of the Crooners remains strong right up to the present.

Crosby seldom had the fortune to be selected to make the football trips—but he usually went along as a stowaway concealing his thin frame under seats until watchful conductors had counted heads and received the railroad tickets from Dorais.

Another Dorais memory of Gonzaga concerns the most unusual game any of his teams ever played.

The opponent was the University of Idaho, a traditional foe for Gonzaga then coached by J. Lee Mathews, a member of the 1910 team at Notre Dame. Incidentally, Dorais is usually referred to as the oldest Notre Dame graduate in football coaching but this honor belongs to Mathews who is

now stationed at Portland University, Portland, Oregon.

Getting back to this game, Idaho scored in the first half, but failed to convert the point. Late in the final quarter Gonzaga drove to the Idaho one-yard line. On the next play a Gonzaga back plunged toward the goal line, but fumbled, an Idaho man recovering the ball in the end zone. But during the play the referee was knocked down, the umpire pulled a leg muscle and the head linesman was screened from the action.

Dorais was of the opinion his ball carrier had crossed the goal line before fumbling, in which case it was a Gonzaga touchdown. Mathews argued that the Gon-

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"Wanna swap?"

Strong Point Sixty-eight

The captain suspected the two Slav prisoners, the charcoal burner and the thin young girl, knew too much

by HAROLD LAMB

• FICTION •

WHEN the strong point was taken, *Bildbericht* Renn looked at his watch. The hands showed 11:05. Then he tried to think how it had happened. It was not easy to think, or to understand what had happened. He tried to recall all that he had seen or noticed in the two days before the catastrophe.

Particularly he thought about the charcoal burner, the hungry girl and the dog.

* * *

First thing, on his arrival at Sixty-eight, two days before, he had spoken into the radio, on the PK broadcast. He had given a *Propagandakompanie* to the listeners in the home cities of the Kingdom. To be allowed to do this was a real distinction for a young picture reporter, assigned to an advance point of the northern Russian front. Renn felt enthusiastic, and he had spoken quickly, clearly from 22:09 to 22:12. Yes, three minutes.

"I am standing within a fortification that is truly impregnable. During the winter the Bolshevik hordes have not dared to molest it. It is indeed like a mighty castle of our German knights of other days, dominating all the space visible around it. To the east I see only the dark fringe of a pine forest.

"To the west a river bends around this fortification. It is frozen, so that loaded trucks can drive over it. Be sure that the soldiers here, firm in their warrior spirit, are comfortably quartered in dwellings vacated two years and one month ago by the vanquished Slavs. Firewood in plenty we have.

"This strong point is thrust beyond the river like a bridgehead, to prevent the enemy ever again occupying this bank. Secure, beyond the river lies Zone Three of the subjected peoples where Lithuanian labor contingents are felling the forest, to provide the timber needed for the paper mills of our Kingdom. When the ground is cleared, Netherlanders are to be transported hither to cultivate it.

"So, in spite of the convulsive efforts of our enemies, who wish to prolong the war, the German Order is being established, to endure in peace for a thousand years..."

Strong Point Sixty-eight did look like a medieval castle rising in snow-covered mounds to the blasted stone walls of the Russian

town, now transformed into machine-gun and artillery emplacements. In the cellars comfortable barracks had been built.

The machine guns of the advance posts had a clear field of fire to the forest. Along the edge of the distant forest, a mine field had been laid like a ring. It was all snowed under, of course. One lane had been kept clear for German armor to move out. Only the German officers knew the landmarks of the entrance lane.

Concealed howitzer batteries and AT pieces backed up these advance points. Within the made-over town a small airfield was camouflaged nicely—Renn had only sighted the planes when he passed close by them in their sheds.

Communication with the west bank of the river lay along a trestle bridge, although the ice had borne traffic during the extreme winter cold. In case of attack, support would move up from the base area, across the bridge, or arrive by air.

Bildbericht Renn, who knew his way around such defenses, thought that Strong Point Sixty-eight of Zone Three was a neat job. From the edge of the forest, he couldn't pick out the gun emplacements, although he knew where they were. The men, too, swathed in fur overcoats and precious wool wrappings, merged into the silhouette of the ruined town.

"The only thing, it's too quiet now," the Baltic captain said. "Their planes don't come over any more."

Renn got his pictures. He wanted shots of subjected Slavs at work. Had to be real stuff. No posed pictures for the *Propagandakompanie*. Not in this war. No longer did the High Command keep vital news to itself and send along stale propaganda to the home folks. The picture reporters dogged the front-line units, and Organization Todt, and what their cameras showed was what happened, for better or worse.

"Slavs at work? Here?" The captain, who was acting as his guide, looked at him. Renn had brought out a nice lot of Antwerp comic journals for a sweetener. "Well, we have the charcoal burner, and the girl."

The charcoal burner. Young, black with smoke, limping as he moved mechanically about his smoking pit. In his stinking sheepskin shuba, his head wrapped in a

shawl. He never lifted his eyes to Renn and he refused a good Turkish cigarette. So. Picture-reporter Renn studied him, and caught a nice still as the burner loaded charcoal lumps into the barrow of a German soldier.

"Name?" Renn barked as he began to write his caption.

"Alash," muttered the charcoal burner.

"Place of birth?"

Alash uttered some meaningless sounds.

"What?" Renn demanded.

"*Im Wald*," explained the captain, pointing to the far-off sea of pines. "In the forest—in that he was born."

A wood-cutting patrol had stumbled on the lame Alash, burning timber in the woods as if this last World War were not raging around him. They had brought him in because charcoal was much needed in Strong Point Sixty-eight.

Renn wrote his caption: "*Lame Slav charcoal maker enabled to practice his trade*"—and added place, date, with his own name, *Bildbericht* Otto Renn. All the film he sent back to PK clearing stations bore this magic name. So, a distinctive still or a fine strip of combat operation would bring recognition, promotion.

The girl was more of a problem to take. Thin faced, tow-headed, watching the still camera with childish curiosity. Daryushka her name, her age thought to be nineteen. She had no trade, except, it seemed, to sew the captain's shirts.

"She says her birthplace was the river," the captain explained, smoking one of Renn's Turkish cigarettes with relish. Renn decided she looked hungry, and he posed her taking a square of good Holland cheese from the hand of a private, who also held a slab of gray Russian bread. "*Slav fishing-girl-refugee fed by Occupational Forces*," he wrote for the caption of Daryushka's picture.

He remembered how the wolf-like dog had come, nosing at the cheese, and how the dog also was in that still. He remembered how Daryushka had wrapped up half the bread and cheese in her kerchief, to save. So, she had been taught by hunger!

Immediately he had finished with Daryushka, he delivered the negatives to a motorcyclist taking off for the base. In a few hours they would be developed for Army H.Q. while prints speed by air to G-2 within the Kingdom. In this way, H.Q. had the first glimpse at all film filtering in from advance points, while the mecha-

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SMOKING OUTSIDE

Mary Ann C. Simms, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

MEET Mary Ann Christoph Simms from Madison, Wisconsin. Five feet six, of indisputably perfect proportions. Plus flamingo red hair that covers a head filled with book-learning.

The daughter of a classical language professor, Mary Ann at ten retired to her playhouse to write a long romantic treatise on Cleopatra, at twelve was a full fledged Latin and Greek scholar, at thirteen was clamoring to be allowed to enter the University of Wisconsin to major in archeology.

When the dean argued with the carrot-topped prodigy that it was a man's underworld—archeology, she spoke up loud and clear to the effect that there is no competition for those at the top!

She was told to go home and grow up. At fourteen she was back on the higher education doorstep and after two weeks of I.Q.'s was admitted to the cloistered halls. "They couldn't figure out," explained Mary Ann Christoph, with dead-pan gravity, "whether I was a moron or a genius."

She also says, among other things... that Hollywood looks like the

World's Fair, gives her visual digestion and she loves it. There are just as many wolves large now as in her mother's day, the only difference being that the fangs are somewhat less obvious. That a woman is only as gullible as she sees fit to be. That she has been doing a Garbo on the West Coast for two months in order to catch up on her reading—Homer in the original Greek—and bicycle riding. And when Henry Waxman discovered her pedaling down Sunset Boulevard and wanted her for his *Smoking Outside* opera, she insisted that she had no instinct for glamour!

She thinks she might consider becoming an actress if drafted but stipulates that she would want to do sophisticated farce.

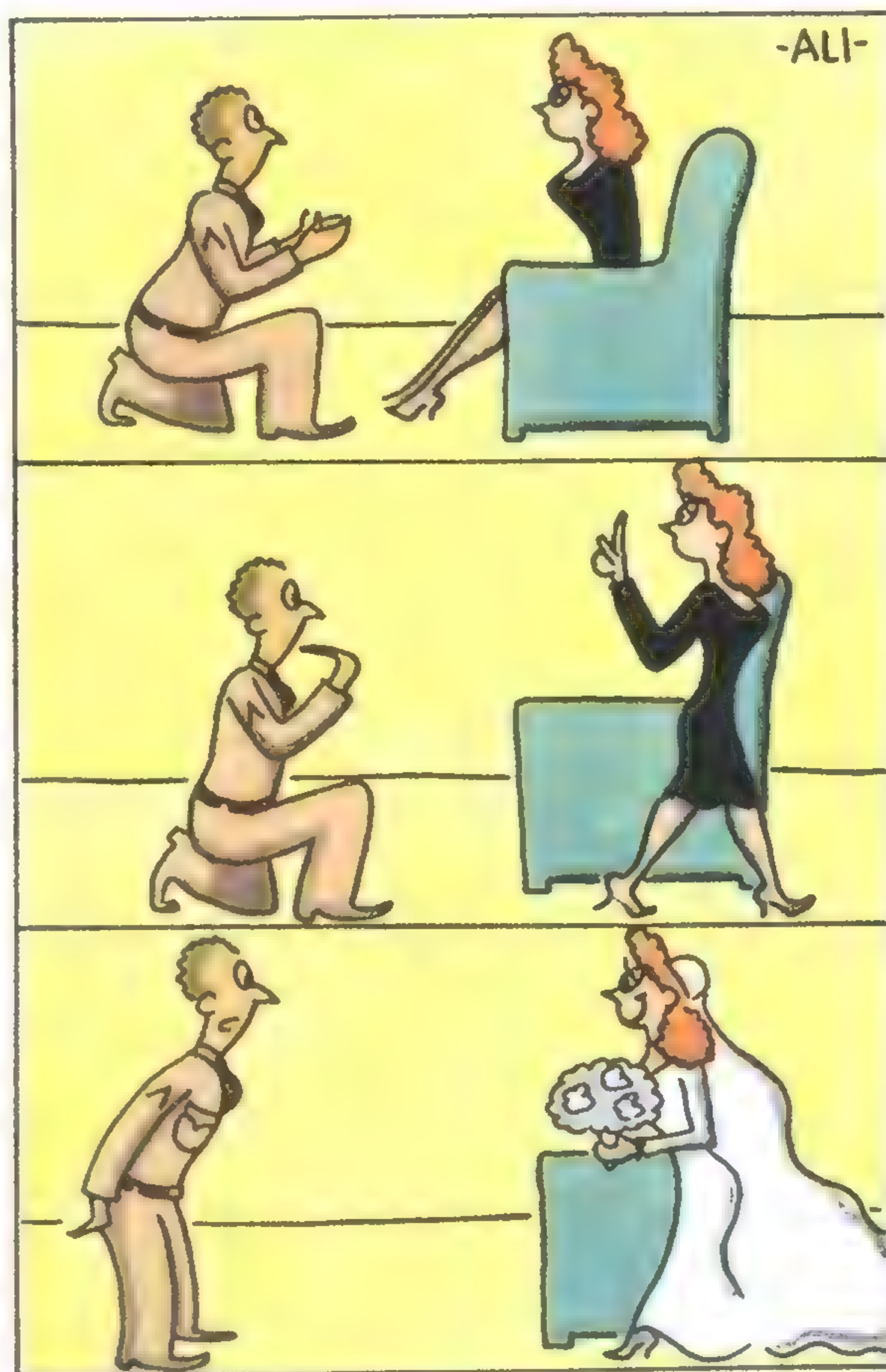
The man Mary Ann has dreamed up as the answer to a prodigious prayer would be a combination Orson Welles, minus his brat side and plus some humor, and William Saroyan with just a little less "understanding" of human nature.

Vital statistics: Bust: 36"; Waist: 25"; Hips: 35"; Weight: 120 lb; Height: 5' 6" and growing; Age: 13





"Don't try to tell me how to spell Genevieve, sailor—you're the sixteenth this week who wants that name!"



AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE ▶

The face and fortune of Ursula Usher

URSULA USHER—the girl with the name that sounds like the mating call of a moose—came all the way from Swansea, Wales, to fulfillment in the U.S.A. glamour business. Nor is it exactly a feat of the imagination to see Miss Usher languorously lifting her weight to the top of the heap. The ingredients are there. Count them.

Miss Usher didn't exactly jump from Wales to Wonderland. There were one or two interludes, especially Greenwich Village. It was not until 1941, when she became Miss Jersey City, that Things Began to Happen. There is an unwritten law that says if you become Miss Jersey City you must move to Park Avenue, emerge as a fashion model, appear at "21" and meet Orson Welles.

Ursula did all of these. She became a \$10-an-hour model for those elaborately demure dinner dresses that fit her sultry beauty like a glove. And while she has too much stardust for culottes and bicycles, she is excellent for tweedy things. You have seen her staring off into the sky at just the right angle, her manicured fingers resting casually but tenderly on the door of a pre-war roadster.

Miss Usher on Men: "I wish men wouldn't give their all in the first conversation. There are 365 days in the year. Don't be in such a hurry. Give a girl a little mystery. I go in for the build-up, and I say make it good. Don't tell us what your plans are. Give us a chance to guess. After all, if you rob companionship of its mystery, its glamour, its soft lights and sweet music, what is it?"

"American men—and don't get me wrong, I love them—are particularly brusque about the business of getting acquainted. They're in such a hurry, they spoil everything. Men ought to hasten more slowly, allowing ample time for conversation. Looks don't count nearly as much. Talk—it's wonderful!"

"The man who says gay sprightly things, who courts with words, wins every time. And when you talk, don't talk sex. Remember, the most sensuous gal in the world is usually the most perfectly behaved."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* John Robert Powers; *Age:* 22; *Height:* 5' 8½" with heels; *Weight:* 118 lbs.; *Bust:* 34; *Waist:* 28; *Hips:* 33½.

JON ABBOT PHOTOGRAPH





First Nights & Passing Judgments

This co-ordinator has a twenty-part plan guaranteed to jolt theatrical producers from their well worn ruts

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

AS THE season of 1943-44 proceeds to get under sail, I seize the occasion to tender our producing gentry some small suggestions that, if they follow them, which they won't, may possibly contribute to its somewhat greater public and critical acceptability.

Gentlemen:

1. If you must put on still more plays about adolescents, don't allow your press-agents to publish stories about your young leading actresses, supposed to be innocent little sixteen-year-olds, which confide to us that they have been married for seven or eight years to Hollywood movie actors, have two or three children apiece, and are thinking about getting divorces and marrying actors in their companies, who are also headed for Hollywood.

2. Don't have your press-agents ghost articles for you for the Sunday *Times* and *Herald Tribune* dramatic sections in which you solemnly argue that the theatre is a great builder of morale in wartime, when your chief contribution to it is known to be farces about adultery, shows in which blemished females parade around in the approximate altogether, or plays in which the death of loved ones in battle causes their mothers in agonizing grief to bite

their lips until the blood flows.

3. Do not, as most of you, particularly the richer ones, do, be proud of the mere achievement of Broadway box-office successes. Gamble a little on something finer in the way of drama. (You may win, at that.) In other words, don't be a bunch of vain, cheap business men but now and then try to forget money you really don't need and take a chance on something that will give you some standing in the community. Our better playwrights, actors and actresses do it; why not, for a change, you?

4. When you have produced a deserved failure, don't quote tributes to it from one or two of the more doltish reviewers in the hope of luring customers to it. It does not work, and it simply loses you more money in advertising. It doesn't take the public long to distinguish between the reliable and the unreliable reviewers, and no one of the latter, for all his ill-founded praise, has yet succeeded in prolonging the run of a dud for even a few days.

5. No more musical show opening numbers in which the chorus girls, who have sedulously practiced speech for all of two or three days and who enunciate with the painstaking clarity of female hotel

clerks, are called upon to recite lyrics achieving such facetious rhymes as Shuberts you'll see 'em at Hubert's museum or lyrics which allow that their sense doesn't matter since nobody can hear them anyway what with all the commotion made by the late-comers.

6. Don't importantly announce that you are planning to produce half a dozen plays (naming them) which cause the reviewers to congratulate themselves that the season certainly promises a lot of good stuff and then wind up by producing only a minor comedy that has been gagged up by some Hollywood screen writer. However amusing the comedy, or whatever it may be, the reviewers will disappointedly and justifiably put you down for a fourflusher, and it won't do you any good.

7. The minute you have finished reading a play script you like, don't always conclude that, anyway, it needs some rewriting. Any number of plays that might have stood a chance with the public and the critics have been botched through this arbitrary notion of yours. The popular idea that plays are not written but rewritten has many holes in it. Where they have been successfully rewritten it is usually the author who has done the job beforehand, not subsequently at the request of some cluck like yourself. In such cases where the author has listened to you, you have often damaged his play. A light farce or some other such relatively negligible work may occasionally be rewritten with profit, as has been proved. But more important plays are generally better if let alone, as has also been proved.

8. Keep your actors and actresses from giving out interviews. The great majority of such interviews are so dumb that they alienate the public. In the last dozen years I have read only two out of hundreds that didn't gag me, and I have a feeling that the general public isn't much different from me. One of the two in question was by Katharine Cornell who, putting an interviewer in his place when he tried to work in the old glamor hokum, intelligently informed him that after an actress has passed forty it is better for an interviewer to confine himself solely to her work. The other, oddly enough, was by the movie actress, Veronica Lake, not long ago published in *Life*. It was de-

void of all the customary Hollywood mush and was full of good, hard, cool, winning sense.

Particularly obnoxious are the interviews given by actors and actresses who belatedly return to the theatre after having deserted it for Hollywood. Their drool is always of a piece, and always equally sickening: "It's so wonderful to be back and so thrilling to be playing to real audiences again," etc., etc.

9. If you yourself have succumbed to Hollywood offers and have in turn deserted the theatre for a spell to do some movie producing, do not, when you return, permit yourself to give out interviews. If you loudly denounce the place as a shambles, everyone will know that you have been a failure out there and are a sorehead. If, on the other hand, you flatter the place, everyone will esteem you for a blockhead, which will not help you as a producer in the theatre. So, either way, shut up.

10. If you go in for old play revivals, keep the plays as they originally were and don't monkey with them in an effort partly to modernize them. If an audience wants to see an old play, it wants to see an old play and not a hybrid with its face ridiculously lifted.

11. Don't hope to get away with a weak script by having the author incorporate into its last act a speech or two bringing it into line with contemporary events. It has now been done so often that you can no longer bamboozle your customers. Most of such inserted speeches give the scripts the same forced and foolish air that would result from having Uncle Tom stop suddenly somewhere near eleven o'clock, shake his head sadly, and expatiate on the injustice of excluding Negroes from the St. Regis roof.

12. If your play has a passage in it impressively describing the scene's rare peace and quiet and its remoteness from the noisy world, have your stage manager see to it that the stagehands don't audibly shoot craps during it.

13. If the characters in your play are supposed to be dirty, scrubby people, as in, say, *Tobacco Road* or *Cry Havoc*, do not light your stage with pink and amber balcony spots. Under such circumstances the actors usually look not dirty and scrubby in the way you wish them to, but rather like the bathless French bour-

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BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

The Petticoat Scene from *Rosalinda*

THIS old-fashioned Viennese "take-off" comes to you by courtesy of those philanthropists and men of good will, the theatre impresarios, who have turned the clock back to the 1870's and made it pay. This time it's Johann Strauss's operetta *Die Fledermaus*, retitled *Rosalinda* for the Broadway trade. In it the boys have dished up music as lovely, merry and charming as those good old days themselves, and made the theatre-going public eat every note.

But the music isn't the only reason for *Rosalinda*'s success. Two other perfectly good reasons may be observed in the photograph on the facing page: Dorothy Sarnoff, dramatic soprano who sings the title role, and Virginia MacWatters, the pretty vivacious little maid who sings the coloratura role. In this bit of operatic excitement, Virginia is helping Dorothy out of her various garments while the girls discuss two not exactly obscure topics that were current in old Vienna—Men and Love.

In *Rosalinda* both Miss Sarnoff and Miss MacWatters are playing the big circuit for the first time in

their lives. To sing on Broadway in a hit show of this size and importance is a home front victory, and on their first time around the track both girls are doing handsomely. Miss Sarnoff is the daughter of a Brooklyn doctor. She sang with the Philadelphia Opera Company, gave out with some sweet music at Radio City Music Hall, and has appeared with the National Symphony Orchestra at NBC. One night, while singing in Philadelphia, Fritz Busch, conductor, decided he wanted her for the title role in the New York production of *Rosalinda*. And there she was—and is.

Up to now Miss MacWatters has been strictly a concert opera singer. She has thrown her slight weight into 250 concerts in the Eastern United States, including La Scala in Philadelphia. She likes the role of Gretel in *Hänsel and Gretel*, Mimi in *La Bohème* and Marguerite in *Faust*, but Lucia in *The Barber of Seville* is her special favorite. At first she could hardly believe her success in *Rosalinda*—but now she has plans to make the Metropolitan.

Boxing Tonight at Marigold

Begun, the matchmaker, and Schoenwold, the front man, apply hard and fast business rules to boxing on Chicago's North Side

by **ED PRELL**

• SPORTS •

THE mild looking little fellow bumped his way toward the club car of the Chicago-Cleveland night train. He settled comfortably into a cushioned seat across the aisle from two other passengers who were playing rummy.

The rest isn't hard to guess. You know the easy camaraderie of the club car. The rummy game soon had an added starter. Several hands and a few Scotchies later, the three were as one. They had discovered each was on the same business bent—to watch Barney Ross, then at the height of his spectacular boxing career, make some alterations on Bobby Pacho's body beautiful.

The pleasant-faced interloper was Irving Schoenwold, proprietor of a photo-engraving concern in Chicago. But he was a man with a frustrated ambition. He wanted to be a boxing promoter.

Largest of the other two was Jack Begun, a thick-bearded youngster who as a kid in knee pants had seen Barney Ross's dad breathe his last after being shot down by holdup men in his grocery store on Maxwell Street, heart of Chicago's Ghetto.

Number Three was Barney's brother, Ben, who always followed the to-be Guadalcanal hero over the country.

Begun, a clothing merchant on Maxwell Street, was a fledgling boxing manager. On this Cleveland card was his boy, Milt Aron, son of a rabbi. Aron was later to become a welterweight contender until a fatal illness struck him down.

Schoenwold was just making the trip because he had heard there was a boxing match in the Ohio metropolis. He was a Barney Ross fan.

This was 1934.

The card game broke up. Ben Ross sleepily announced he was through for the night. But not Schoenwold and Begun. They marched back to the smoking room of their car. At 5 o'clock that morning, as punchy as a couple of two-dollar-a-round sparring boys, they solemnly shook hands. They had made a pact to crack the boxing promoting game in Chicago.

Today the firm of Schoenwold and Begun is the most prosperous in Chicago's ring history. Last year they promoted fifty-on bouts, every one a financial winner. Like Mike Jacobs in New York, this twosome has a firm

grip on the game in Chicago, but they go the Manhattan maul-merchant one better. Whereas Mike picks his spots with an occasional presentation of the art, the midwest dynamos go in for round-the-clock business.

Center of their weekly operations is Marigold Gardens, a north side rendezvous which in the easier years was a social center known as Bismarck Gardens, famed for concerts, dancing and dining. Every Monday night the boys in the neighborhood start shadow boxing. That's fight night at Marigold. Every Monday night, that is, except when through their promotional genius the pair have developed their youthful club fighters into big-time performers.

Then they take the lads into Chicago Stadium for the big financial and artistic kill. The kill

happens every so often every year.

Marigold under these two earnest fellows has been the cradle of recent fistic champions. Marigold fans saw in the embryo such stars as Joe Louis, Tony Zale, Fritzie Zivic, Mike Belloise, Ken Overlin, Pittsburgh Jackie Wilson, Jimmy Bivins, Lem Franklin, Lee Savold and their likes. On one card, Zale and Zivic fought different opponents—at a two-dollar top!

Nine years ago this Damon and Pythias of Chicago boxing tossed in 1,500 dollars' worth of chips for the privilege of promoting. Last year's business at tidy Marigold grossed 125,000 dollars. Including their big league forays in the Stadium, the partners did a quarter of a million dollars at the gate.

There is only one fight club in the country which for consistency

rivals Marigold. This is the Hollywood Legion Stadium, but it has the advantage of window dressing—the movie stars who attend and who must be bracketed with the gladiators as gate attractions.

Before the entrance of Schoenwold and Begun on the fistic scene the premise that all boxing promoters die broke might well have been arrived at after an investigation of Chicago entrepreneurs of the sport. The two newcomers had a clear field when that chance meeting on the train led to a partnership. Their predecessors were either dead or dead broke.

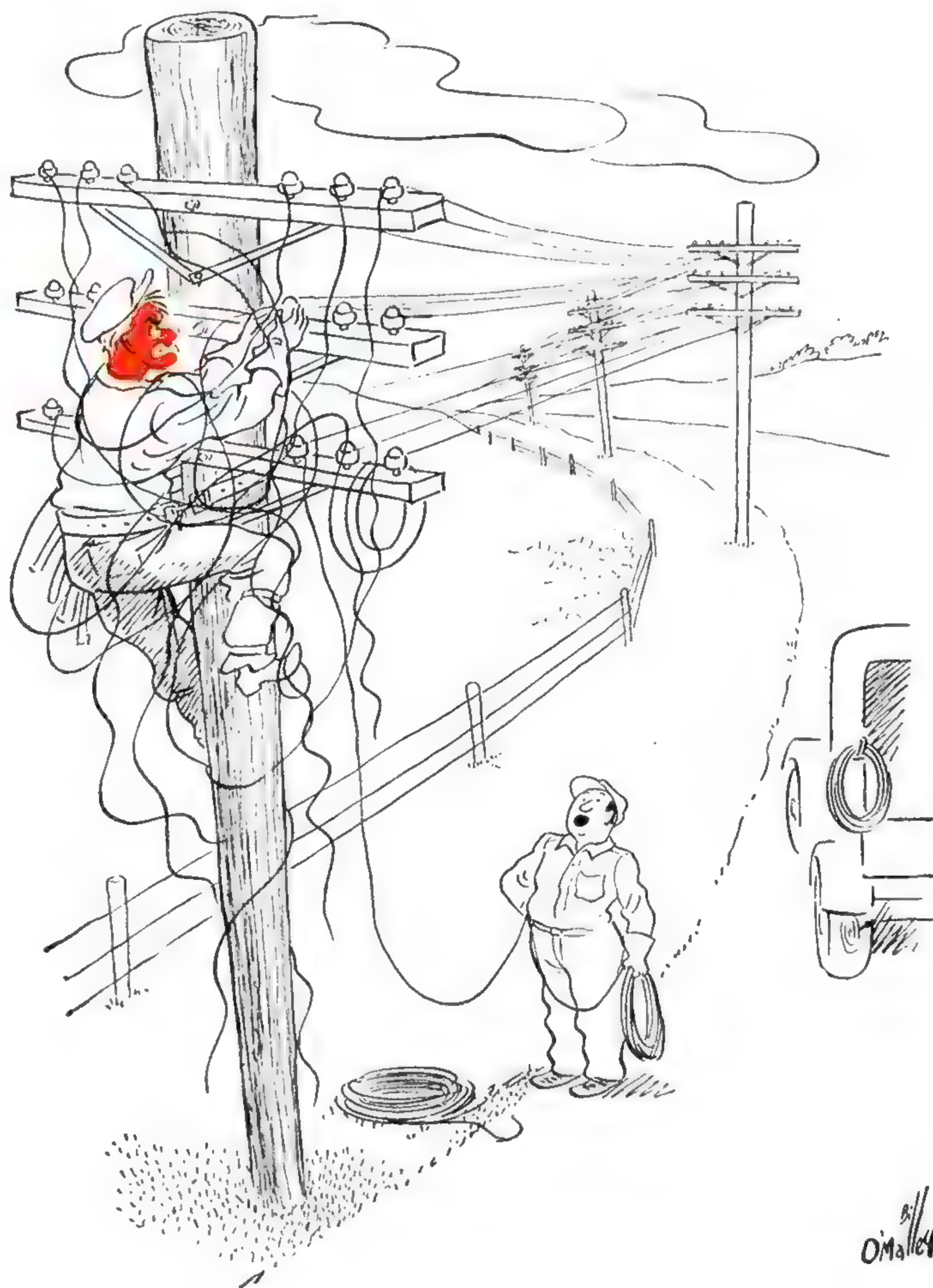
Promoters, wiser and sadder after their experiences, gave these pugilistic babes in the wood six months at most before they too, would find themselves hopelessly in the red. That was years ago.

In all success stories there is a secret. In this one it goes double. It's a case of two successful business men applying hard and fast principles to boxing. The thirty-nine-year old Begun is the matchmaker and he operates behind the scenes. Schoenwold, thirty-eight, dapper, and with a pleasingly bashful disposition, is the front man. Every Monday night he sits in one of the three ticket booths, greeting his customers by their first names, then mingling among them during the slam-bang action.

Begun pays the fighters what they are worth and not one cent more. Schoenwold makes his clients feel that they have come into his living room. The fighters do the rest. They know if they make good, win a following, they've got steady employment and a chance to traipse along when the two boy wonders get a buildup that's worth a shot in the 20,000 capacity Stadium.

The Marigold merchandise has the purple stamp of genuineness. There's no funny stuff, no last-minute substitutions, no fistic fiascos. Marigold fighters yield blood, taking hard knocks for the pay envelope which is in their hands a minute or two after their labors are over.

They're especially proud of this instantaneous payoff technique, and their alacrity in this department recently amazed Arthur Wirtz, head of the Chicago Stadium. After a Schoenwold-Begun show and before spectators had emptied the place, Wirtz reminded the fellows to meet him early the next morning to settle up on



"Steidinger, I wish you wouldn't say things like that!"

expenses. "We've paid off everyone, including the fighters," said Schoenwold.

Wirtz couldn't believe it until he was shown the proof.

Clarence Brown, a Negro Golden Gloves heavyweight graduate, had fought himself into a top spot at Marigold. On a Monday afternoon before he was to headline a show, Clarence was shopping with his wife on the South Side. Entering the revolving doors of a department store, he fell and sprained an ankle.

"Clarence called Marigold and luckily I was there," said Begun. "I told him to stay put until I arrived. When I got there I bundled up the lad and rushed him back to our club. We bathed his feet in Epsom salts and the doctor taped his ankle. Clarence couldn't have fought better on four legs. But I guess this comes under the heading of luck. If I hadn't been around at the time, the kid would have been a hospital case and it would have been blooey for our show."

Marigold, under these go-getters, really is an all-purpose club, embracing what in baseball would be a farm system. The Gardens, where shows are held in the winter, holds 2,000 customers and could be designated as Class C. When summer weather comes, the boys move outdoors where there is an arena on the premises seating 7,000. This would be Class AA. Then there is the Stadium, or the major league.

It was at one of these outdoor shows that Vern Patterson of Chicago was fighting Tony Petroskey of Detroit. By the time the fifth round had arrived, Petroskey had bounced Patterson off the canvas three times. Then it started to rain. Correction, it was a cloudburst.

It's a Marigold rule that when rain arrives, the outdoor show moves indoors. So Patterson's handlers gathered him up and carried him inside, while the thousands of spectators battled to get inside for the conclusion. The opponents finally squared off and Patterson resumed his catching act. Twice he plopped to the canvas. The third time he was counted out. Mr. Petroskey had achieved a single knockout through the medium of six knockdowns in two different rings!

Such items as these, and others, have spiced the nine-year run of this pair who have not lost sight of business precepts in their enthusiasm for the sport.

So thoroughly have these maharajas of Marigold sold boxing that their clients cut themselves in as partners. On those rare Mondays when a program isn't up to par, the Messrs. Schoenwold and Begun are approached by fans who offer only sympathy. There's never a word of censure and if you know your fight bug this is unbelievable.

The fans are a chummy lot. One regular, a candy company executive, frequently visits the dressing room and presents his

favorite with a half dozen boxes of candy or a twenty-dollar bill. Another Monday night visitor who runs to weight, always buys two tickets. One for himself, the other for his coat.

There's a Mayor of the Bleachers, a leather-lunged fellow. Every Monday night, indoors or outdoors, he yells: "Put down the windows!" And when the announcer starts intoning over a fallen fighter the spectators take up the count.

They bet among themselves by choosing corners occupied by the fighters. One fan came to Begun with the complaint that he seldom won. So Jack accommodatingly decided a coin would be tossed be-

fore the corners were allotted, with the winner to pick his seat. Since then the complainant has had even worse luck, but he knows there's nothing phony.

Mr. Begun emphasizes that much of boxing's recent annals is wrapped up within the historic gates of Marigold, which is in easy hearing distance of the Broadway street car, the elevated, or the bus. This is an important item in these days of curtailed transportation.

There was that evening in 1934, Begun recalls, when he and Irving sent Joe Louis against a Wisconsin giant named Adolph Wiater. Joe's busy fists sent big, blond Adolph to the canvas several times in the first

round. But Adolph had a strange habit of getting up each time. By and by he showed a brash disregard for the dynamite in Joe's fists and started cuffing Mr. Louis around.

"I don't believe Joe ever has shed as much blood as he did this night," offers Jack. "And the sight of it sickened him so much that all the fight was taken out of him. Eddie Siegal, an old timer, was in Joe's corner that night and he had a time of it keeping the lad from giving up. It's to Siegal's credit alone that Joe finally won a ten-round decision, one of the rare times he has not stopped his opponent. I've often wondered if that night wasn't the turning

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"Frankly, I tried to get into this war plant to get away from cooking over a hot stove for a family!"

Return of a Trouble Maker

O'Leary told the Old Timer here was his chance to save the game and stay on with the team as coach next year

by JAMES KIERAN

• FICTION •

WHEN they barred the spitter everybody said Phil was through, but he was a foxy devil and he worked up a new curve and a change of pace and he kept hanging on year after year.

But when we made the first western trip that year you could see he was all washed up and in Cincinnati, George O'Leary called Phil in and told him to pack his bag for Kansas City. He was a ten-year man and didn't have to go unless he wanted to, but I guess he had to have a job.

Going through the lobby he waved to Frank Johnson and me. "I'll be back," he said.

"How come?" Frank Johnson said.

"Cause I've got a wife and four kids and you can't send girls to college on no minor league salary."

"Good luck, Phil," I said.

"I don't want no good wishes from you young punks," Phil said. He glared at me. "And if you don't like it you can go to hell."

"O.K., Phil, take it easy," Frank Johnson said.

"O.K.," Phil said as he left.

That was the trouble with Phil. He could have been a coach because he knew the game inside out and he'd been in the league a long while and had every hitter pegged. But he couldn't get along with anybody. He always wanted to start a fight.

We were sorry to see him go though, and even missed the fights he used to start. We got going good that year and by the Fourth we were up there one, two, three. It was a hot summer but we played in luck and when we hit Labor Day we were still in there.

We finished up the last western trip half a game in front and on the train back that night, I saw a little dispatch in the paper from Kansas City about Phil being unconditionally released. "The action followed rumors of a recent club house row," the story read. "The same old army game," Frank said.

All we were thinking about was that final home stand and that half game edge we had.

And then Bill Jolson slipped, trying to field a bunt when the grass was wet. Bill had won twenty-two games for us and the sports writers were saying he would pitch us right into the Series. When he slipped, he fractured his ankle and that seemed to fracture our pennant chances too.

We broke even with the Braves

in a double header the next day and when we got back to the club house who was standing there but Phil. We were feeling pretty good and we all said hello but Phil just stared at us.

I was walking past George O'Leary's cubbyhole when I saw Phil saying to George that George needed a tough experienced pitcher for the home stretch, and O'Leary sighed and he said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Phil. You and me seem to be able to get along even if nobody else could do it with you. I'm not kidding you, my job depends on coming through this year. I'll take you on and if you can really help us come through before the end of the season, I'll have a good chance of getting you on as coach."

I heard Phil growling and I wondered why he should kick about a proposition like that. But he took it because he was in uniform the next day.

"Well, you had to call on the Old Timer," he said. "I told you I'd be back."

His voice was jeering and sharp and a few of the boys stopped dressing to look at him hard. They let it drop. We had plenty of worrying to do about hanging on ourselves and somehow we did, even with Phil complaining all the time because George didn't have to put him in, not even once. When the Cards came east for the final series it was us or the Bucs. If we won the last two games from the Cards we'd finish a couple of percentage points in front.

We pulled through in the first game two to one and Ed Corwin went all the way for us. Phil kept grouching about getting a chance.

The next afternoon, we stood to win or lose the flag. George told Phil to get out to the bull pen as usual and Phil began to grouse about what was the use of throwing them in that hot sun in the bull pen and stuff like that.

We did all right. Frank Johnson hit one into the right field boxes in the fourth and that put us three runs ahead. But the Cards picked up a couple in the sixth and in the seventh they would have gone ahead because Jack Marshbanks passed two men and it was only a running catch near the wall by Charley that kept us out of the soup.

In the eighth Marshbanks gave another pass. A single and another pass filled the bases. George waved Marshbanks out, and in

from left field comes old Phil.

George O'Leary came over from the bench and said: "Well, here's what you been asking for. Now let's see it." Phil only looked at him.

We had two out, but Al Breslow, the Cards' first baseman, could powder that old apple. A hit would mean the ball game for the Cards. Phil took his time warming up. He slipped one in, lost his man and finally got it up to two and two. Breslow fouled a couple off and Phil was standing on the hill watching Breslow, when suddenly he walked back toward second base. He started over toward me.

"Why the hell don't you get in position?" he shouted.

I didn't know what he was talking about. He kept on coming toward me still shouting and waving his arms. Nick trotted across from short-stop.

"You can't do that to me!" Phil kept shouting.

It didn't make any sense. Two umpires came over and then Phil gave me a stiff push and I nearly knocked the umpires over. Nobody knew what it was all about.

The fight stopped as quick as it began and Phil went back on the mound. He wound up and sent as sharp a breaking curve as you would want to see right past Breslow and Breslow swung hard and missed. He left the bases loaded when he missed that third one.

The crowd went wild. We pushed another run over and the next inning held them tight and when the crowd poured out of the stands we were in.

Half a dozen of us made for Dinty's that night. As I was coming in I ran into Phil.

"You sure did it," I said. "But let me in on something. What were you doing when you tried to start a fight in the eighth?"

"Hell, boy," he said. "I'm supposed to be a trouble maker, ain't I? And the umpires watch pretty close, don't they?"

"Yeah," I said. "So what?"

"Well," Phil said, "the spitter's barred so I just started a row and everybody gets excited and the umpires are watching something else and I put the old spit on her and I breeze that curve past Breslow."

I guess the girls will get through college all right and I guess Phil will be a mighty valuable man to have around as coach next year because you can't beat an old trouble maker like that. #



"I want a dress to beat a murder rap in"



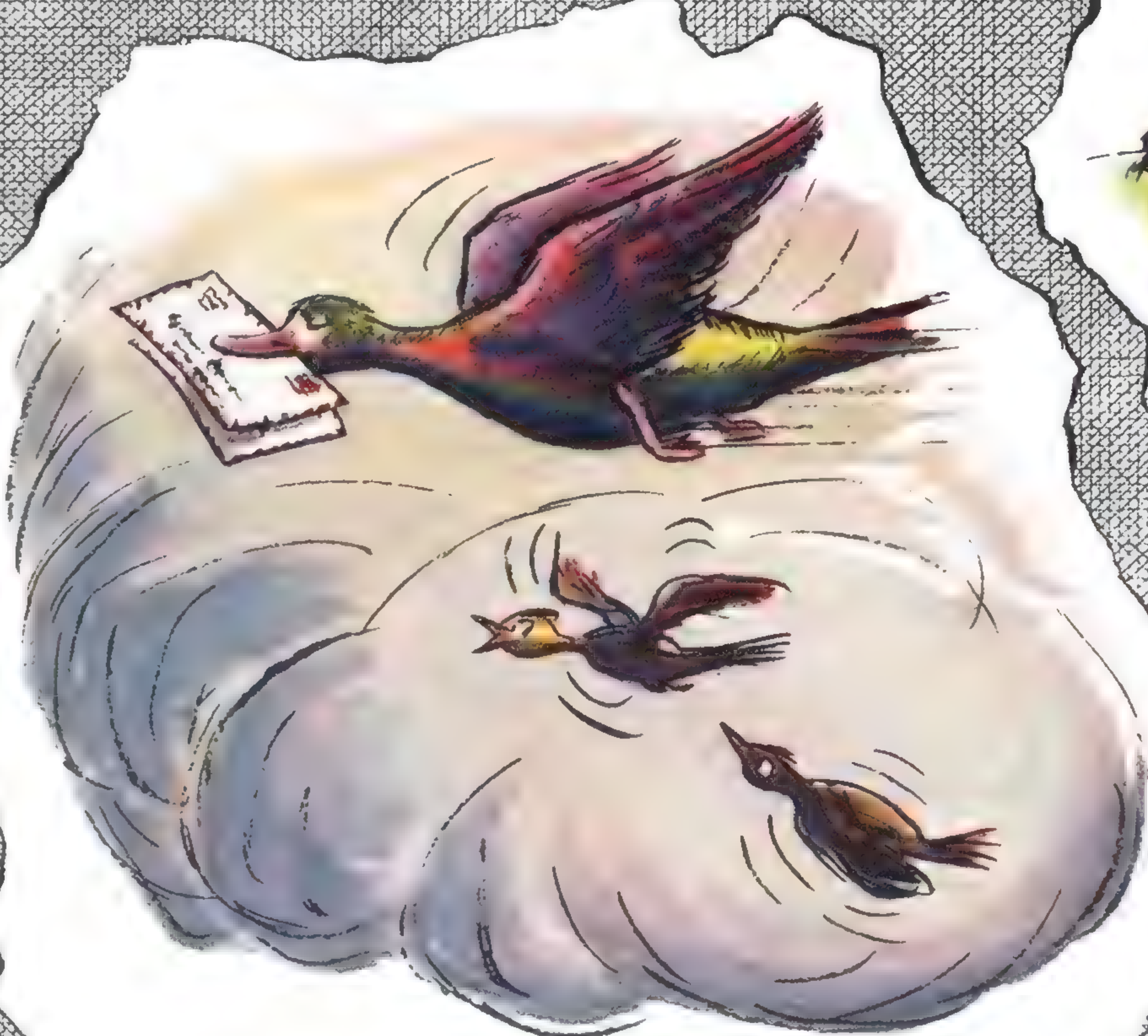


"Sorry, Bud—I'm a stranger here myself"



"The cook says if you could shoot down a few ducks they'd be mighty nice for dinner"

Nuts from Brown October *by IRVING ROHR*



"He's got a small airmail route!"





"Not the Three Bears, Pop—gimme a quick summary of the war news!"



"Men are so scarce a girl flirted with me"



"Oh, quit whispering sweet nothings to that policewoman and hang up!"



"It's customers like you, Madame, that make girls like me join the WACs!"



FROM THE COLLECTION OF DR. CLARA THOMPSON

CLOUDS



MORNING

Four Paintings by **HENRY MAJOR**

*These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the
courtesy of the Schoeneman Galleries, New York City*



GAY PHILOSOPHER



FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. RUTH RACZ

MRS. RUTH RACZ

The Caricaturing Troubadour

Glimpse of the vari-colored, old-world setting that nourished the cartoonist and painter, as told to Harry Salpeter

by HENRY MAJOR

• ARTICLE •

AS FAR back as I can remember, I loved to sketch. My first drawings were made on cardboards pilfered from my father's tiny shoemaking shop which adjoined our house in the Hungarian village where I was born. My parents later moved to Budapest to give their three sons and their daughter a better education. I was the youngest; the eldest, Simon, became a lawyer by profession, and a playwright, violinist and composer on the side. His best things became folk songs.

I kept my nose in my slate on which I drew gendarmes, policemen, peasant-highway-robber-heroes. And this is how I blackmailed my mother into praising me: Under each sketch I wrote, This is no good! So that my mother went to great pains to convince me that it was very, very good! But I did not have to resort to any stratagem, for she nursed my talent (whatever there was of it) with loving enthusiasm. Things were none too easy for her. During many of our years in Budapest, she kept roomers—stray, dreamy creatures of the end of the last century, clerks, actors, distant relatives come to the big city. These paying guests were my first instructors. One of them, a student engineer, taught me how to sketch a real locomotive.

I didn't like to go to school, and could not understand why I should be loaned out every morning to a strange man—the schoolmaster—while my schoolmates were like savages, without any feeling for my loneliness. I was always late to school because, on the way, I loitered, admiring the masterpieces of the sign painters, and enchanted by the front page displays of the Budapest dailies. These were usually illustrations of yesterday's murder, or train wreck, or suicide. When I came home from school I tried to copy these pictures from memory.

After four years of grade school, there followed eight years of iskola, corresponding to the American high school. In my mother's love there was much faith and because she believed that I could draw and had brains, she concluded that I should become an engineer. In my third iskola year I realized that I would become an artist and I then began in great haste to study French, for, thought I, so soon as I become an artist I must go to Paris. I never learned German, partly because it was com-

pulsory, and partly for another reason. Among the professors I caricatured was our instructor in German grammar, who was also a novelist and playwright. My classmates showed him my caricature of him, and he asked, pleasantly enough, "Have I really a nose that looks like a potato?" The class roared and the author-professor forgot to teach us not only that day, but ever after, spending his time in class writing novels and carrying to his grave the untransmitted knowledge of German grammar. We moved again to a poorer section.

My schoolmates in this humbler neighborhood were nice boys, friendly and understanding. They approved of my sketches and my skill as a wrestler. I flowered in the sun of their favor and slowly became first in studies, too, so that my vanity was satisfied in all directions. In my sixth year I started bombarding local weeklies with cartoons and the editor of one of them published a personal message to me: "Present yourself in two years." This I did and was accepted, although it was another editor who was then in charge. Before this, however, I established a connection with another paper, a weekly, edited by a young man who later became prime minister of Hungary.

The name of this paper was *Deres*, meaning a flogging bench. Putting someone on the flogging bench in Hungary is the equivalent to putting him on the pan here in America. I was paid by the drawing, and earned a weekly average of ten gulden. Now the family could eat regularly. *Deres* didn't last long, but in my final year at school, I presented myself at the offices of the paper whose editor had practically pledged himself in print, and began drawing for it. This was the magazine *Fidibusz*. Franz Molnar was one of its eminent contributors. As a student I had to use a pseudonym in *Fidibusz*, which was a little spicy. I drew a front and back page weekly, with a gag line below. I spent most of the week hunting material, roaming the streets, parks and coffeehouses, furiously sketching whatever caught my fancy. When I saw my drawings in print, I felt wonderful. This was glory, more wonderful than all the money in the world. I began attending evening sketch classes at the Budapest Royal Academy of Painting.

When it became certain that upon graduation from the iskola I would study art at the Academy, I neglected my school work shamefully. My teachers could not understand the change in me. At my graduation exam I flunked in German, flunked a second time and, before the third, went to the home of the German professor, mentioned the chapter of the German text that I knew fairly well and asked him to question me about that. It was the life of Heine, on which I had crammed. The professor was good enough to ask me about Heine. I was graduated and I was happy because I could now sign my own name on my newspaper drawings.

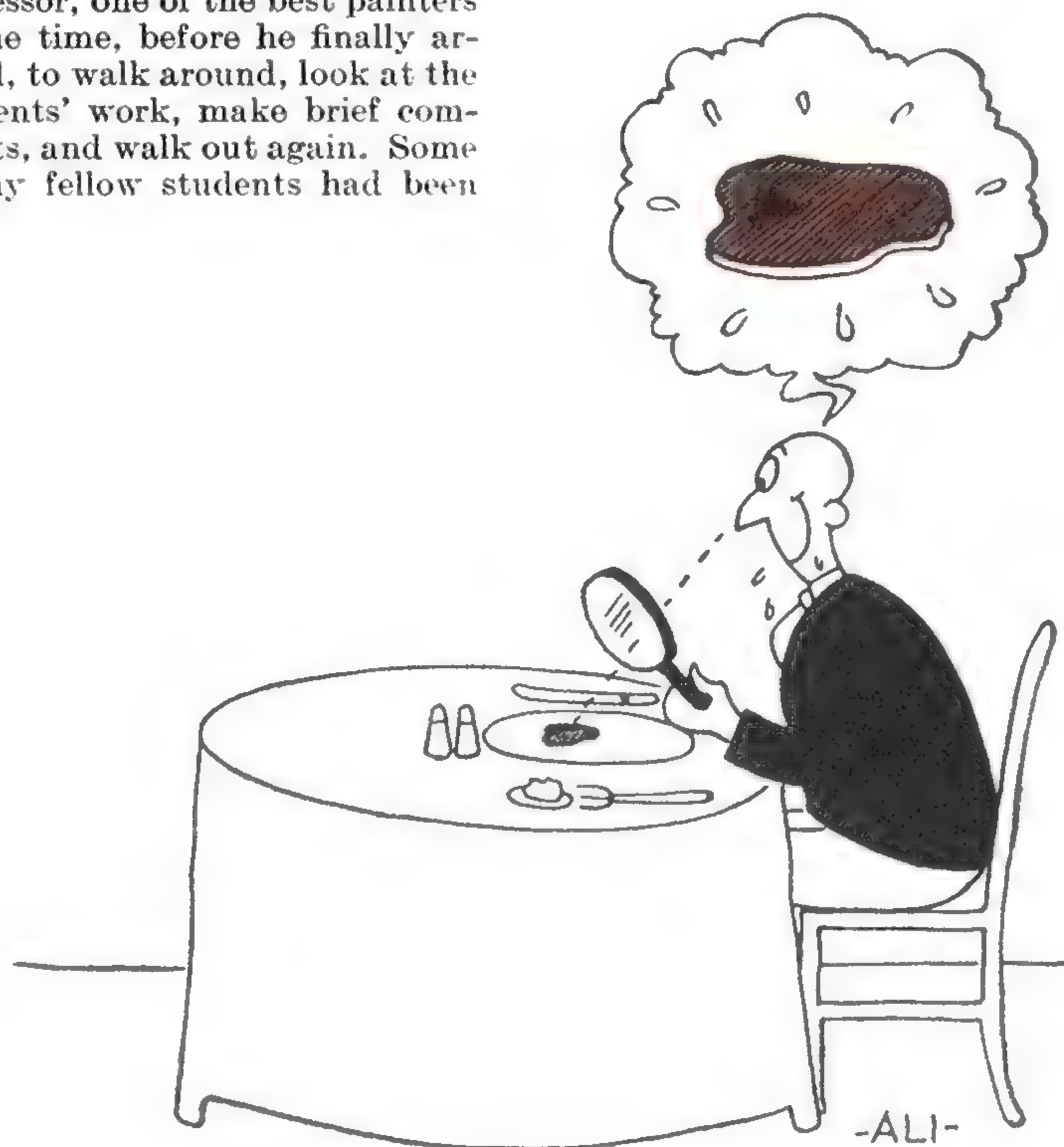
I entered the Academy as a regular day-time student at the age of eighteen. The opening of the academic year was an occasion of great gaiety. This time, I, too, paraded with the first year students, carrying, like them, a big pumpkin lighted from within. (First year students were called pumpkins.) The paraders broke ranks at a summer restaurant and everybody was gay and happy. Never before had I experienced such a dizzy, heavenly night.

For three weeks I worked laboriously in the studio of my chosen professor, one of the best painters of the time, before he finally arrived, to walk around, look at the students' work, make brief comments, and walk out again. Some of my fellow students had been

there for as many as six years, which frightened me. After three months, almost suffocated by the academic smell—compounded of the atomizer, kneaded rubber and human perspiration—I left that Academy, never to return to any one of them anywhere. Instead I elected as my academy the streets of Budapest, Paris, Vienna, and I sketched wherever I went. A new weekly—*Theatrical Life*—engaged me and for it I drew cartoons and caricatures of the great and semi-great figures of my time. There finally appeared two volumes of my caricatures, one devoted to actors and actresses; the other, to writers and newspapermen. About that time I decorated a night club with caricature panels in oil.

In between I began to paint. I sent three paintings to an exhibition of the art club known as the House of the Artist, and won first prize, 300 kronen, which I gave to my father. To an international graphic exhibition held at the

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An Actor Who Knows When to Fight

Because he is a man in the true sense,
Robert Montgomery is capable of such
enduring roles as *The Earl of Chicago*

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

SOME time in 1940 everybody voted for *Gone with the Wind* as the best picture of the past hundred years and the Oscar for the top male acting went to Robert Donat for *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. In the scuffle, the work of one Robert Montgomery in *The Earl of Chicago*, was passed by. The picture wasn't as long as *Gone with the Wind*, but in many ways it was better; and I don't say anything about Mr. Donat, who is a fellow of considerable talent; but I still think Robert Montgomery ought to have had a special prize, at least. A prize for picking the movie up and lifting it a foot higher than it had ever stood before in one important aspect. Montgomery had, in *The Earl of Chicago*, presented a character actually complex, and done it largely through comedy. Looking back over all the character films I can remember, I know nothing to equal this job; and to those who remember *Night Must Fall*, I need only say that the Chicago job is simpler on the surface, but beneath is a terrifying and incredible job.

The story came from the pens of Brock Williams, Charles de Grandcourt and Gene Fowler; out of it a good Hollywood crew (Screen play by Lesser Samuels and directed by Richard Thorpe) drew a story which is simple enough. Our hero is an English born bastard—I speak of his character, as his legitimacy in childhood is unassailable; a runaway and a renegade, he is brought up on this side of the water and when we see him first he is waiting outside penitentiary walls to greet a lawyer who has been inside for several years; one gathers that the lawyer (Edward Arnold) was railroaded; but our hero brushes that off and makes Arnold his lawyer—I should say mouthpiece, because all this takes place in an atmosphere of rum running and gangster killing, suave and sinister—I often wonder whether these smooth toughs live in Chicago or Capri.

At this moment, the news comes that everyone else in line has died and the new Earl is notified by Edmund Gwenn that he inherits title and lands—and, along with a chance to sit in the House of Lords, certain obligations. The Earl sniffs money, a racket of some sort; takes his lawyer to England and finds himself enmeshed in tradition, ceremony, and duties, including death duties.

A nipper of fourteen outshines him in manners; stuffy solicitors wind red tape about him; he discovers to his horror that the estate is entailed; he tries to laugh off the ceremonial of his presentation to the Lords; and eventually he appears again before his peers, because he commits murder, is tried by them, and goes to his death in the Tower. The lawyer, doublecrossing the Earl, is the victim—he virtually tricks the Earl into murder.

You can see that there's a lot of comedy hidden away—the tough American up against the stately homes of England is an ancient and always attractive theme. Henry James used it half a dozen times; and a million or more young people in uniform are going through something of the same experience right now. Also as the Earl is neurotic—he can't stand firearms—you can anticipate traces of the smiling-sinister character of *Night Must Fall*. Both of these are present in plenty; the film has a curious fascination, which is never broken down when you laugh; the little comedy is so placed that your laugh has a nervous overtone; you can see from the beginning that the Earl is too cruel, too basically wicked, for honest laughter.

Montgomery endows this figure with a few trick attributes: a laugh on three notes, always coming up, always a little uncertain, apologizing for itself; a staring look at whatever isn't brutal and Chicago; an awkwardness under the bragging stride. Apart from these, nothing repeats itself; every moment the character inside the impersonation dictates the movement and the expression and the pitch of voice which combine to a marvelously complete rendering.

And the miraculous thing is that Montgomery has seen right through the character and knows his awful defect is not a tendency to crime; the character is empty. It is a person who never lived before 1923 or so; a person without any habits, traditions, background, friends—as isolated as a criminal must be, as empty as only utter ignorance can make a person be. The high towers and encrusted ways of England are set in contrast to this life which began only yesterday, which was so badly developed, so exiled from friends and goodness and schools and honor that it can understand only what it touches. You see Mont-

gomery walking with assurance when he can hold physical objects; he cannot hold a thought, so it makes him unhappy. The only advantage he gets from his ignorance is that everything is new to him. "What's that gag you told me about honesty?" he asks, and when he gets the familiar proverb, he laughs his nervous laugh and says, "Yeah . . . I like that gag." He tries to reduce everything he meets to a racket; when the racket isn't there, when people are merely doing nice things because they always have, he is bewildered and out of place.

And all the time, under this side which develops in England, you feel the feral power, the snap and jump and bite of the panther. It's always the man who is terribly at home with murder that is ill-at-ease with kindness; this isn't merely an American abroad, getting taken in by good manners and a thousand year old habit of cleaning the silver on Tuesdays. No; the man who lives by being a greater skunk than anyone else, the man who hires gunmen and sends his best friend to jail—he is always there; and you can almost feel the discomfort through which the character goes as the two people in him try to live together. I have seen on the screen—and in

real life too—a lot of rough diamonds trying to live with Poussin and Watteau; I recall none as completely fascinating as Montgomery's Earl.

My hero is none other than the man who played Biff in *So This Is College*; and was good in *Our Blushing Brides*. I bring these things up as a measure of growth; for Robert Montgomery long ago left the bad pictures behind. To our dismay he also left the good ones behind—an enchanting comedy called *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*, and the odd *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* are the last ones of his I've seen. What he has done since has been intelligent and modest. He went to war before we did. He went to war, in fact, way back in 1935, recognizing a bit of incipient fascism in Hollywood, where the fundamental right of an actor to unite with other actors was pretty smartly denied. Montgomery was a labor leader, an organizer—the kind of man who is usually advised to go back where he came from. He came from Beacon, New York, started there, in fact, in 1904. On the side, just to show that he cared for justice, and not for labels, Montgomery broke the hold of gangsters on the movie industry and, according to PM, it was he and not a newspaper

Continued on page 151

STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

Backstage with the Girls from La Martinique

HERE'S one for the Rest and Relaxation Department. This time, instead of going in for the super-strutting that goes on nightly at La Martinique, these little girls—and there are seven—broke down and relaxed. So you see there is such a thing as peace and quiet in a hectic West Side nightclub, even if you have to go backstage with Esquire's photographer to get it.

La Martinique, which still points proudly to its discovery of Danny Kaye, has just added something new: the three-quarter size Show Girl (as distinguished from the inevitable king size cutie). The proprietors, Dario and Jimmy Vernon, contend that a five five girl can be a gorgeous hunk of womanhood, and here are seven ways of proving it. Reading from left to right, they are: Sheila Herman, Kay Gardner, Lillian Moore, Jean Dixon, Marion Brooks (on the floor), Edna Ryan and Rae McGregor. When you've looked them over, you will probably agree the shorter Show Girl is here to stay.

And here's a bit about them. Sheila Herman stands only five foot five. Her current heartthrob

is at Ft. Benning, Georgia, she be 19 any minute, has designs on a radio career, plays badminton, adores show business. Kay Gardner is a Powers girl, has very long hair, likes tennis and Marine. Lillian Moore goes for Navy men, is 22, stands five five, and would like to get into the a-tre world. Jean Dixon is the tallest girl in the line, stands five nine in heels, as was in the *Scandals* in 1941. Marion Brooks, the girl on the floor, has a B.F. in the Signal Corps, lives in Long Island, likes chocolate sodas, rhumbas, gin and men. Edna Ryan is thrilled up to here with her first nightclub appearance, hence the fresh debut look. Rae McGregor is a ball dancer, was the ballerina in *Crow with the Heat*, and wouldn't trade her nightclub life for any other.

Okay, girls—thanks for the pretty picture and get back to work. (Said work consisting of mere three shows a night.) Most of the girls—to summarize all seven—keep out of mischief during the day studying dramatics, modeling, pantomiming for illustration and just catching up on their sleep.





The uniform and dog tag of any private or non-commissioned officer of an Allied nation serves as entrance fee at The American Theatre Wing Stage Door Canteen, New York. Entertainers make volunteer appearances. Refreshments are free to enlisted men. Civilians pay \$100 for a table.

The civilian at the left wears a striped blue unfinished worsted suit with broadcloth shirt and Glen Plaid tie. In the center: Grey flannel suit with broadcloth shirt and striped twill rayon tie. At the right: Grey Glen Plaid suit complements a striped madras shirt and figured Macclesfield tie.

Canteen

Stage Door

To Make a Roman Holiday

Ursus the Gladiator would not show the patrician his secret sword trick which he had invented to use in a tight spot

by FRITZ LEIBER, JR.

• FICTION •

R

ONLY the man in the toga saw the great cat. He stopped so abruptly in the stone archway that his gorgeously robed attendants had to dig in their heels to keep from bumping him. Small wonder no one else saw it, for the sand of the practice field was so dazzlingly bright that the shadows of the surrounding portico seemed black as midnight. And the cat's fur blended perfectly with the blackness under the opposite archway.

Its green eyes burned with the madness that comes when jungle nerves are tortured by captivity, hunger and abuse.

But in the eyes of the man in the toga was something infinitely worse. His thin patrician lips curled in a slow smile of anticipation.

The practice field was a hum with activity. A half dozen gladiators were working out under the directions of a little man with red hair. More gladiators lounged on the benches in the portico. Guards dangled hooked clubs from their wrists. Slaves bustled about, lugging weapons and armor to or from the crib.

Twice the cat readied itself for a spring. Twice it hesitated. The man in the toga gnawed his lip delicately.

A great shaggy gladiator with legs like pillars and a bear's chest got up from a bench. He lingered for a moment, one huge arm thrown loosely around the shoulders of a lean, swarthy man with the look of a Greek, who wore a loincloth of leopard skin and had a heavy net folded over his arm. They exchanged words, and the big man pushed the other playfully and thumped him, while the Greek pretended to collapse. Through the sword din came a deep chuckle. Then the big man started across the sand.

The cat's green eyes stopped their roving. As if one of the blacker shadows had suddenly come alive, it streaked into the sunlight and sprang for the naked burly back.

But some god who loves friendship must have whispered to the Greek. Something sent him darting forward. Just as the cat began its spring, the heavy net lashed out. Snarling, the cat spun around and hurled itself at the Greek, who fell away behind his net, drawing up his knees to protect his belly. The cat clawed frantically at the net, for a moment

not distinguishing between it and the man half underneath.

In that moment the big man acted, with incredible swiftness. He grabbed the cat by the tail, weaved his shoulders away from slashing claws, and then... the cat never came down. It started sailing round and round in a great circle, a contorted knot of black panther, as the big man swung.

A guard ran up with a short stabbing-spear. The big man shook his head impatiently and, in a voice that out-dinned the panther's, bellowed, "Cage!"

It was a full minute before gladiators and guards, working together for once, managed to locate a cage and trundle it out on the sand. All that while the big man pivoted and swung. The panther's scream was a rasping high-pitched tone, unendurably prolonged. With quick headshakes and nods, the big man indicated how the cage should be placed—its open end tangent to the panther's swing. Step by short jolting step he edged over till the flailing claws just missed the bars at each pass. He held it at that for three more swings, estimating distance and speed. He took one last, perfectly gaged step.

The bars shook as the panther slammed against the other end, on the inside. The door clanked down. The locking bar grated into place. The panther hit the door and clawed unyielding iron.

The big man blew out three great breaths, like a diver coming up. Then deep, belly-shaking laughter echoed from the portico.

The tension broke. The men yelled applause and ran up to him shouting, "Ursus! Ursus!"

The Greek hurried to inspect the big man's shoulder for claw marks. The big man's laughter roared afresh and he pointed at three shallow scratches on the Greek's side. They threw their arms around each other, both laughing.

The man in the toga pursed his lips unpleasantly. Then a mask of boredom and contempt settled around his features, but his eyes did not leave the big man. He stepped out of the archway.

"Ursus!" shouted a gladiator on the outside of the circle, "was that the trick you'd never show us? Was that it, Ursus?"

The big man's headshake was emphatic and his voice was serious as he replied:

"No! That trick is the one I'm

saving for a really tight spot."

The man in the toga advanced. The Greek saw him coming. The circle opened and the gladiators looked at the man who had bought their blood for the games tomorrow.

The man with red hair hurried up, bowing, murmuring, "Lucius Sempronius Albus, we are honored."

"Hello, Spiculus," said the man in toga, "I'm looking for a workout."

He nodded toward Ursus—and noted that a worried look flashed into the face of the gladiator-master.

"Surely, Your Honor," Spiculus stammered, "but... but why not with one of the others? Ursus is winded."

"I'm not winded," the big man said. "But it's true, someone else could give you a better workout."

The gladiator-master nodded eagerly. "Yes, why not try Serpens here? With that net he's every bit as good as Ursus." The Greek stepped forward quickly.

"No," said Sempronius. He jerked his thumb at Ursus, and began to remove his toga. A slave in a green silk tunic darted up to assist him.

"What's the matter, Spiculus?" he asked lazily.

"Are you trying to tell me he won't go easy on me? I assure you that's just what I want—one who's not afraid to fight a nobleman." His look held contempt.

The gladiator-master said nothing. Sempronius laughed, finished removing his toga and tossed it at Spiculus. One fold enveloped the red head and the gladiator-master staggered comically, trying to keep the white garment from touching the sand. No one smiled, and the slave hurriedly relieved him of the burden.

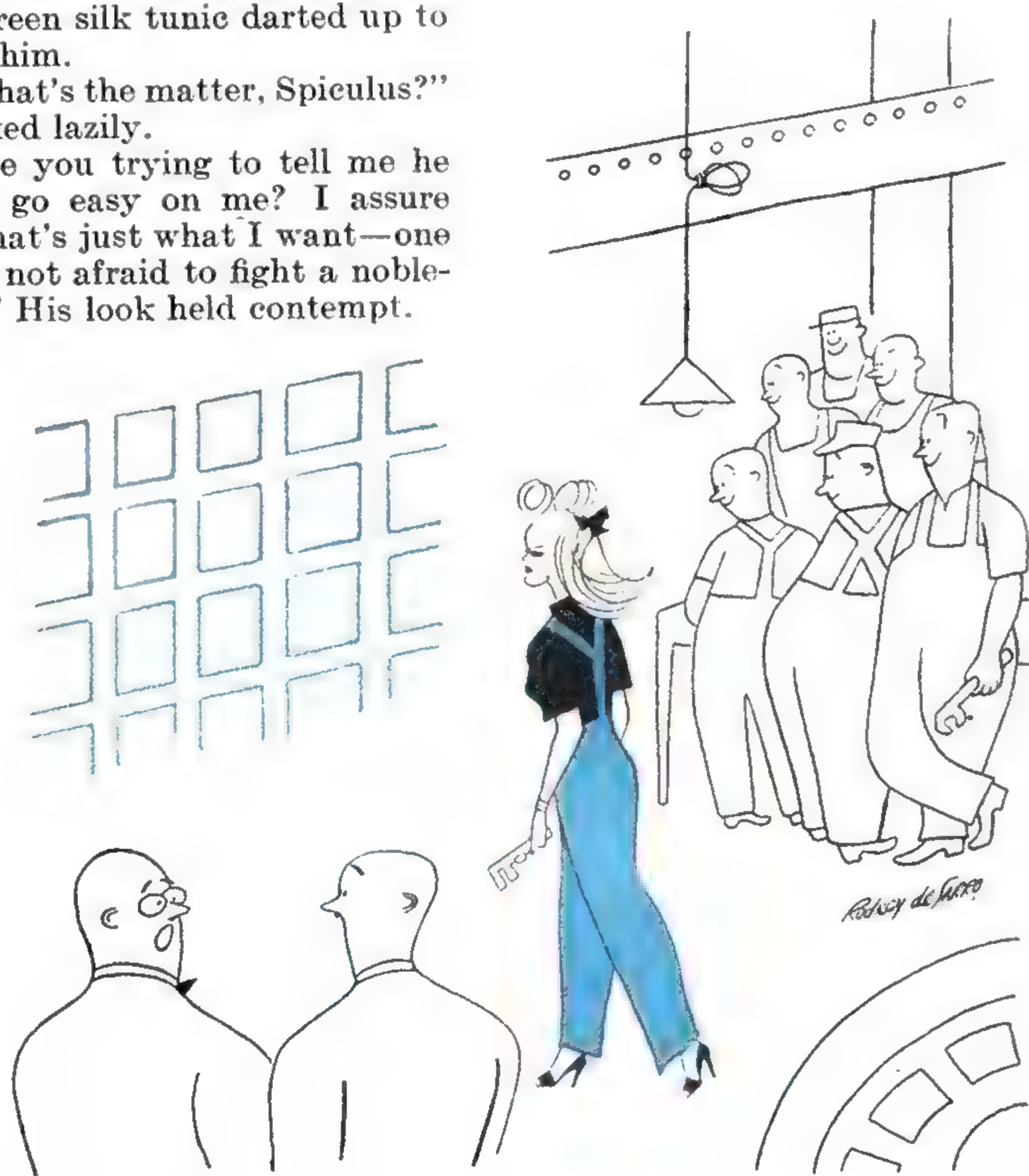
"I'll take a Thracian's weapons," said Lucius Sempronius Albus, flexing his white shoulders. "He can fight heavy-armed."

The gladiator-master motioned two slaves to get the appropriate stuff from the crib. The slaves raced. The nobleman got crested helmet, small round shield, and a curved sword; Ursus, breastplate as well, larger shield, and a shorter, heavier sword. Both weapons were blunted.

Spiculus ordered the other gladiators to practice at the far end of the field, but it was obvious their minds were all on one thing.

Only Ursus was calm. Under

Continued on page 175



"Sometimes I think it was better when they were just watching the clock"

Goldbricking With Esquire

Conducted by **BRUCE PATTERSON**



TYPICAL SAILOR'S MARRIAGE CEREMONY . . .

"Wilt thou, Jack, have this woman as thy wedded wife, to live together insofar as the Bureau of Navigation will allow? Wilt thou love her, comfort, honor and keep her, take her to the movies and come home regularly to her on the 4:30 bus?"

"I will."

"Wilt thou, Jane, have this sailor as thy wedded husband, bearing in mind liberty hours, boat schedules, watches, sudden orders, uncertain mail communications, and all the other penalties of Navy life? Wilt thou obey him, honor him and wait for him, press his uniforms and let him smoke Navy plug in the house?"

"I will."

"I, Jack, take thee, Jane, as my wedded wife from 4:30 p.m. until 8:00 a.m. as far as permitted by the commanding officer, liberty subject to change without notice, for better or for worse, for earlier, for later and I promise to send thee a weekly letter when on cruise."

"I, Jane, take thee, Jack, as my wedded husband, subject to the whims of the officer-of-the-deck, changing residence whenever the ship moves, to have and to hold just as long as my allotment comes regularly, and therefore I give my troth."

—Reprinted in *Banana Peelings*,
U. S. Naval Air Station,
Banana River, Fla., from *Radio
Material School*

A hobo won't work. If he won't work, he's a politician. If he's a politician, he gives away cigars. If he gives away cigars, he lights them for you. If he lights them for you, he is a cigar lighter. If he is a cigar lighter, he won't work and if he won't work, he's a tramp.

—*Fort Screven Echoes*,
Ft. Screven, Georgia

A lieutenant was inspecting his platoon's fortifications recently when a soldier came up and reported. "I think mine is finished, Sir," said the trainee. "Would you care to inspect my duck hole now?"

"They're not called duck holes,"

the lieutenant explained, "you duck down, but the proper name is fox hole."

The soldier pointed to his excavation. "I think mine is a duck hole, Sir," he insisted, and the officer had to agree.

The G.I. had struck a spring, and the fox hole was filled with water.

—*Camp Roberts Dispatch*,
Camp Roberts, Calif.

"I have a pain in my abdomen," said the rookie to the Army doctor.

"Young man," said the medico, "officers have abdomens, sergeants have stomachs, you have a belly-ache."

—*Fort Sheridan Target*,
Fort Sheridan, Illinois

"I want some grapes for my sick husband. Do you know if any poison has been sprayed on them?"

"No, Ma'am. You'll have to get that at the druggist's."

—*The Range Finder*,
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.

"Darling, the maid has burned the eggs. Wouldn't you be satisfied with a couple of kisses for breakfast?"

"Sure, bring her in."

—*The Fielder*,
Stout Field, Indianapolis, Ind.

Definition Department . . .

Barracks: A row of beds surrounded by crap games.

Latrine Orderly: A Sanitary Engineer.

Kentucky Breakfast: A quart of bourbon, a bulldog and a steak (the dog eats the steak).

—*The Randolph Rookie*,
Randolph Field, Texas

"Do you think you are Santa Claus?"

"No."

"Then leave my stocking alone."

—*a la Moad*,
Brookley Field, Mobile, Ala.

"What is home without a mother?" said the private to his girl on the phone.

"I am, tonight," she sighed.

—*Arizona Contact*,
Phoenix, Ariz.

The president of a lodge was making an address. He was telling the members about the sad fate that had befallen one of their brethren—it was really a heart-rending case. All the assemblage was in tears—all except Joe, who, when asked why he wasn't crying along with the rest of them, answered: "I'm not a member."

—*The Blitz*,
Fort McIntosh, Laredo, Texas

At a recent shindig the sergeant met his match while relating one of his hair-raising stories about Texas. Said the sergeant: "The desert stretched out on all sides. I raised my rifle—it went off with a crack and there ahead of me lay a dead bear." The lady asked: "How long had it been dead?"

—*The Alert*,
Fort MacArthur, San Pedro, Cal.

If a soldier tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it, he's a brute; if he doesn't try to kiss her but would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; and if he doesn't try to kiss and wouldn't get away with it if he did—he's a wise man.

—*The Communique*,
Camp Livingston, La.



A local Blonde applied at our station for a job. She was asked: "Have you had any experience?" To which she replied: "I had a funny one last night."

—*Banana Peelings*,
U.S. Naval Air Station,
Banana River, Fla.

Captain: "Did you enjoy your leave?"

Paymaster: "Yes, but there's nothing like the feeling of a good desk under your feet again."

—*Bigstuff*,
Biggs Field, Texas

G.I.: "Say, whatever happened to those old fashioned girls who fainted when a boy kissed them?"

She: "Whatever became of the old fashioned boys who made them faint?"

—*Fort Screven Echoes*,
Fort Screven, Ga.



"Well, to begin with, I was born and brought up here, of course"

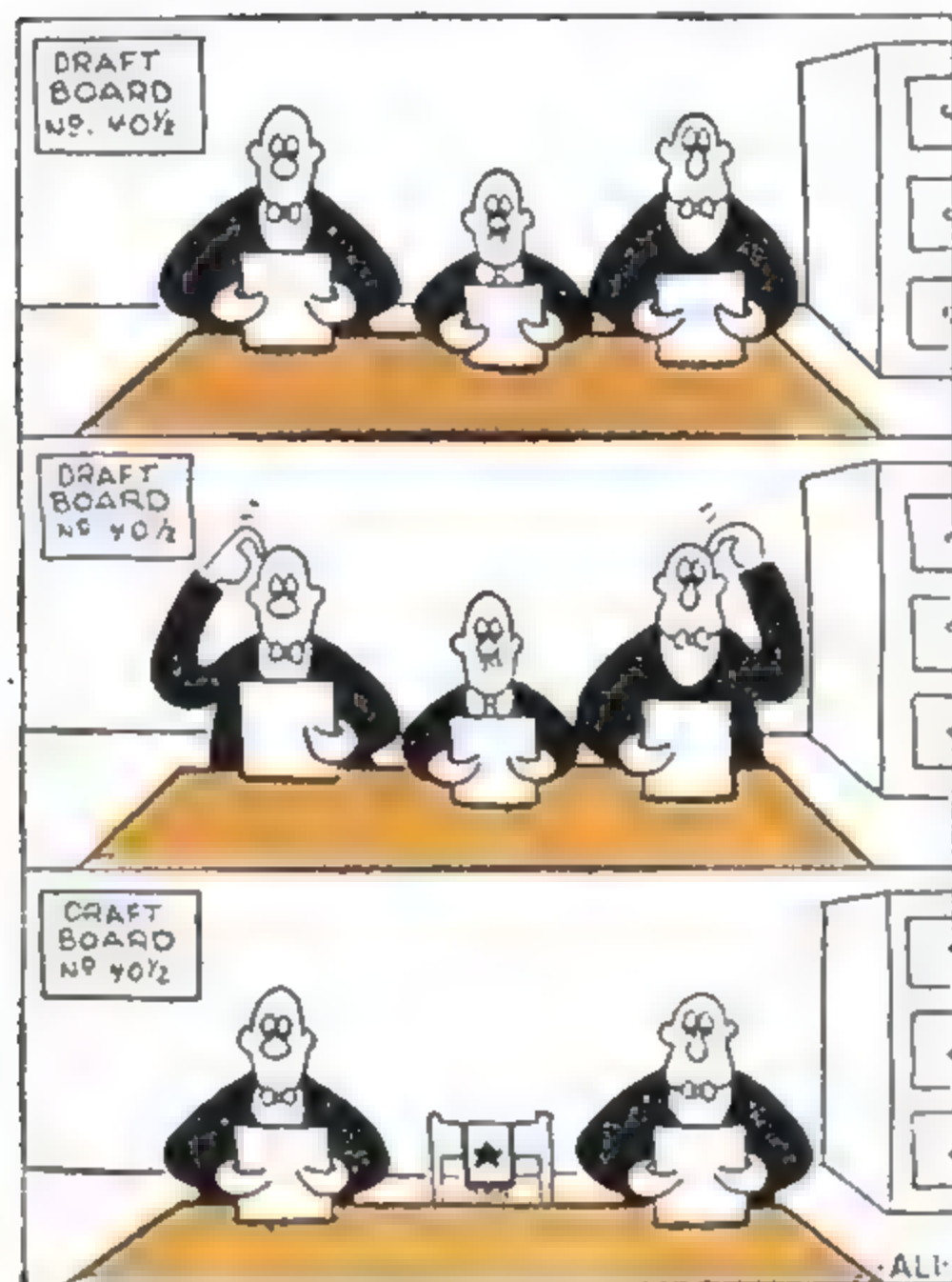
German night-raiding bombers tried to break the morale of American troops by using showers of steel darts instead of bombs. The darts are fitted with tail fins so that they drop like arrows, and are said to have penetrated a two inch tree limb. As protection, the doughboys simply built roofs on their fox holes, and salvaged the darts for a game the next day.

—*The Range Finder*,
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.

Five times the beautiful woman stared invitingly at the man sitting in the lobby of the hotel. Then growing bolder she approached him. "Hello," she said, smiling sweetly.

"Don't bother me, madam," he replied brusquely. "Liquor is my weakness."

—*Fort Niagara Drum*,
Fort Niagara, N. Y.



A Pullman porter who had started out on an all-night run had his trip cancelled. Returning home unexpectedly, he took a look around the house, then took out his razor and stropped it vigorously.

"What you doin', Sam?" asked his wife.

"If dem shoes stickin' out from under the bed ain't got no feet in 'em, ah is gonna shave."

—*Fort Niagara Drum*
Fort Niagara, New York

Pvt.: "I can't see what keeps you girls from freezing."

Babe: "You're not supposed to."

—*Fort Sheridan Target*,
Fort Sheridan, Ill.

On a recent tour in the field one of our rookies laid his dessert on the ground and proceeded to eat the rest of his dinner. Upon completing this and turning to the aforementioned dessert he discovered that in the meantime it



"What a custom—they walk around in their pants and wear a skirt over their faces!"

had become covered with ants. The rookie gave the ants fair warning, counted to ten, and proceeded to eat it, ants and all.

—*The Blitz*,
Fort McIntosh, Laredo, Texas

A private from the base radio section believes in looking ahead. Last week he came up to a girl in her early teens, gave her a nickel and said: "Call me up when you're eighteen."

—*The Fielder*,
Stout Field, Indianapolis, Ind.

First Rookie: "Well, Jack, looks to me like the war is going to be over soon."

Second Rookie: "Holy smoke, I hope it doesn't finish before I get my furlough."

—*The Aafsatonian*,
Army Air Forces
School of Applied Tactics,
Orlando, Fla.

Mac: "Was her father surprised when you said you wanted to marry her?"

Buck: "Surprised? Why he nearly dropped the shotgun."

—*Camp Roberts Dispatch*,
Camp Roberts, Calif.

Mess Sergeant: "You're not eating your fish. What's wrong with it?"

Soldier: "Long time no sea."
—*Tailspin*,
Ellington Field, Houston, Texas

The chaplain was attending a banquet marking the end of basic training. A clumsy KP dropped a plate of hot soup in his lap.

Glancing around he said with restraint written all over his face: "Will some layman say something appropriate?"

—*The Range Finder*,
Camp Callan, Calif.

Itch: Itch is something that, when a sailor is standing at attention his nose always.

Banana Peelings,
U.S. Naval Air Station,
Banana River, Fla.

KP: "What's them, Sergeant?"
Sergeant: "Them's grapefruit."
KP: "Wouldn't take many of them to make a dozen would it?"

—*The Communique*,
Camp Livingston, La.

MP (To Woman Marine transport driver): "Use your noodle, Miss, use your noodle."

Sweet Thing: "My goodness where is the noodle? I've pushed and pulled everything else in here."

—*Marine Corps Chevron*,
Marine Corps Base,
San Diego, Calif.

The lieutenant was going his rounds at breakfast and stopped at one table with the query: "Any complaints?"

One soldier sprang up and said, "Yes Sir, this tea tastes like chloride of lime."

The officer took the mug, sniffed the contents, then sipped delicately: "Nonsense," he pronounced, "that's carbolie acid."

—*Broadcaster*,
Scott Field, Ill.

"Stand up," shouted the colored evangelist. "Stand up if you want to go to heaven."

Everybody stood up but one old man.

"Don't you want to go to heaven?" asked the preacher.

"Sho' I does," replied the old man, "but I ain' goin' with no excursion."

—*Banana Peelings*,
U.S. Naval Air Station,
Banana River, Fla.

Pat Monahan, scout for the St. Louis Cards, tells about a young prospect who applied for a job on a minor league team.

"I'm a terrific hitter," said the applicant, "and besides I'm 4F and draft proof."

"What position do you play?" asked the manager.

"I can pitch, catch, play infield or outfield. I can manage or coach your team, take tickets, and act as trainer."

"You're nuts."

"Sure I'm nuts," said the applicant, "that's why I'm in 4F."

—*Randolph Rookie*,
Randolph Field, Texas

"What does f-e-e-t spell, Johnny?" asked the teacher. Johnny didn't know.

"What," persisted the teacher, "is it that a cow has four of and I have only two?"

Johnny's answer was as surprising as it was unexpected.

—*Fort Niagara Drum*,
Fort Niagara, N. Y.

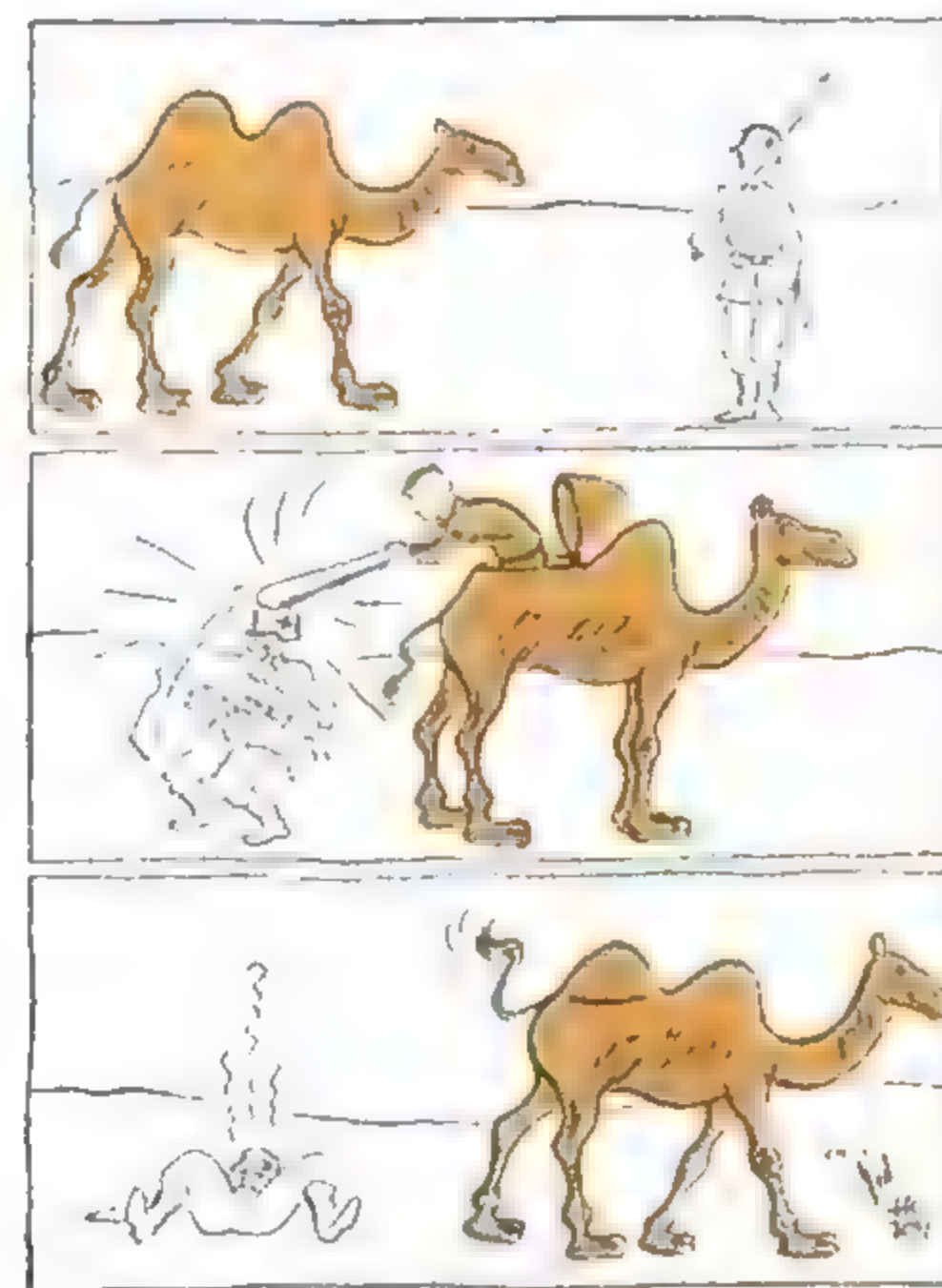
Sergeant: "Why is it important not to lose your head in an attack?"

Recruit: "Because if I did there would be no place to put my helmet."

—*Fort Sheridan Target*,
Fort Sheridan, Ill.

Morale is knowing you've got an extra five dollar bill in your left GI shoe.

—*The Communique*,
Camp Livingston, La.



FBI men claim that just after the battle of Midway, they intercepted a message sent by a Japanese fifth columnist to his homeland. The message read: "Situation very bad for our side. American sailors now speaking to American soldiers."

—*The Aafsatonian*,
Army Air Forces
School of Applied Tactics,
Orlando, Fla.



Bayonet Fighter with Wings

Your first trip will convince you, except when you fall into the tow plane's prop wash, a glider is ideal for conversation

by GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

• ARTICLE •

IF you don't fly, perhaps you've never stopped to think that the most important gadget in an airplane cockpit is the throttle. Without it to activate the propeller, an airplane could never budge from its hangar.

But at the Army gliding school at Lubbock, Texas, the propeller is contemptuously referred to as the "egg beater," and as for throttles—they don't need 'em.

The day I arrived in Lubbock the gliding program was being revamped. From small three-place gliders, the Army was changing over to huge fifteen-placers. New students, new planes, and new gliders were arriving. Construction of the school itself, which was only two months old, was not yet entirely completed. The buildings were covered with tarpaper. On the taxiways was a hodgepodge of big transports, tiny Taylorcraft, bug-like in comparison, an occasional bomber, and about a dozen new fifteen-place gliders, looking

from this distance and angle like Macy parade pigs to which some fanciful soul had added wings.

As soon as I went inside and met the post adjutant, Captain Williams, I began to sense something of the strain and labor which goes into making any brand-new Army post function coherently. Though Captain Williams more or less worked right on through our brief talk, the pile of papers on his desk, to which secretaries and passing officers were constantly adding, grew almost by the minute. The telephone rang constantly, and raucously.

Top Sergeant Tom Lockard, who was to introduce me to his fellow glider pilots, met me in the day room. He was wearing faded blue fatigue clothes, was on the tall side of six feet, and had a rangy, drawn look of controlled fierceness. Walking to his barracks he said this was where all the screwballs lived. "In this business," he pointed out, "it helps a lot to be nuts."

Because of the change-over in equipment, the men were free today. They gathered round, twenty-five of them. Unlike flying cadets, (or power pilots as they were called here) who are perhaps even more a part of their corps than they are individuals, each of these men was somehow entirely different from all the rest. One fellow, who'd come into the Army from the National Guard with a commission, had given it up to be a

glider pilot with a staff sergeant's rating. Another lad, named Hollingshead, had been in the Canadian Royal Air Force, had transferred to the American Air Forces after Pearl Harbor. Some of these men had worked in or operated small airports. A few had college degrees. Most of them were somehow hard men: bayonet fighters who could also fly.

I wondered if their difference from power-flying cadets did not proceed somewhat from the kind of fighting they were aiming for. The power pilots would fight in the air where a certain impersonal quality would obtain. These lads would fly to battle but fight on the ground, toe to toe with the enemy. The only thing these twenty-five individualists seemed to have in common was a tough, unquestioning willingness to obey any command dignified and made important by the presence of danger. About routine orders or chores they griped heartily.

Most of these fellows had been in the Army at least a year. One man said he had lived in thirteen camps in the last ten months. Tom Lockard had lived in twelve, but Camp Davis, in North Carolina, had impressed him most. He said it was the only place he ever saw where you'd be standing in mud up to your knees and have sand blowing in your face.

Like all other glider pilots, Tom started out in lightweight power craft, principally Taylor Cubs. "We had thirty-five hours of dead-stick landings," he said, then explained, "That means with your motor cut off, and the only way you can start it up again is to get out and crank it. A lot of this dead-stick stuff was done at night, and without any wing lights. Once we cut that motor at, say, two thousand feet, we had to *know* we could reach the base. . . ."

"Base," he added thoughtfully. "That's a hell of a fancy name for four flare pots in a wheat field."

When I asked Tom if he'd take me flying in one of the big gliders, he said, "Sure—if they'll let me." So we walked over to the office of Colonel Wildes, the Director of Training.

"The big gliders won't be in commission for a day or two," he said. "But you can fly in one of the three-placers if you want to. I'll give you a tow and let the sergeant fly your glider."

Before we went up Tom and I examined the big gliders. The

wings were of an unusual thickness from end to end, and had a spread of ninety-eight feet. They were entirely without dihedral, which is to say any V-shape formed by the two wings. The front of the fuselage looked like a medium-priced, partially streamlined auto trailer, except for the isinglass covering of the nose. These gliders had the same tall and stately tail assembly which Boeing, who makes them, also puts on Flying Fortresses. The landing wheels extruded beyond the ski-like skids beneath the glider, and were so arranged that once the glider took off on a combat mission, the wheels could be dropped and left behind.

When we stepped inside we saw that the aftermost three-fifths of the plane was merely fabric stretched over a metal framework. Along the forward two-fifths were plywood benches running down the sides of the fuselage. The steering wheel which operated the various controls, the cables of which ran about the fuselage like naked wiring in a house, extended downward on a pendulous arm so that it could be passed from pilot to co-pilot and back again at will. The instrument panel was as simple as that of a Model A Ford.

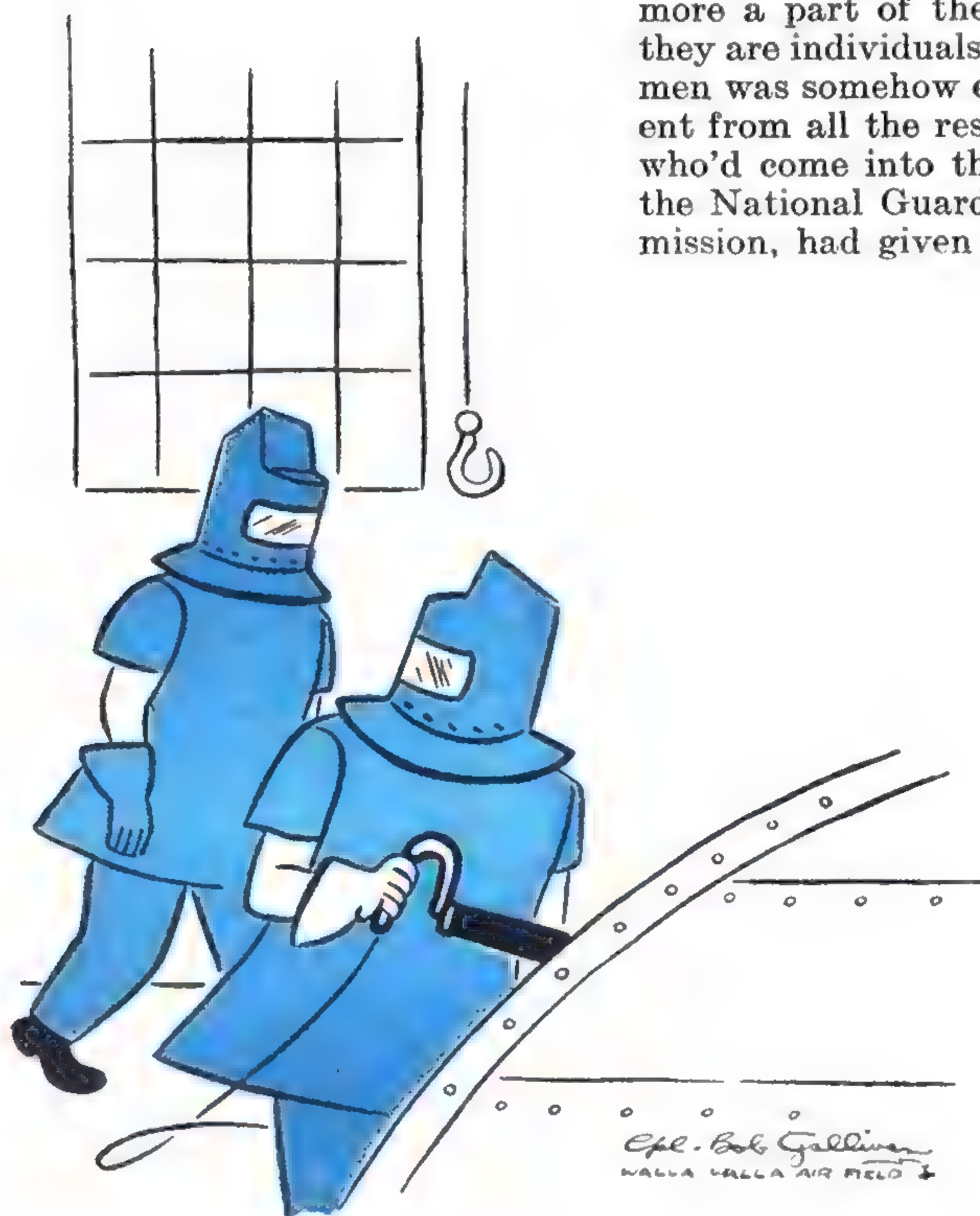
Colonel Wildes arrived and with him one of Tom's classmates who had asked to ride in the third seat in the glider. A moment later we were in the jeep pelting across the asphalt taxiways. At the far side of the field, we came to a homey little three-place, tandem-seat, silver glider.

Colonel Wildes let Tom and Gunner, the other student, and me out of the jeep, then drove on to the hangar line where an L-1A was waiting with her engine warm.

We squeezed ourselves into the Aeronca, Tom in the nose, myself in the middle, and Gunner in the rear seat, and soon the L (for liaison)—1A had taxied out and turned her tail to us. In appearance the L-1A resembles a gaunt hen, past her prime, which has assumed a ludicrous position preparatory to flight. Quickly the ring in the other end of the tow rope was affixed to her tail as it already was to our nose.

The ground crew signal men, who co-ordinate the takeoff and whose general behavior gives you the feeling that you are taking off from the flight deck of a carrier, urged the tow plane forward until the slack was out of the rope. Tom

Continued on page 147



"Why, Sara Hornblow! I thought you were still working in Macy's basement!"

Arrow brings the country
to the city with —
ARO-TWEED



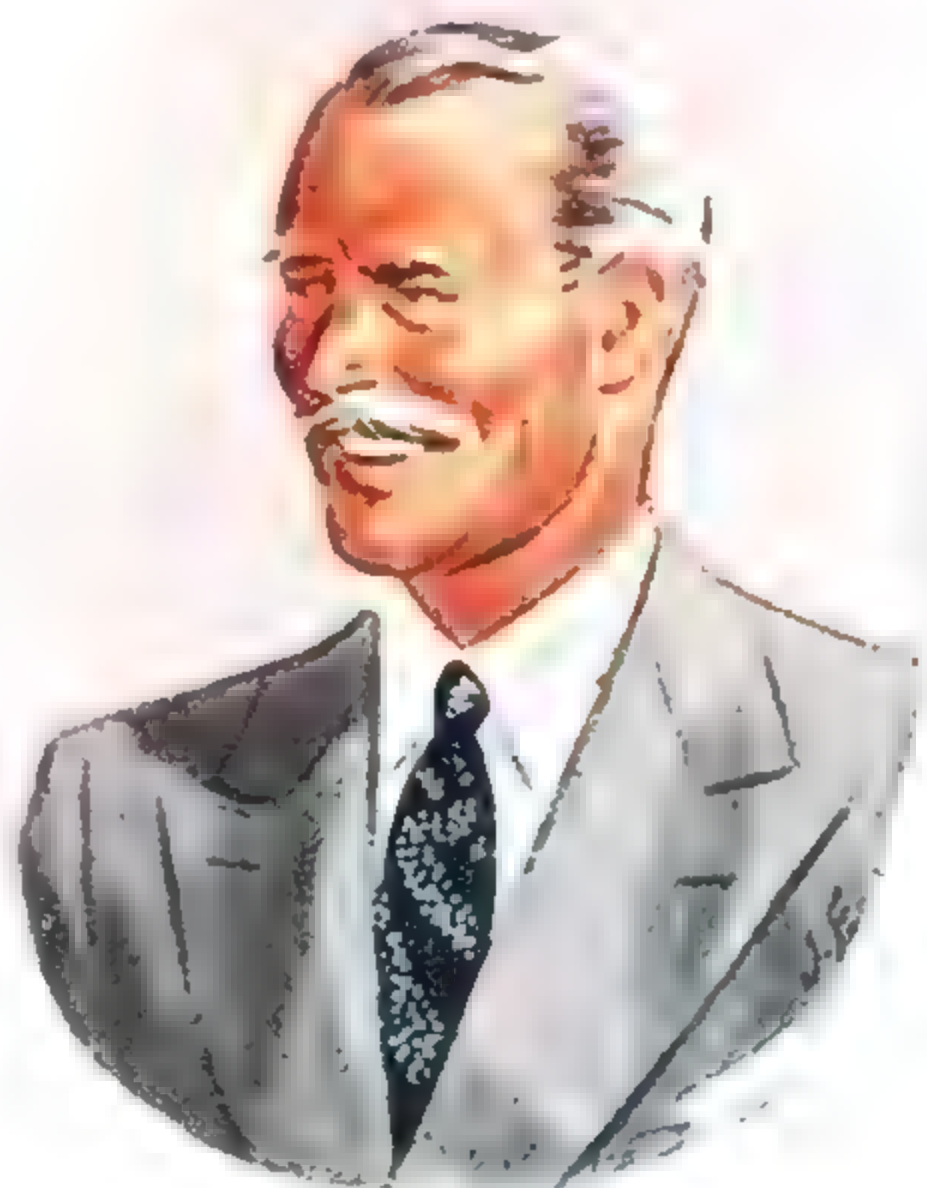
HERE'S A NEW TIE ANGLE: a tie with a "tweedy," country air about it — designed for wear in town!

The "tweed" is in the design — not the fabric, which is as soft and smooth a foulard as you ever tied.

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ARROW TIES

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armed service with a smile

One of the marvelous things about our boys and girls in the armed services is the way they smile. Just to prove they're Americans, they go about things with chins and mouth corners up. Even the checkroom gal is giving with a big smile and, to get down to cases, a green felt hat with matching ribbon. Of late, there's been a pronounced trend toward green in headwear. Next in line of fire is a Homburg that, you'll be glad to know, has been built for comfort as well as style. The Homburg is a formal type of hat and the brim is usually of a rigid construction, but this model boasts an easy-going brim that can be rolled into any shape. It's unusually light in weight, too. In the foreground is an Africa Brown felt hat with welt edge brim in a moderate width. The crown is creased in the center only, a token of restraint that usually indicates the wearer thereof has become resigned to dressing his age.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Times like these teach us a new gratitude for the simple things in life. A quiet evening of rest, a friendly game with a next door neighbor, good talk, good refreshment, these make a welcome interlude of sanity in a seething world. For millions of Americans that interlude becomes calmer, happier, more content with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ . . . brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.



*Reflection of
No bitterness*



Just the KISS of the hops . . .



—all of the delicate hop flavor — none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz.

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Copy. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Man the Kitchenette

Points on unrated Fried Rabbit Viennese Style, Cream of Rabbit and Hasenpfeffer

by ILES BRODY
• EDIBLES •



RABBITS, aside from their habits, are extremely versatile. And man, ever since he discovered them on the shores of the Western Mediterranean, has changed almost everything about them, including their shape, weight, bones, ears, paws, and color. Even their tiny brains have been made tinier by diabolically clever selective breeding. But the important thing for readers of this department to know is that rabbits offer two entirely different culinary uses, depending upon the way they are killed.

Here is the secret: If the rabbit is killed like a fowl, by cutting its throat and allowing it to bleed, the meat is like chicken only more delicate and flavorful. Every part of the rabbit becomes white meat, and tastes even better than breast of chicken. If the rabbit is destroyed by a sharp blow with a club at the nape of the neck the meat will have all the characteristic flavor of game. It will be ready for hasenpfeffer. The reason for these two distinct tastes seems to be that the latter method of killing permits the blood to remain in the animal. Remember these two different methods of dispatching bunny, order it according to your particular taste, and don't brood overmuch. There is a meat shortage which the rabbit dies heroically to alleviate.

When I was a child I ate a lot of rabbit, and for a time I thought I ate chicken. My grandmother, who had a rabbit farm, saw how sentimental I was getting about the ruby-eyed, snow-white bunnies, and told me at dinner that she was serving chicken. I could read in her face that she was fibbing, but when I tasted the meat, I simply couldn't stick to my guns, that rabbit was so good! Here was how grandma prepared it:

FRIED RABBIT VIENNESE STYLE

Cut a young rabbit into eight or ten pieces. Salt the pieces and leave them like this for twenty-four hours (this is not done to get rid of disagreeable taste—rabbits have no disagreeable taste. But even chicken is better and more

tender when it remains in salt overnight). When you are ready to use the rabbit pieces, wash them in cold water and wipe them dry. Salt and pepper them. Have a plate of flour ready, another of beaten-up egg yolks (two), and still another with white bread crumbs; dredge the meat lightly first in the flour, then in the egg, then in the bread crumbs. Put the pieces in a panful of deep, hot fat (the meat must be covered by the hot fat), and cook on low fire. Turn the pieces occasionally, so they'll get equally brown on all sides.

This more modern recipe comes from Mrs. Terhes, who runs a small restaurant in New York. It is particularly recommended for people with delicate stomachs.

Cut a young rabbit into small pieces, cook together with sliced young carrots, fresh peas, and a little chopped parsley in a very small amount of butter or fat for twenty minutes. Then sprinkle with a little flour, add a half cup of consommé or water, season with salt and pepper and lemon juice, and cook till tender under cover.

Another good thing about rabbit is that it has much more meat than chicken; one chicken for four in paprika chicken is barely enough, while one rabbit goes a long way.

PAPRIKA RABBIT

Cut the young rabbit into eight-ten pieces; salt and pepper them. Brown finely cut up onions (two) in butter or fat, on low fire, watching all the time that it doesn't burn. Take a good half hour with this process, until the onion-butter concoction almost becomes a liquid. Now add a heaping tablespoonful of medium paprika and, constantly stirring it with a spatula, cook together for another fifteen minutes. Add the rabbit, a clove of garlic, two fresh tomatoes, a green pepper, and cook under cover until tender for about an hour and fifteen minutes. Correct seasoning to taste. Add sour cream and cook, stirring it, for five more minutes. Serve with rice.

Before I give you an excellent recipe for hasenpfeffer, I'd like to tell you about a gentleman who paid a fortune for a dish of it. Our hero made a pilgrimage one early spring day to a Brooklyn restaurant where he knew the chef made his favorite dish superbly. This day the hasenpfeffer surpassed itself. Elated, the gentleman wanted to show his appreciation to the chef, and ferreted through his

Continued on page 100

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 99

pockets for a small memento. He could find only a sweepstake ticket for that year's Grand National; he had bought them yearly for three decades. Shrugging, he called the waiter. "Take this to the chef," he said, "with my compliments for the marvelous hasenpfeffer! This will bring him luck!" A few weeks later the ticket drew the favorite, and a few days later said favorite won the famous race. The chef's purse was 76,000 dollars. I don't recall what happened to the characters involved, but I am sure the chef gave up making the hasenpfeffer, and I am also fairly certain that the gentleman gave up eating it. If he didn't commit suicide.

CREAM OF RABBIT

Cut up a rabbit and put it into a stewpan with a little butter. Cook for twenty minutes, but don't allow the pieces to get brown. Now take the meat off the bones, pound it in a mortar, and pass it through a sieve. Add to this a little cream, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and a little dissolved gelatine. Put into a mold and steam for one hour. Cool, and turn out. Decorate with cucumber and lettuce, and cover with a thick Béchamel sauce.

HASENPFEFFER

Wash a dressed rabbit in cold water, cut into pieces and marinate them for twenty-four hours in the following liquid: one cup red wine, one cup water, one cup wine vinegar; add two sliced onions, one tablespoonful salt, one teaspoonful crushed juniper berries, five bay leaves, and six whole

cloves. When ready to cook, take out the pieces of the marinade, wipe dry, and after lightly dredging them in a little flour, sauté them in a little fat until they are browned on all sides. Drain off the fat. Strain the marinade, diluting it with half a cup of hot water, pouring it over the meat. Bring to a boil. Correct seasoning. Cover the pot, and simmer over low fire. The meat will be tender in about forty minutes. Place the meat on a platter and first straining the gravy, pour it over the meat. Serve with potato dumplings.

(Courtesy of Monsieur Mario, The Newport Restaurant, 18 East 60, New York).

There are literally hundreds of ways to prepare rabbit. All the known cooking methods that apply to chicken apply also to rabbit if killed by throat-cutting. Rabbit is marvelous when it is just roasted like chicken, basted often, and sprinkled with a little rosemary. Irish stew can be made of rabbit. Ragout of rabbit, rabbit à la Tartare, à la Polonaise, filleted with cherry sauce, pie à la Polignac, jugged, stewed, in white or red wine, in the Belgian manner, come to mind immediately. Do not boil rabbit; its taste will be insipid. A friend of mine recently told me that he had some prepared the other day, but could not eat it; it tasted awful. I asked him how the rabbit was made. "Why, we boiled it," he replied, "and not even my dog would touch it!" But both he and

the dog know much better now.

Mr. Marcellus W. Meek, who is an attorney in Chicago but on the side is a culinary writer, and who is preparing a book on rabbits, was kind enough to tell me all about the nutritious qualities of rabbit meat. It seems that rabbit contains more protein, fat and ash, than chicken. If you can stand being bored for a second, I shall give you the tabulation of both: Chicken is composed of 74.8 water, 21.5 protein, 2.5 fat, 1.1 ash, and its fuel value per pound is 505. Rabbit on the other hand shapes up: 67.86 water, 25.50 protein, 4.01 fat, 2.13 ash, and its caloric value per pound is 627.

The upkeep of the rabbit is slight—four and one-half pounds of feed produce one pound of live weight. Rabbits get along pleasantly in any small cage, in the backyard, feeding on such simple and clean things as carrots, lettuce and oats. Only ninety days are required from the time the doe is mated until the young rabbits are ready for the table! The doe is ready to bear her first litter at six months; she usually has six to eight bunnies, and will undergo the joys of motherhood about four times a year! She is indeed fecund. She continues this interesting routine for about eight years,

which is her average life span.

Australians and New Zealanders learned about the fecundity of the rabbit, to their regret. The first pioneers in those countries missed the outdoor sports they had known in England. They first thought of fox hunting, but compromised on importing rabbits for the entertaining sport of beagling. But they forgot to keep an eye on the rabbits, who were not loafing, you may be sure. Minus natural enemies, they ran wild, ruined the crops, ate up everything in sight, and even became ferocious in some instances. For you must learn that the rabbit is not a cowardly animal; in fact, they are the deadly enemies of rats and you can rest assured that where there are rabbits you won't see rats. (Rabbits have terrific force in the kick of their hind legs). So, the "down-underites" waged war on the bunnies, who, in Australia, have a prize on their little heads. They are hunted, eaten, packed in cans, and, incidentally, brought over fifteen million dollars annually to the Australians who exported their pelts before the war. Still, the Australians are praying for a ferocious animal, like a ferret, that they could domesticate to help in a crusade against their national pest.

To show you one more instance

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of how rapidly the bunnies multiply; I have a friend down south, who gives his two children a couple each Easter. In a few months they become so numerous that the family is forced to start to eat them, and they last until the next Easter.

It is strange that people here have not acquired a taste for these flavorful animals. France raised over a hundred million rabbits each year before the war, and no self-respecting French restaurant was without rabbit in some form on its daily menu. Belgium was also a great rabbit-raising country, as was Germany. And the fact that not a speck of the rabbit is wasted, ought to fire the American imagination. The fur of the rabbit is just as versatile as the rest of the animal—they double for chinchilla, leopard, seal, beaver, fox, ermine, and a score of other pelts.

Most good felt hats are made of rabbit fur. It is also used for upholstery and in piano manufacturing. Rabbit manure is the richest in nitrogen. Rabbits are invaluable in laboratories. They can be infected readily with human micro-organisms, and this makes them valuable in biological tests. Speaking of micro-organisms, wild rabbits may also transmit to humans an illness called tularemia. It cannot be contracted by eating rabbit. The bacilli of tularemia is between the skin and the flesh, and infection takes place at the moment of skinning if the person who skins has an open cut on his hand. It is very easy to combat tularemia by donning gloves when skinning wild rabbits.

There was a law in several European countries that no wholly skinned rabbits could be sold; they had to retain their front paws, which were chopped off by the butcher at the moment of buying. This precaution was to make sure that cats were not sold to customers as rabbits. A silly thing to fear, for there are far more rabbits in the world than cats. The similarity in anatomy is one of the reasons for peoples' aversion to buying rabbits in the U.S. The other main reason is that years ago rabbits were shipped

from the West in barrels, in an unsanitary, sight-offending way. Today rabbits are shipped dressed, deviscerated, wrapped in moisture-resistant paper. They cost around forty cents a pound while live rabbit costs about a dime less. New York, a city loud in lamentation concerning the meat shortage, never uses more than 5,000 rabbits weekly. But on the Pacific Coast people are learning to enjoy the delicious meat. Wild rabbits are skinny and cannot compare in flavor with domesticated rabbits, and, as I told you, they are the ones that carry tularemia. Besides, wild rabbits have only one season, the winter, while domesticated rabbits can be eaten throughout the year.

The best way is to raise them in your own back yard, feeding the bunnies, in case you have nothing else, left-over greens. They'll thrive on this and will propagate enormously. Also, you can sell the rabbit fur at a good price (I heard unofficially that they bring twenty-seven cents per pelt). The Army and Navy need the skins for coat lining, and what remains goes into madame's dyed ermine.

The albino and the angora rabbit yield the most delicate and delicious meat. Next comes the Flemish Giant. If you haven't yet tasted an eight-week-old albino, fried Viennese Style, you've got something to learn about the pleasures of the table. I wager my reputation on it that you'll find it better than the most expensive chicken, and once you acquire that easily acquirable taste, you'll give up your steak without a sigh in exchange for a little rabbit's meat.

Dionysius, the dictator, being at a dinner given to him by the Lacedemonians, expressed some disgust at their rabbit which was prepared in too dark a sauce for that super-epicure. "No wonder," said one of the Lacedemonians, "for it wants seasoning." "What seasoning?" asked the dictator. "Labor," was the reply, "joined with hunger and thirst!" We all have the last three in this country now, and we should rejoice that there are rabbits to take care of at least the hunger. ##



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Bacchus on the Beam

On the pleasant art of wine drinking, red or white, sweet or dry, with or after dinner

by **LAWTON MACKALL**
• POTABLES •



It's the old story: the busier the guy, the more obliging. There he was on the job all over Greece and Rome as god of Nature, Bringer of Springtime, Assurer of Fertility, Patron of the Drama, Promoter of Friendly

Meetings, Conductor of Community Sings, etc., etc., yet he took time to teach men to plant vineyards and make wine. Dietetics suddenly became delightful.

Now he and his vines in America carry out a four-fold wartime assignment as producer of:

1. *Vitally needed chemicals.* Especially tartrates—used in the manufacture of rayon for tents, parachutes, uniforms, automobile tires, and a slew of other essentials; not to mention Grandma's biscuits, medical supplies, and photographic supplies. Red table wines are the biggest tartrate barons, but *all* wines are able yielders, and brandy too. Other winery wartimelies include: tannic acid, an invaluable remedy for burns; grape-seed oil, important in the food processing industries and wine pomace (emptied grape skins), used by farmers as a field fertilizer and cattle stoker.

2. *First aid brandy for the medical departments of the armed forces.* Meeting the standards of the U.S. Pharmacopoeia, this brandy is part of the equipment of every bomber and life raft, and has proved its worth on every front. Our allies are supplied with it by lend-lease shipments.

3. *Treasury aid.* Healthy inflow of tax moneys to your Uncle Samuel and his states (except "dry" ones). Systematic war bond purchases by grape farmers, vintners, distributors, and their employees—let alone stores, hotels and restaurants that swing their budgets with the help of Bacchus.

4. *Assorted American wines, for zesting up wartime meals.* In such company any dish of today, be it purée of skunk cabbage or buzzard gizzards en brochette, can be faced without a flinch.

"Whole program is depraved!" gripe the ice-water dyspeptics. Man, they'll have you know, was born to writhe, not relish. (Didn't

they vainly try intimidations on a canned food company which uses little drops of sherry to perk the flavors of its soups?) If tartrates needed for war can be obtained only by leading grape juice into fermen-

tation, that is no excuse for *drinking* the wine. Pour it down the sewer. True, this would run up the expense a bit: tartrates would be about as costly as oxtails if you threw away the oxen.

Well, the California wine growers have issued an emancipation proclamation entitled *Wine is Fun*, which asserts wine's right to be enjoyed as suits its sipper.

Remember the quaint days, when fish occurred only as a special course requiring special "fish plates" and any home that lacked a set of such plates was rated a hovel? (Fortunately the fish's entrance was the signal for an outpouring of dry white wine.) And game had to be served on game plates, and salad on salad plates, and fruit on fruit plates. We have struggled out from under those oppressions and are free to eat anything off of anything. And it's the same up-from-slavery story as regards glassware. *Any* glass will do.

And always *did* do in the wine producing countries of the Old World. When repasters gathered at rough and ready tables in grape arbors, their idea was *wine*—poured, not doled—and good stout tumblers or goblets took care of it nicely. Neither of these glass styles would measure up to the social standards that still prevail in the vineyarded valley of the Minho in northern Portugal: bowls, twelve or fourteen inches broad, circulating à la loving cup to welcome visitors. Here in the Newer World, even greater steadiness of hand was common, with huge punchbowls traveling the lip route. Anybody who couldn't juggle one of these jocund rotundities of wine, brandy, lemons, etc., approximately mill-pond size, just wasn't a nation builder.

But china and metal, while okay for large-scale operations, are robbers of one of wine's chief

charms. We consumers like to behold, noting body beauty, glints, tints, hints and come-hithers. Impassioned observers use clear, thin glasses, capacious enough to afford plenty of swirl room.

It says a lot for American wines that, by and large, they stand up under such scrutiny. ('Twas never thus with the coffee-cupped red mud of Prohibition.) These wines stay sound to a degree only Europe's top flighters ever equalled, and then only in "good" years.

Indeed, with California's stock pile of sun and soil acclimatized classics are robusting along so swelly, you would never guess how checkered their careers were in the Old World. For example, our Rieslings, a grape breed hailing from the banks of the Rhine, yield wine which truly deserves the name American Rhine Wine, since it keeps brilliantly, unaffected by that old Teuton trouble, cloudiness.

Puzzled approachers of wine, wondering which type would be most congenial to them, will play safe if they let acquaintance begin with Port or Muscatel. These are sweet "dessert" wines, requiring no food accompaniment, though cookies or a slice of cake wouldn't be out of line. Plenty-bodied Port delivers a message you can't muff. Muscatel, broadcasting a rich, raisiny aroma of muscat grapes, is a sunset glow proposition. Anybody who can't like these wines instantly had better see a throat doctor.

Sherry is another pal-at-first-smack. You'll find the crisp Dry the real McHickory in nuttiness, but you had better do your seeking via the Medium. Sherrying thus, with the Dry hardly a couple of here's-hows ahead, we are whisked to the pinnacle of wine wisdom. Before our enthralled eyes Bacchus' kingdom unrolls like a rug, and arched over it a rainbow reads: "A wine enjoyed is a wine learned."

Table wines are the frighteners of the yet-to-be-initiated. Such names! Grignolino, Petite Sirah, Carignane, Pinot Chardonnay... What are you supposed to eat with such wines, Siberian swan's

breast, or boar's head? And while we're wondering, how about a hamburger sandwich and a cup of coffee?

Fine. But hold the coffee; with the hamburger we'll have a glass of Burgundy apiece, maybe two glasses. And wait till you see what that wine does for our 'burgering.

The knotty problem of terminology untangles itself into the simple fact that "table wines" (meaning "served with the meal itself") are of two kinds: red wines, all of them dry (meaning "without sweetness but not sour"); white wines, ranging from dry to quite sweet, all of them served chilled. Thus the big decisionist tackles first the red-or-white question, bearing in mind that red wine chums with practically anything except fish or sea food, and white wine takes to almost everything except red meat. Then the sweet-or-dry issue, if it's to be a white, and here Neptune nudges him with the reminder that underwater provender craves dryness. The waiter, too, will have suggestions to offer. And brand names are even more helpful; for anyone groping in the dark of a strange wine list they shine like beacons.

But why do we have so many different wines? Must we imitate the local specialty of every village in Europe? Maybe America's wine industry, clumped in the West and scattered all over the East and Middle West, would be better off commercially if it were more main-chance-minded. But our growers and vintners happen to be explorers, engrossed in the game of picking the good ones and devising better. To them wine isn't just a figure of balance-sheet speech, it's color, aroma, bouquet. Imitators? Carry-oners, and improvers would be a truer description.

Sun-jived California has taken unto her bosom all the breeds of grapes that ever yielded fine wines, plus a raft of "interesting minors." They are all producing. Which means that our American wine industry will, when Peace comes, be turned to for wines and vines. And California will give back better than she got.##



"I gave him up—he was lousing up my diary"



"Why so blue, McGrew?"

McGREW: Because the gas business has gone to pot, Jockey. I suppose the war affects you, too. I have trouble finding Jockey Underwear!

JOCKEY: Indeed it does, McGrew. Jockey Underwear—of which I'm the trade-mark—is in greater demand today than ever before. Naturally Uncle Sam has first call on raw materials so our regular customers have trouble finding Jockey.

McGREW: Well, then, how come you're so cheerful?

JOCKEY: Because everyone is accepting difficulties without complaint. People are willing to shop around for popular brands like Jockey! They know that trade-marks like me, and the trade-mark of your gasoline, are the backbone of the American economic system. In war or peace, good times or bad, trade-marked merchandise provides the greatest assurance of satisfaction.

McGREW: I guess that goes for all brands, Jockey.

JOCKEY: Yes, we trade-marks make it easy for Americans to buy with confidence and get their money's worth. Manufacturers regard their trade-marks as great responsibilities. They spare no expense to keep faith with the public. Even when changes are forced because of wartime shortages they use all their designing skill and material research to make their products the best obtainable:

McGREW: You're right, Jockey. We are learning a lot these days. When peace comes, our customers will be served better than ever. Meanwhile, we can both be proud of what our companies are doing to help win the war—and be thankful that we can have a hand in the job, too!



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PARIS GARTERS AND FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS

The Sporting Scene

Nature's darling discovers
that a little learning of
sports can be much too much

by **HERB GRAFFIS**
• SPORTS •

LUBERTA was a good girl who wanted to have some fun.

At the shipyard where she worked she was such an expert welder she spent very little time welding, but was on exhibit—meeting war heroes making bond speeches, newspaper guys and visiting officials and industrialists. Plant press agents were constantly taking Luberta from her welding to show her off as What Women Workers Are Doing to Win the War. Trotting from her bench to the microphones gave her more road work than Gene Tunney used to do.

One day they had Luberta pose with a committee of ladies knitting fur-lined supporters. Luberta collapsed from exhaustion. Pictures couldn't be made in time for the afternoon papers. That disturbed the committee of ladies and made them sore at the shipbuilding company for which Luberta worked.

So the press agent for the shipyard said to the lesser executives such as chairman of the board, president, and others:

"Luberta needs a vacation. Otherwise our fatigue quotient will get us into a jam with a congressional investigating committee."

"Besides," he added, "Luberta is not bad looking and I can arrange to get pictures of her at a resort as an example of how kindly we treat employees who work themselves to breakdowns for victory."

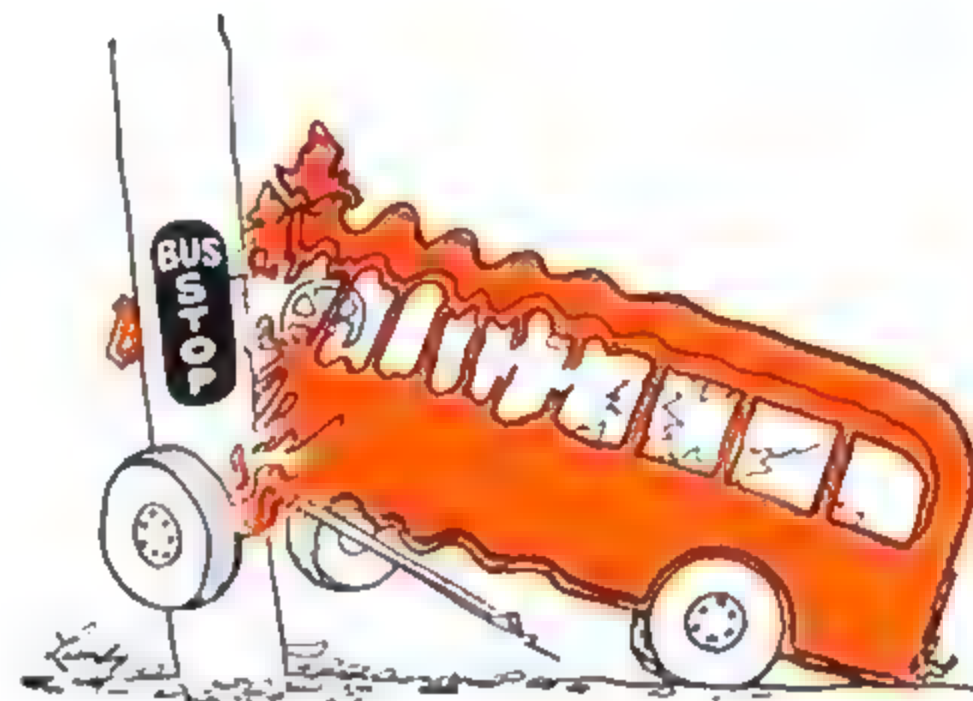
Several of the executives who, like the press agent, had seen possibilities in Luberta, approved the idea. That is called foresight when a gentleman is younger than fifty-five.

So Luberta went on a vacation at the company's expense.

She had been drawing a fair salary and there were things she'd always wanted to do if she got a few dollars ahead.

Being nationally known as the shipyards' pin-up girl she took some golf clubs and a tennis racket with her. Otherwise she would not have dared. When one travels with sports equipment one may be shot as a traitor by some punk whose idea of patriotism is to shoot anybody doing as little as he is to help win the war.

Well, Luberta got to a resort.



She had hacked around on a park golf course twice, so she thought she would give the resort course a going over.

As she stood on the first tee a nice old man came up and asked Luberta,

"Do you mind if I join you?"

Luberta gave him her sweetest "why not?" smile, as these days a young lady cannot be choosy, and they started out together.

Luberta dribbled a grounder off the tee for about 100 yards. The old gent put all the power of his navel into his shot and got past Luberta by 30 yards. He smiled in a superior way at Luberta.

"If you don't mind me saying so I think you would have done better with your right hand more on top of the shaft so three knuckles are showing," the nice old man advised.

Luberta didn't know what the hell he was talking about. Neither did he. But she thanked him.

Then she fanned one. Her third shot squirted out pretty fair results with a brassie.

"If you will close your stance a bit more, it will help you. That is the way Tommy Armour does it," the elderly sage counseled.

Luberta had heard of armor, but not of Tommy. But she nodded pleasantly. This encouraged the old bore to try to make all of her shots by remote control. When they had played nine holes the nice old man had a score of 58. Luberta was near hysteria.

She excused herself and went into the bar for a pick-me-up.

There she met a guy who looked like a refugee from alimony, but not a bad fellow in case a girl double-locked the door and moved the dresser against it. He moved alongside and suggested that they play tennis that afternoon.

Luberta, eager for sport that might be a pleasure, agreed.

She was not one to injure eyes in her tennis outfit. When her playmate got a load of her lines, he wondered if he could change his room.

They began batting the ball back and forth not in any manner reminiscent of the center court at Wimbledon, but in a fashion satisfactory to Luberta.

Then the guy forgot his original idea, walked around the net and began talking to Luberta.

"My dear," he began: "The

position one should assume in serving is with the body sidewise to the net, the left shoulder forward, and feet a good distance apart."

Luberta had been brought up as a nice girl and tried to do what the guy said.

"I think you would do better with the Eastern grip," remarked the gent after the ball had been slapped a minute or so.

A sickening sensation swept over Luberta, but you have to hand it to the shipyard heroine. She had guts. Finally, after the guy had given her more free and lousy advice than Franklin D. Roosevelt ever received, Luberta excused herself.

By that time the fellow was in the groove and didn't want to lose his pupil, but she circled his end and ran like a frightened fawn.

After she had rested with cold towels on her brow, she thought that a swim might bring her into a vacation atmosphere. If she could just get into the pool without being braced by any volunteer instructor she might have a chance.

Luberta in a bathing suit was not one to be passed up except by a man who had to tap his way around with a white cane. She dove in quickly and was splashing around, strictly minding her own business, which was very lovely business, fore and aft, to look at.

Then, be damned if a man didn't swim right into her and go into his act.

"Pardon me," he began. "I have been noticing that you have some promise of becoming a really fine swimmer. But the trouble with you is your legs."

Luberta had heard appraisers say she had very neat gams. In checking their judgment with her own eyes, she had admitted the guys didn't miss.

"My legs?" she gasped.

"Yes," said the volunteer advisor: "The legs are the secret of swimming power. Now you should develop a ten-beat kick. Maybe an eight-beat would do. But I'll have to look you over some more. See how it should be done. Watch me for a while. Watch my legs."

While he was slapping through the water, Luberta did a racing turn, climbed out of the pool and snuck away. Luberta was in sports for fun but was getting too much free advice to be having it.

Back in her room she washed her stockings after first making sure that nobody would bust the glass on the red box, haul out the axe, chop down her door and come in to tell her how to wash her hosiery the technical sporting way.

When she'd had a chance to quiet her jumping nerves she got dressed for dinner. She wandered around the grounds and came to a spot near the help's quarters where a couple of stakes and horseshoes looked inviting.

She picked up two shoes and began pitching. The first one knicked the pin and tumbled away. The second shoe did the same. With the echo of the second shoe still ringing, an elderly waiter came rushing toward her.

"That ain't the right way," he said. "You ought to have the shoe flat before you let it go and steer it with your forefinger."

Luberta sat right down in the dust and sobbed like a baby.

Without a word to the ancient waiter, she eventually stumbled to her room, packed and caught the first train home.

On the train when she gave the conductor her ticket she growled, "I will slug the s.o.b. who says I'm not doing this right."

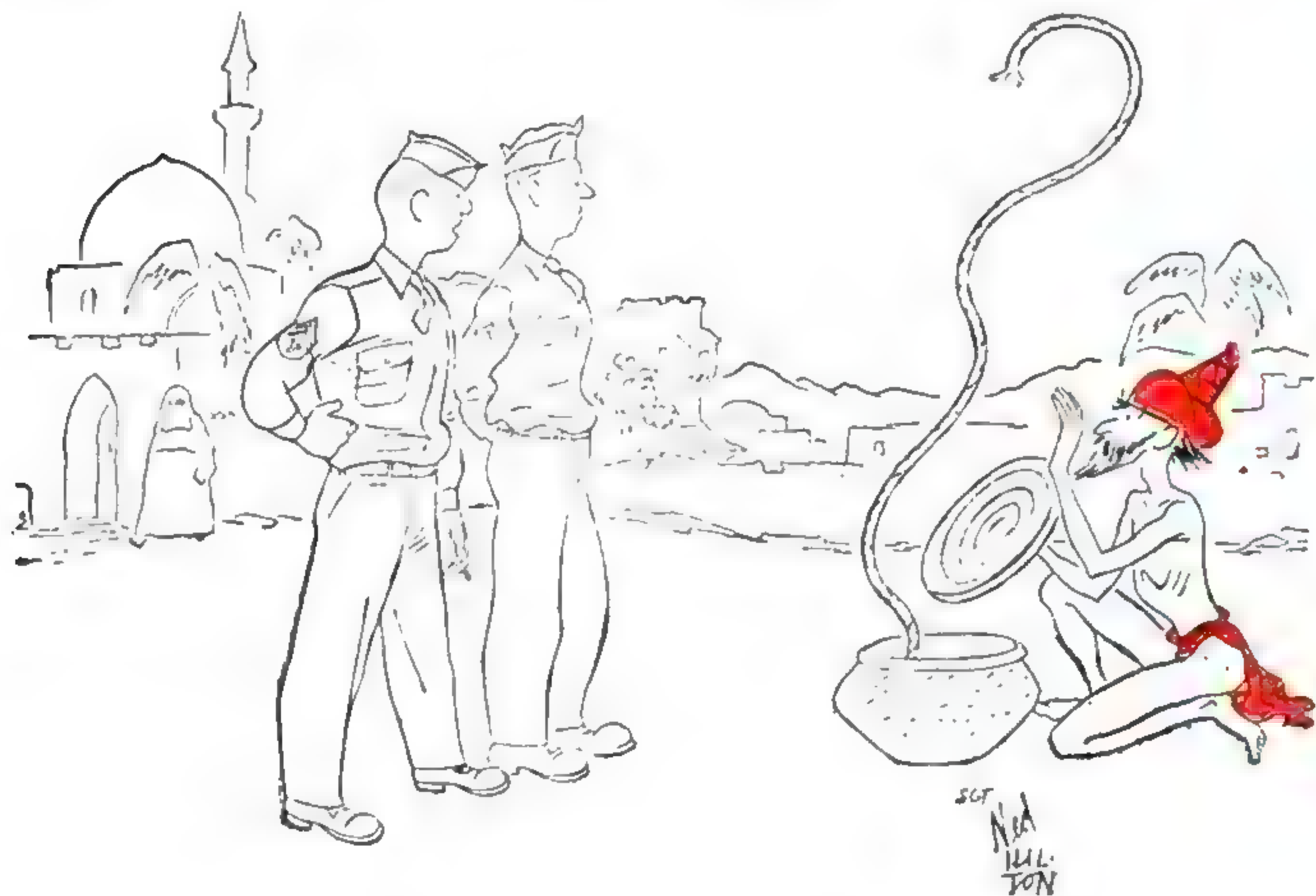
The conductor gulped but said nothing to Luberta. To a brakeman he whispered, "Keep an eye on that woman. She's nuts."

When Luberta got home she spent the rest of her vacation sitting around the house, or in movies or saloons. She married a 4-F guy and they were very congenial, having twenty-one progeny just as fast as nature would allow.

One day her husband said: "Kids are handy as tax exemptions but when I think of bills I feel faint."

Luberta went to her spouse and patted him tenderly. "I know, honey, but you don't realize how much fun something can be without so damn much advice."

She meant doing the children's washing, possibly. #

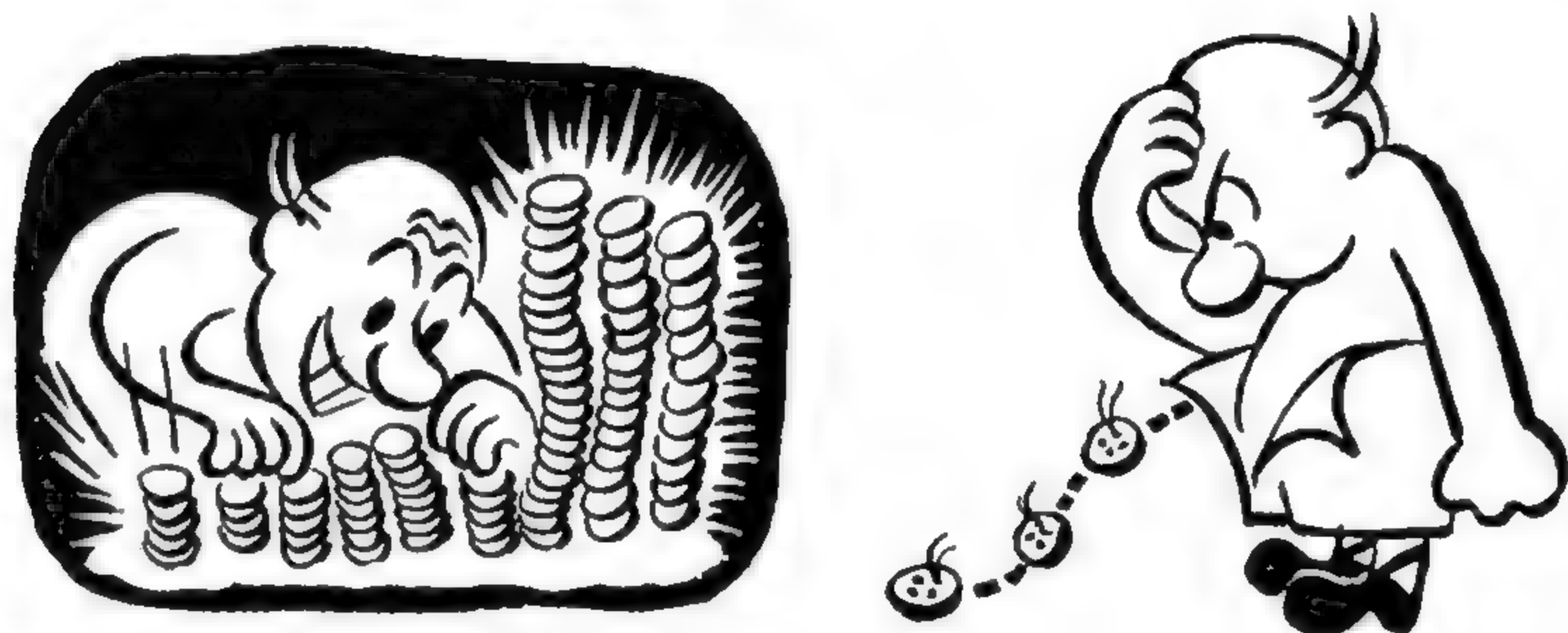


"Listen, Bub, if you really want to impress us, materialize an American girl"

A HARMONY OF GREAT AMERICAN
WHISKIES HAS MADE IT

America's Luxury Whiskey.

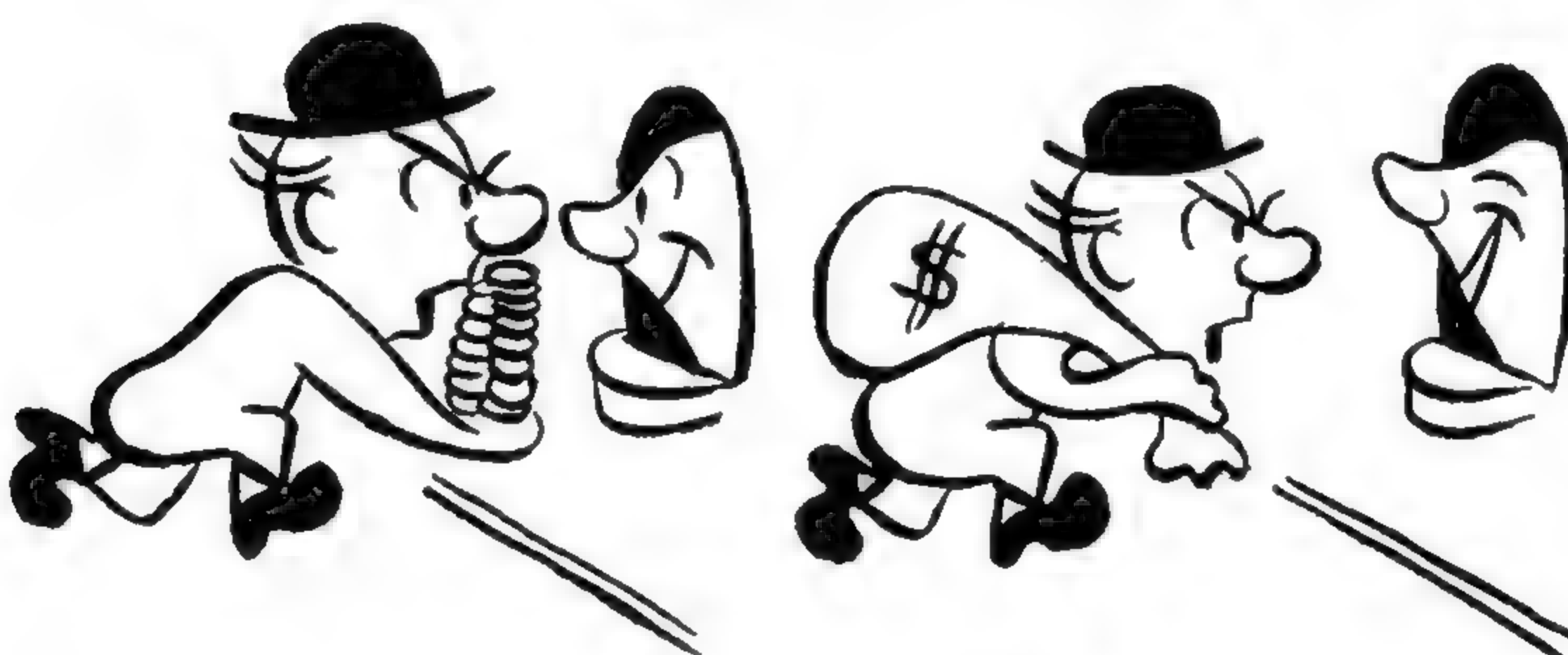
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF



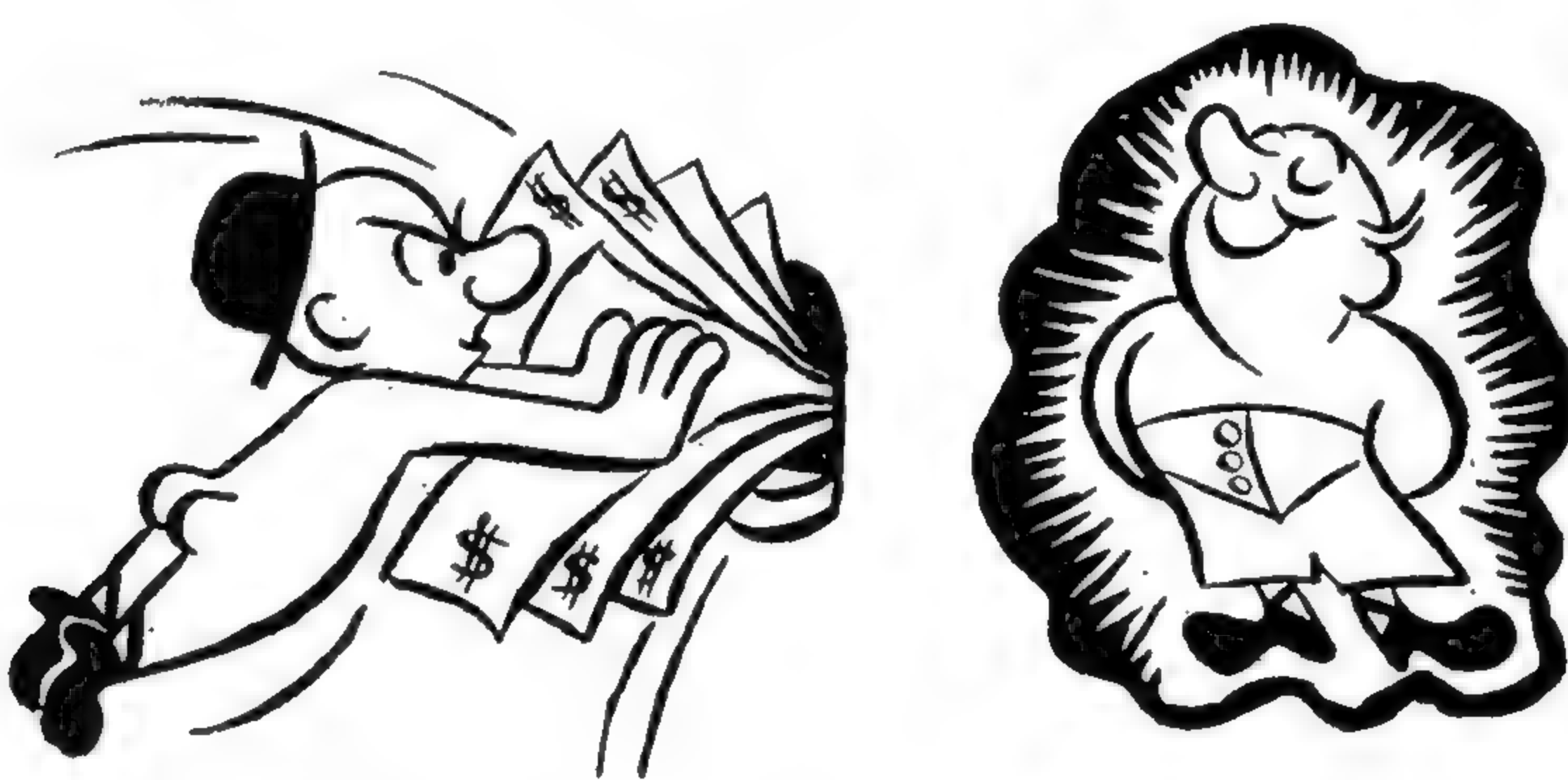
Martin was a miser... until one day



a bunch of pesky buttons made him say



War Bonds... more Bonds... until we win



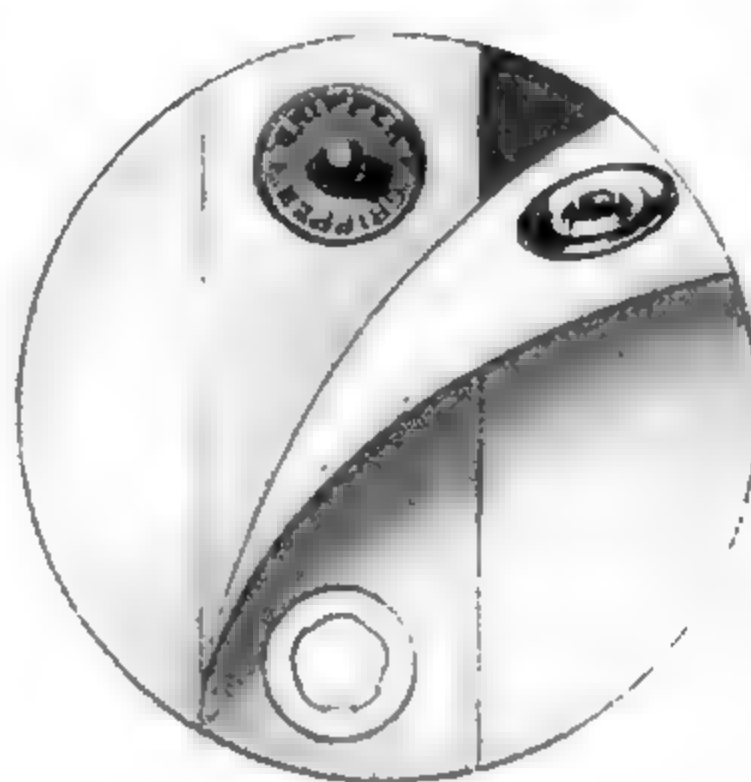
our precious GRIPPER FASTENERS back ag'in!

Keep your eye on Gripper fasteners! They'll be back on more merchandise than ever when the war is won. Until then, we're doing everything humanly possible to help speed Victory!

GRIPPER* FASTENERS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"



MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN. • AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS

On Collar Harmony

Pertaining to the fine points of collars that designate that paragon, the well groomed man

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER
• WEARABLES •



The long point collar makes broad faces look narrower.



The widespread collar cuts vertical lines of narrow faces.



The regular collar complements faces of medium proportions.



The tab collar minimizes the effect of the overly long neck.



The buttondown collar is adapted to all medium types of faces.

SUPERFICIALLY speaking there are two kinds of men. A. There is the fortunate fellow who wins the office boy and influences the boss and semi-annually delights the little woman with those golden words: "I've just had another promotion, Mary." B. There's the hapless Johnny Wrong-note who does none of these things, and ascribes this fact to mismanagement on the part of the federal government. By this time you must have guessed the obvious moral. A wears the right kind of collar. B, the dope, doesn't. Allowing for some exaggeration in the above parable, it's still good sense not to sabotage nature but to choose a shirt with a collar that will suit the face above it. And to simplify your choice, we've worked out the whole thing mathematically, dividing both faces and collars into five basic types.

Long pointed collars go best with round or broad faces. The extra length (they measure from 3½ to 4½ inches long), accents longitude and thereby makes facial latitude less noticeable. The novelty of these models, which stem from California, causes some men to wear them on the basis of fashion. But they are ideal collars for broad-faced individuals.

The widespread Windsor collar is for men with medium or long and narrow faces. The broad space between the points creates horizontal lines, offsetting the vertical lines of the face. Such a collar requires a Windsor or large knot tie which also makes for heftier appearance.

The so-called regular collar is the safest bet for most men. The points, about 3 inches long, are properly proportioned for medium faces as well as those with slightly broader or narrower lines.

The buttondown collar is another golden mien and some men prefer its casual lines, especially with tweeds or flannels.

The tab collar with fairly high neckband has special virtues for men whose necks are longer than average. This collar, which is fastened to the neckband button with tabs, forms a band that makes the neck look shorter. The limited popularity of tabs and the present wartime concentration on few styles by manufacturers account for the fact that they are not everywhere available.

Considering collars and shirts from the standpoint of mileage remember that shirts laundered and pressed with no starch at all render vastly better service. ‡

I'm going to save this for special occasions...
 because Schenley is making War Alcohol exclusively



...no whiskey is being distilled these days

Only limited pre-war stocks are available of the choice whiskies used in Schenley Royal Reserve. Thus you may not always be able to get it, but when you do, use Schenley Royal Reserve on special occasions and enjoy it that much longer.

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE
 BLENDED WHISKEY

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY WAR BONDS

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits, 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.



two pointers for the price of one

The pointer who is being so lovingly chucked under the chin by the huntsman turned sharpshooter for the duration has just flushed a treasure indeed. That 1941 model, complete with gen-u-wine rubber tires, is more precious than partridge. Of course, we're just window shopping. But while we're at it, there's another pointer in the picture—corduroy for double-duty wear. This soft-looking, hard-wearing cotton fabric qualifies for any kind of informal occasion short of Commando drill. The suit is in the natural tan corduroy and, for added nonchalance, carries a flap over the chest pocket and an extra change pocket. The suede finish hat is light in weight and tops for fall. Other items of note are the striped oxford shirt with button-down collar, the striped repp tie, the brown pullover sweater and the brown plain toe blucher shoes. All very nice—but our kingdom for a horseless carriage!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 306 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



THE PRIDE OF A DAD...

in the uniform and rank of his son is understandable. It is the pride of a man who admires achievement and appreciates the qualities of leadership. It is for men of leadership that Nettletons are made. Men who appreciate intrinsic value... Men who think beyond the price today ahead to the satisfaction of many tomorrows. Men who see beyond the war of today ahead to the peace of tomorrow. It is for these men that Nettleton craftsmen build character into Nettleton Shoes.

A. E. NETTLETON COMPANY,

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK



Nettleton Shoes \$9.95 to \$20

TRY THE PENCIL TEST

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

For more than 72 years Kentucky Tavern has reigned supreme as the finest of all Kentucky Bourbons . . . There is only one better buy in Bonds—War Bonds!

BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • 100 PROOF • GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Jab in the Jungle

**A veteran of many prelims,
Pvt. Letourneau fought his
best fight on Guadalcanal**

by WORTHEN C. CORNISH

THIS is the story of Eddie Letourneau—and of one of the strangest fights in history!

Probably you have never heard of Eddie. He's a prelim boxer down east in Maine. Eddie weighs only 145, but he'd tackle Joe Louis if Louis ever intimated that he was yellow.

To Eddie, for years, glory was sweeping into the ring, uncorking a Harry Greb-like style of wind-mill swinging, plastering prelim foes into horizontal positions and laughing when he got rapped on the chin himself. Then, real glory overtook this slope-shouldered, barrel-chested boy during the early days on Guadalcanal.

For twenty-three days, Eddie Letourneau, a kid out of Sanford, Maine, fought on Guadalcanal against the "dirtiest fighters the Lord ever invented. Lice in human form—the Japs." Now the Plush Town has carved out a niche for battle-scarred—three leg wounds have earned him an honorable discharge—Eddie Letourneau, who, despite three hundred ring fights, shows few scars from that campaign.

The saga of Letourneau starts long ago when he first hauled on gloves in Sanford and felt the sting of leather and the thrill that a boy who loves to fight gets when he, himself, breaks through a guard and knocks a man down.

* * *

Eddie belonged to the National Guard, and he went into the regular Army on September 16, 1941. (His last ring duel before he went overseas was against Tony Latona of Texas, in Bangor, Maine, and Eddie was broken up to hear that Tony was killed later in a bomber crash.)

Eddie was in the Coast Artillery, then he was assigned to an Anti-Aircraft unit, and once, in a jam, he even rode as tail-end gunner in a Flying Fortress. But he wound up in that hell that was Guadalcanal, toting a rifle through the dank jungle.

There Eddie fought his greatest fight in the middle of that steaming jungle with the prize no twenty-five bucks and a rubdown



at the finish, but life—or death!

Private First Class Eddie Letourneau was creeping through the growths of Guadalcanal when he came upon a small clearing. Cautiously he looked around, and then

darted across the opening. As he did, he heard a thud on the ground and an exclamation. He dived for cover, and looked again.

He saw a Japanese, camouflaged, and tied to a tree. That Jap, trying to point his rifle at the dodging Letourneau, had apparently dropped it. Letourneau waited until he was certain there was only that Jap. Then he stepped into the clearing and aimed his own rifle at the enemy in the tree.

"Instantly," says Eddie, "the Jap started to yammer, and my trigger finger held back when the yammering turned into perfect English. 'You're yellow,' the Jap shouted at me. 'You wouldn't dare fight me man to man.'"

Eddie Letourneau couldn't resist that challenge. He kicked the Jap's rifle away from the foot of the tree, and beckoned him to come down. The Jap untied himself, and Eddie covered him all the way to the clearing, made him step forward and looked him over for arms. There were none. So Eddie laid aside his own rifle and charged bare-handed!

There, in the jungle, 145-pound Eddie Letourneau brought to bear the boxing and fighting knowledge that he had learned in the ring.

One can almost feel the desperation in both of them to win, more in Eddie than in the Jap—if that is possible in facing death. Eddie, foolishly, yet because of a code that made it seem cowardly not to accept a dare, had to prove his worth.

The fight couldn't have been easy. Eddie is reticent as to just how it went. But he has a pound note, British, taken from the loin-cloth belt, a souvenir, probably, to that Jap from Hong Kong or Singapore, and he has a memory.

When pressed for what happened, Eddie Letourneau smiles grimly and says, simply, "I think the poor feller got killed." #

New Cream Deodorant Prevents Under-arm Odor... ...Vanishes Instantly!



Men who take pride in good grooming know it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor *and* also prevents shirt stains caused by perspiration.

No wonder thousands of men all over the country have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant. It is the *preferred* masculine



deodorant for these 5 important reasons:

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.
2. Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.
4. Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.
5. Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10c store or department store. 10c, 39c, 59c a jar.

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

YOU, TOO, CAN BE A *Postwar Planner!*



Yes, and you don't have to be a grey-bearded "prof" to figure out some mighty smart plans for your life after Victory is won.

What will it be: A Clipper trip to some gay South American port... a stop-over to see what's left of Tokyo and Berlin? A slick new convertible that's a dream on wheels? The realization of that pet ambition? Take your choice BUT...

Make sure those postwar plans become realities! Do this by going in for War Bonds in a great big way. You'll thus shorten the route to Victory... and some day you'll have a Rolfs Billfold full of War Bond cash to make those postwar dreams come true!



Although Rolfs is now doing a job for our Government, limited supplies of distinctive leather accessories and billfolds by Rolfs are still available. If your dealer cannot fill your order the first time—it will pay you to try, try again!

Rolfs

**"DIRECTOR"
BILLFOLD**



DISTINCTIVE LEATHER ACCESSORIES...

BY

Rolfs

WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Stars in Service

**In the grim contest of war
former football men bring
honor to school and country**

FIRST Lieutenant Albert G. Smith came home from the war recently—on crutches.

Al Smith will be remembered by West Coast football fans as the husky center of the Loyola of Los Angeles eleven. Immediately after Pearl Harbor, he enlisted as a bombardier cadet, was commissioned a second lieutenant and went to England as a member of the famed Eighth Bombardment Group.

On his sixth mission—a raid on the Nazi submarine base at St. Nazaire—Al's Flying Fortress, the *Banshee*, was attacked by a swarm of enemy fighter planes. A 20-millimeter shell exploded in his "greenhouse," knocking him flat on his back. Seriously wounded in the right leg, an arm and about the face, he managed to release his bombs before blacking out.

The *Banshee's* crew shot down seven German Focke-Wulfs in that bitter battle over the Bay of Biscay and Lieutenant Smith was awarded the Air Medal and the Purple Heart for his part in it.

The twenty-two-year-old Smith is impatient to get back into action, for another reason besides his wounds. On a later raid, the *Banshee* and his pals were lost.

Soon after this country entered the war, Joe Ruetz, star guard on the Notre Dame football teams of 1935, '36, and '37, was commissioned an ensign in the Navy's physical fitness program and stationed at the St. Mary's pre-flight school. After a year of this work he resigned his commission and re-enlisted as a flying cadet.

Lieutenant Colonel Austin Straubel of Green Bay, Wisconsin, was a football star at Wisconsin in 1925, '26, and '27. He was an Army Air Force bomber command officer in the Far East and was killed in air combat over Java. Somewhere within the command of base section 4, commanded by a personal friend of Straubel, Captain Russel B. Patch, is a camp named in his



"Gosh, Martha, you're the music that keeps my heart beating in three-quarter time"

honor. Straubel's plane, a B-24 bomber, which he was flying from the United States to the Netherlands East Indies, was attacked by Japs and shot down in flames. Although badly wounded, he managed to land on a small airfield, where he completed his secret mission. He died when help arrived, and is buried in Surabaya, Java.

At New Mexico A. & M. College, Lieutenant Pecos Uvalde Finley was an outstanding basketball star on the team that won three successive Border Conference championships. In his junior year he led the league in scoring with 247 points in 18 games. In the 1939 New York Writers' Tournament in New York, he made 26 points in two games. At Camp Lee, Virginia, where Lieutenant Pecos received his training in the Army's quartermaster corps, a sign reads:

Finley Field, dedicated September 29, 1942, in honor of Lt. Pecos U. Finley, a fighting quartermaster who served at Camp Lee, Feb. 10, 1941—July 15, 1941. He was lost in action in the Philippines, December, 1941. May his fighting spirit be an inspiration to all.

Captain Clayton Peterson of Pontiac, Illinois, former University of Illinois track star, won the Distinguished Flying Cross for his gallant work in a fighter plane squadron in Northern Australia and New Guinea. He had sixteen months of active combat duty in the Pacific war area before being given a leave.

The present status of the West Point football stars who were named on the All-American throughout the years since it was originated is as follows:

1901-02—Paul D. Bunker (tackle), Colonel, AGO, Washington, D. C.
Charles D. Daly (quarterback), retired, living in Pacific Grove, California.

1904—Arthur C. Tipton (center), deceased.

1907—William W. Erwin (guard), re-

Continued on page 114

"I wish to report
a robbery
little brother"

LIBRARIAN: You wish to register a complaint, Camel? A beef?

CAMEL: Sahib, I have been robbed by the so-called author of this so-called Encyclopedia. Defrauded, Effendi.

LIBRARIAN: Ah. You find it unwholesome, my Bedouin Bookworm? Not fit to eat, perhaps?

CAMEL: Prince, I am the Paul Jones Camel, living symbol of the *dryness* in the world-famous *dry* Paul Jones Whiskey. And there's not a line about me here, Effendi! Not a word!

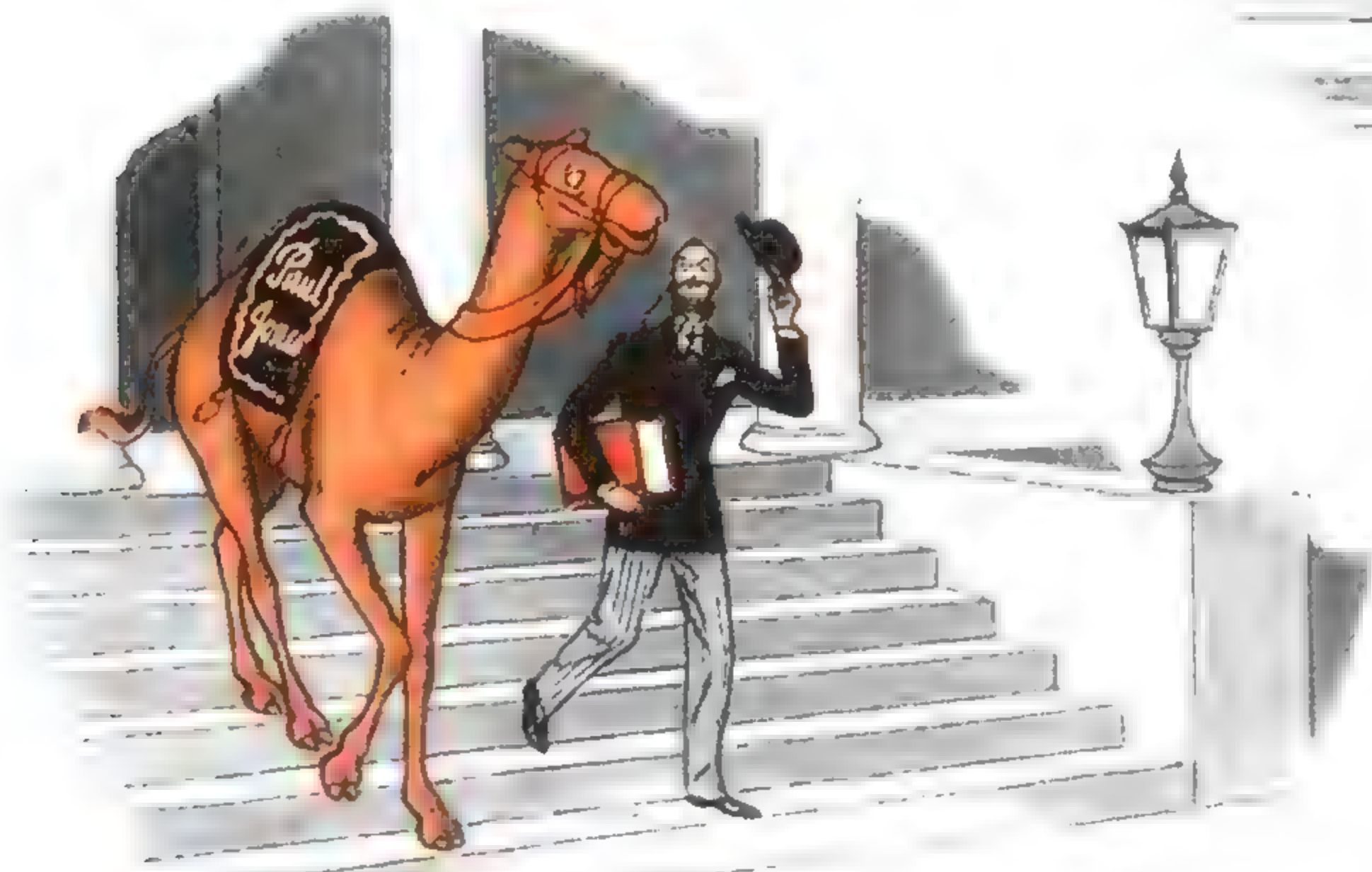
LIBRARIAN: Have you looked under "Fairy Tales," Camel? *Dryness* in whiskey would be under "Fairy Tales," I think.

CAMEL: *Fairy Tales*? Effendi, thousands will tell you that Paul Jones Whiskey has *dryness*! And that this *dryness* (lack of sweetness) brings out *all* the flavor, the *full* magnificence of the fine Paul Jones!

LIBRARIAN: Really, Camel?

CAMEL: This is indeed true, O Scholar.

LIBRARIAN: Then, Camel, we are not only going to burn that ignorant Encyclopedia, we're going to find the author and burn him too! And then we're going out for some of the wonderful dry Paul Jones! Come on!



The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones



An Explanation to Our Friends

IF YOUR bar or package store is sometimes out of Paul Jones, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply of Paul Jones until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



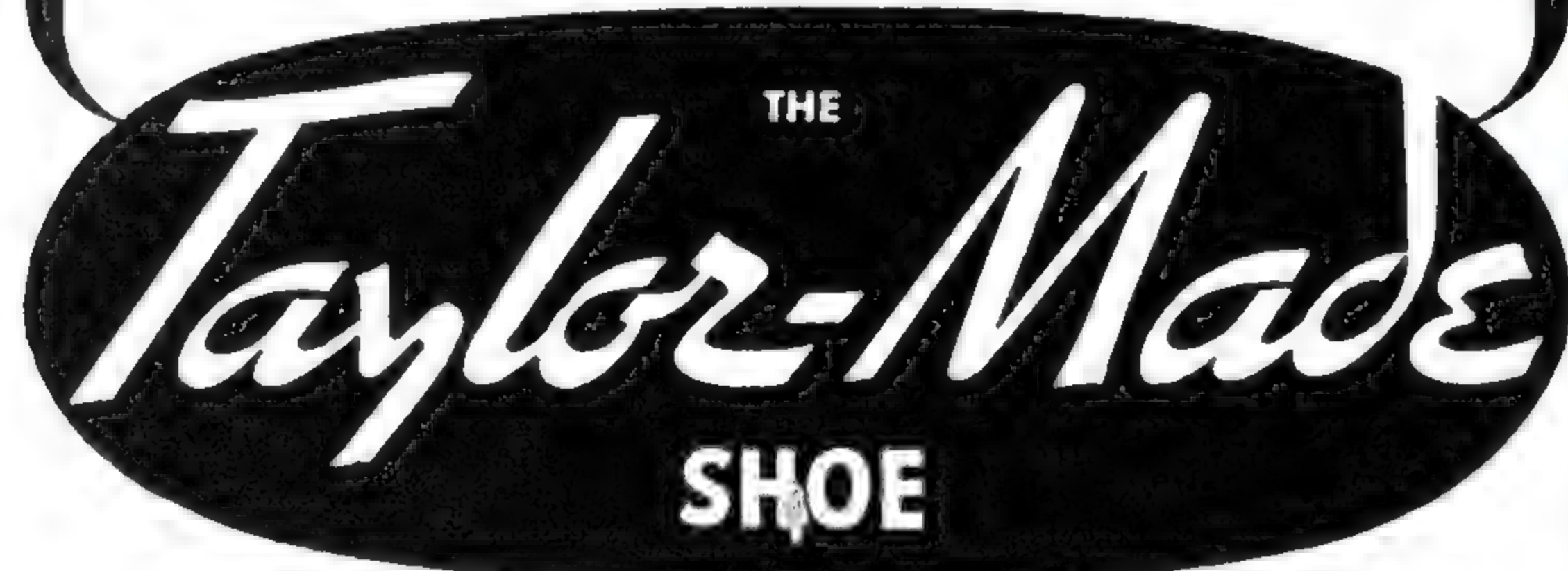
Always

A LITTLE MORE FOR THE MONEY

For over fifty years that has been Taylor-Made's goal... attained year after year by scrupulous care in the selection of leathers and materials... and unremitting insistence upon the finest craftsmanship, down to the smallest detail. For your convenience below is a partial list of Taylor-Made dealers.

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Allentown, Easton Bethlehem and Reading, Pa.	Farr Bros. Co.	Lowell, Mass.	Morse's Shoe Store
Altoona, Pa.	A. Simon & Co.	Lynchburg, Va.	Bell's Shoe Store
Amsterdam, N. Y.	Goetz Shoe Store	Martinsburg, W. Va.	Fiery's Shoe Store
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison-Paxon Co.	Miami, Fla.	Cowan's
Baltimore, Md.	Goodman's	Middletown, Ohio	
Battle Creek, Mich.	H. A. Preston Co.	Minneapolis, Minn.	C. E. Greathouse & Son, Inc.
Beaufort, S. C.	Wallace & Danner	Morgantown, W. Va.	Brown Clo. Co.
Boston, Mass.	Stetson Shoe Shop	Nashville, Tenn.	Reiner & Core
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Kleinhans Co.	Newport, R. I.	Frank Scott's Shoe Store
Cambridge, Mass.	Leopold Morse Co.	New York	Herman Mines
Charlotte, N. C.	Tate-Brown Co.	17 West 33rd St., 5 West 50th St.,	The Nettleton Shops
Chicago, Ill.	Mandel Bros.	365 Madison Ave.	
Cincinnati, Ohio	The H. S. Pogue Co.	Norristown, Pa.	S. Pagel & Son
Cleveland, Ohio	Halle Bros. Co.	Peoria, Ill.	Block and Kuhl Co.
Council Bluffs, Iowa	Joe Smith & Co.	Petersburg, Va.	Standard-James Shoe Co.
Daytona Beach, Fla.	Nelson's	Phoenix, Ariz.	Bush Footwear
DeLand, Fla.	V. M. Fountain Co.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Stern & Co.
Denver, Col.	Gano-Downs Co.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Stetson Shoe Shop, Inc.
Detroit, Mich.	R. H. Fyle & Co.	Portland, Me.	Gordon's, Inc.
Des Moines, Iowa	Field Shoe Co.	Portland, Ore.	Armishaw's
Duluth, Minn.	Columbia Clo. Co.	Portsmouth, N. H.	Shaines
Durham, N. C.	Lipscomb-Gattis Co.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	M. W. Friedman
East Orange, N. J.	Harrison Bros.	Providence, R. I.	The Shepard Co.
Erie, Pa.	Isaac Baker & Son	Roanoke, Va.	Fox-Hunt-Loyd
Evansville, Ind.	Sater's	Saginaw, Mich.	Heavenrich's
Fargo, N. D.	Strauss Esquire	Salt Lake City, Utah	McKendrick Shoe Co.
Gadsden, Ala.	Guarantee Shoe Store	San Antonio, Texas	Guarantee Shoe Co.
Galveston, Texas	E. S. Levy & Co.	San Francisco, Cal.	The Emporium
Geneva, N. Y.	Conniff Shoe Co.	Savannah, Ga.	Morris Levy's
Greenville, Miss.	Johl and Bergman	Seattle, Wash.	Turrells
Hamilton, N. Y.	Baum's	Sioux City, Iowa	E & W Clothing House
Hempstead, N. Y.	The New Shoe Store	So. Bend, Ind.	Robertson Bros. Dept. Store
Houston, Texas	Mosk's	Springfield, Ill.	Prillman Bros.
Hyannis, Mass.	Leen's Shoe Store	Springfield, Ohio	Selby Shoes
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co., Inc.	Tampa, Fla.	Weil-Maas
Ithaca, N. Y.	The Sport Shop	Toledo, Ohio	LaSalle & Koch Co.
Jenkintown, Pa.	Fel-Mode Shoes	Tulsa, Okla.	Clark's
Johnstown, Pa.	Zang's Shoe Store	Utica, N. Y.	C. Sautter's Sons, Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.	J. J. "Jack" Schroeder	Vicksburg, Miss.	Metzger's, Inc.
Lexington, Ky.	Phillips Shoe Co.	Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinkel & Co., Inc.
Lexington, Va.	Tolley's Toggery	Wilmington, Del.	Sauter's Shoe Shoppe
Lincoln, Neb.	Magee's	Winchester, Va.	Huntsberry's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Silverwood's	Ypsilanti, Michigan	Willoughby Bros.



Stars in Service

Continued from page 112

tired, living in Chapman, Kansas.
1911—Leland S. Devore (tackle), deceased.
1913—Louis A. Merillat (end), Major, AGO, Washington, D. C.
1914—John J. McEwan (center), Major, Washington, D. C.
1916-17—Elmer Q. Oliphant (halfback), civilian, insurance, New York City.
1922—Edgar W. Garbisch (center), Major, c.e., Fort Belvoir, Virginia.
1924—Edgar W. Garbisch (center).
1926—Mortimer E. Sprague (tackle), Captain, Washington, D. C.
1927-28-29—Christian K. Cagle (halfback), deceased.
1932—Milton F. Summerfelt (guard), Major, a.c., Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland.
1942—Francis E. Merritt (tackle), Cadet at West Point, graduates in June, 1944.

Similarly, the Navy's list of Annapolis All-Americans is as follows:

1907—W. H. Dague (end). Resigned from Navy in 1914.
1911—J. P. Dalton (fullback). Died in 1919 while on active duty as Lieutenant Commander.
1913—J. H. Brown (guard). Captain, U.S.N., on active duty with the Navy.
1918—L. W. Perry (guard). Captain, U.S.N., serving as Aide to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.
1922—W. S. Taylor (end). Retired from Navy in 1930.
1926—Frank H. Wickhorst (tackle). Commander, U.S.N., in charge of Naval Aviation Physical Fitness.
1928—E. J. Burke (guard). Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N., on active duty with the Navy.
1934—F. Borries (halfback). Lieutenant, U.S.N., on active duty with the Navy.

* * *

Eso Naranche, former Butte High School and Montana State University athlete who played in the East-West game in New Orleans Jan. 1, 1942, has been killed in action in North Africa.

Twice nominated on the all-state interscholastic high school squad, Naranche starred for three successive years on the Butte Purple football team, and helped to win two state championships. He was a member of the Butte interscholastic track meet champions of 1936 and 1937, and center and captain of the Butte basketball quintet.

Entering the State University

in 1938, Naranche was the star of the strong freshman team of that season, and played fullback on the varsity in 1939, '40, and '41.

Naranche gained fame as a soldier when he brought his unit from behind the enemy lines after it had been encircled by the Axis break-through in Tunisia. His wife, whom he married shortly after his graduation in 1942, is a shipyard worker in Hollywood, California.

In college, at North Carolina, Captain George Watson was rated the best blocker in the Southern Conference. On March 17, 1943, he received the Distinguished Service Cross from Lieutenant General Millard F. Harmon, commanding the U.S. Army forces in the Southern Pacific.

Captain Watson volunteered to "accompany a patrol consisting of one other officer and four native scouts on a 90-mile reconnaissance mission over a mountain range" acquiring "valuable information" . . . "used later and aided in success of operations in that area." That was on Guadalcanal in the period from December 19-27, 1942.

Another former North Carolina football man, Lieutenant W. S. Woollen, one of three brothers in the Navy, all sons of the late Charles Woollen, director of athletics at the University, has been awarded the Navy Cross with Gold Star for bravery in the Battles of Midway and Coral Sea. Once, without knowing other American planes had spotted an 18-plane Jap formation, he attacked it alone and shot down one enemy fighter.

* * *

At the controls of *The Yardbird*, a Flying Fortress in the European theater of operations, as it pounded Nazi-held territory, has been Capt. John W. Farrar, a farm boy who represented the Eastern Illinois State Teachers College in cross country track competition.

At last account, he had completed twenty-five bombing missions over enemy territory. #



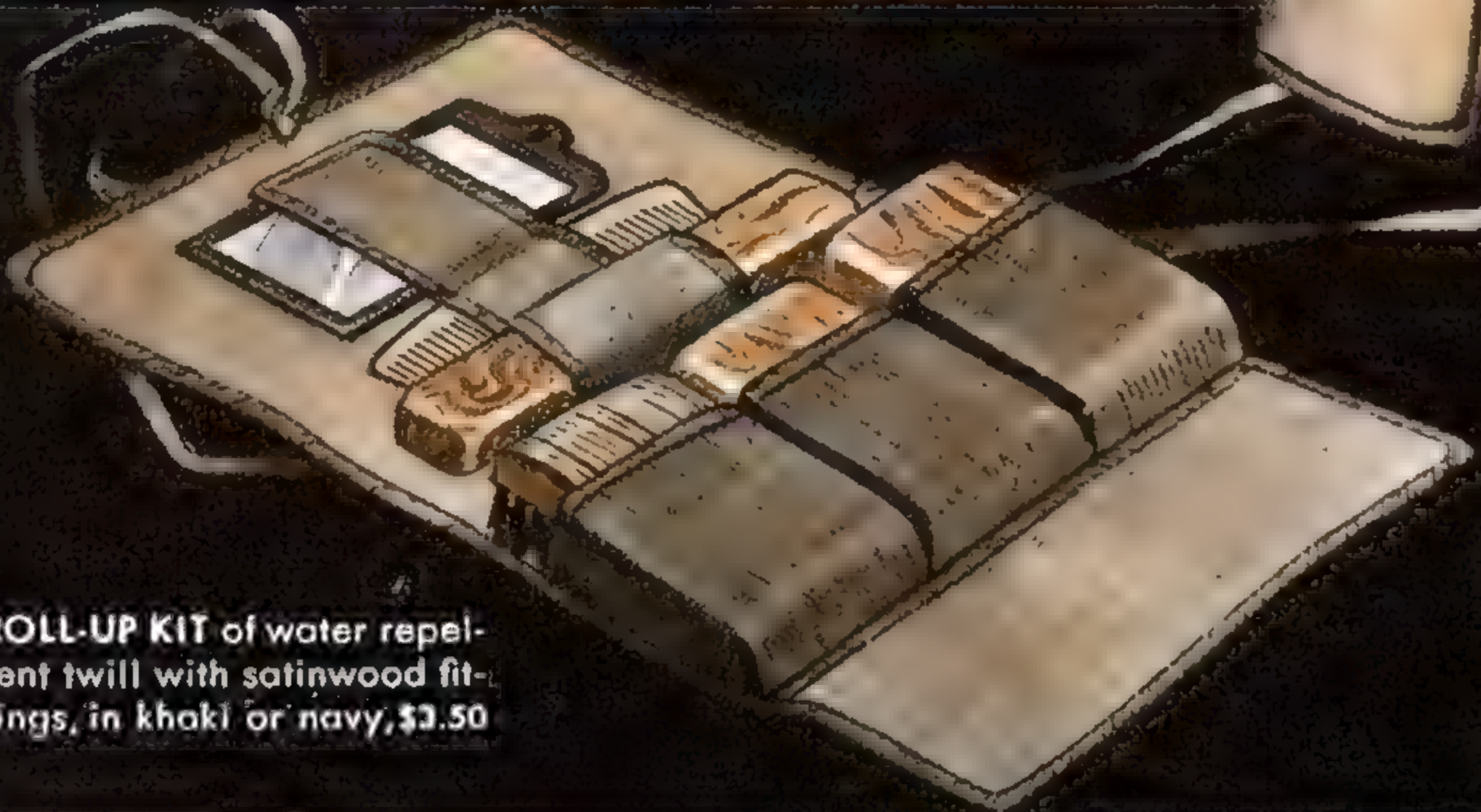
"Rinso white, Rinso white—joyful, happy wash day"



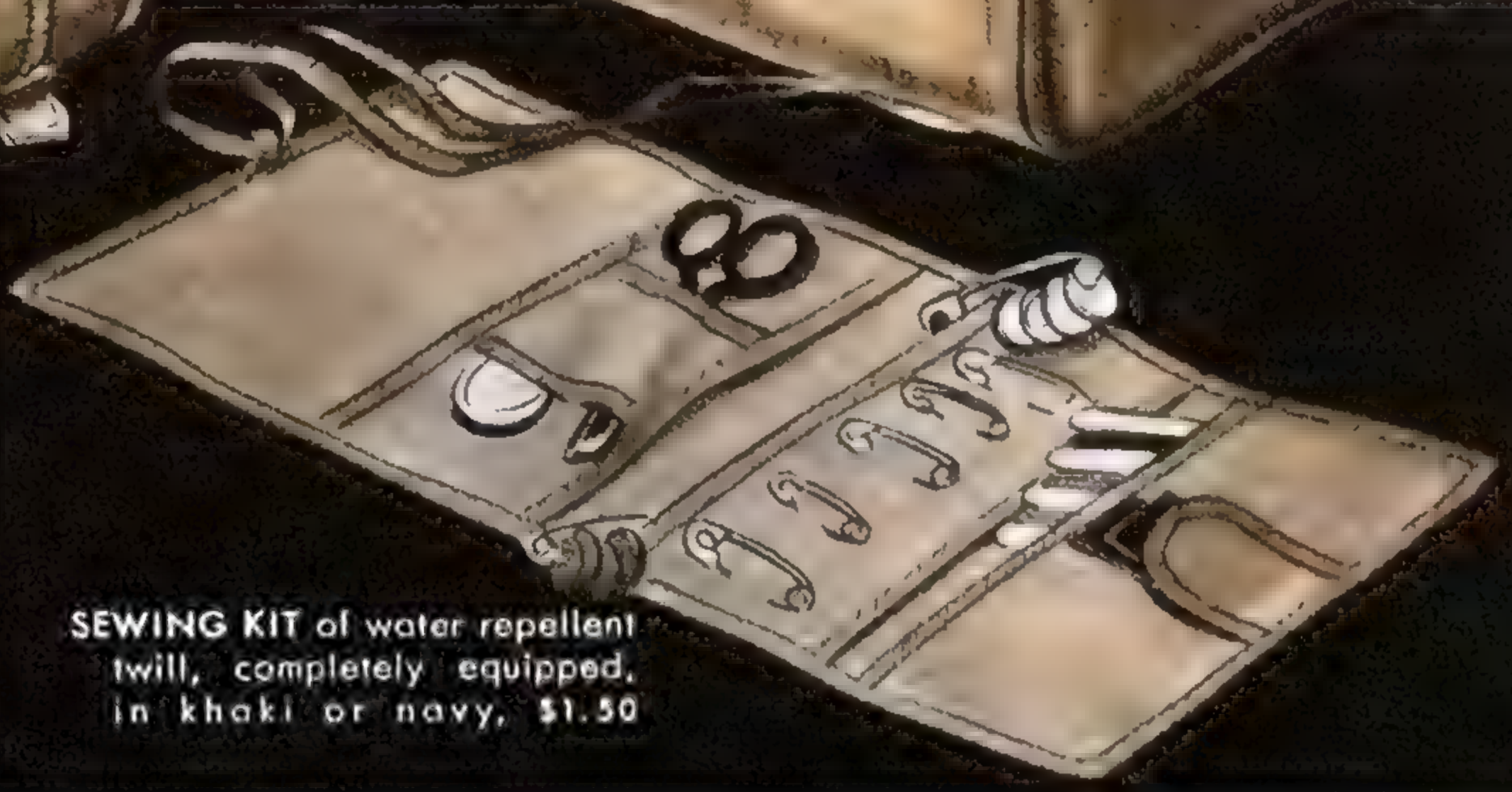
UTILITY KIT of water repellent twill for toilet articles in khaki or navy, \$3.50 Others, \$2.50



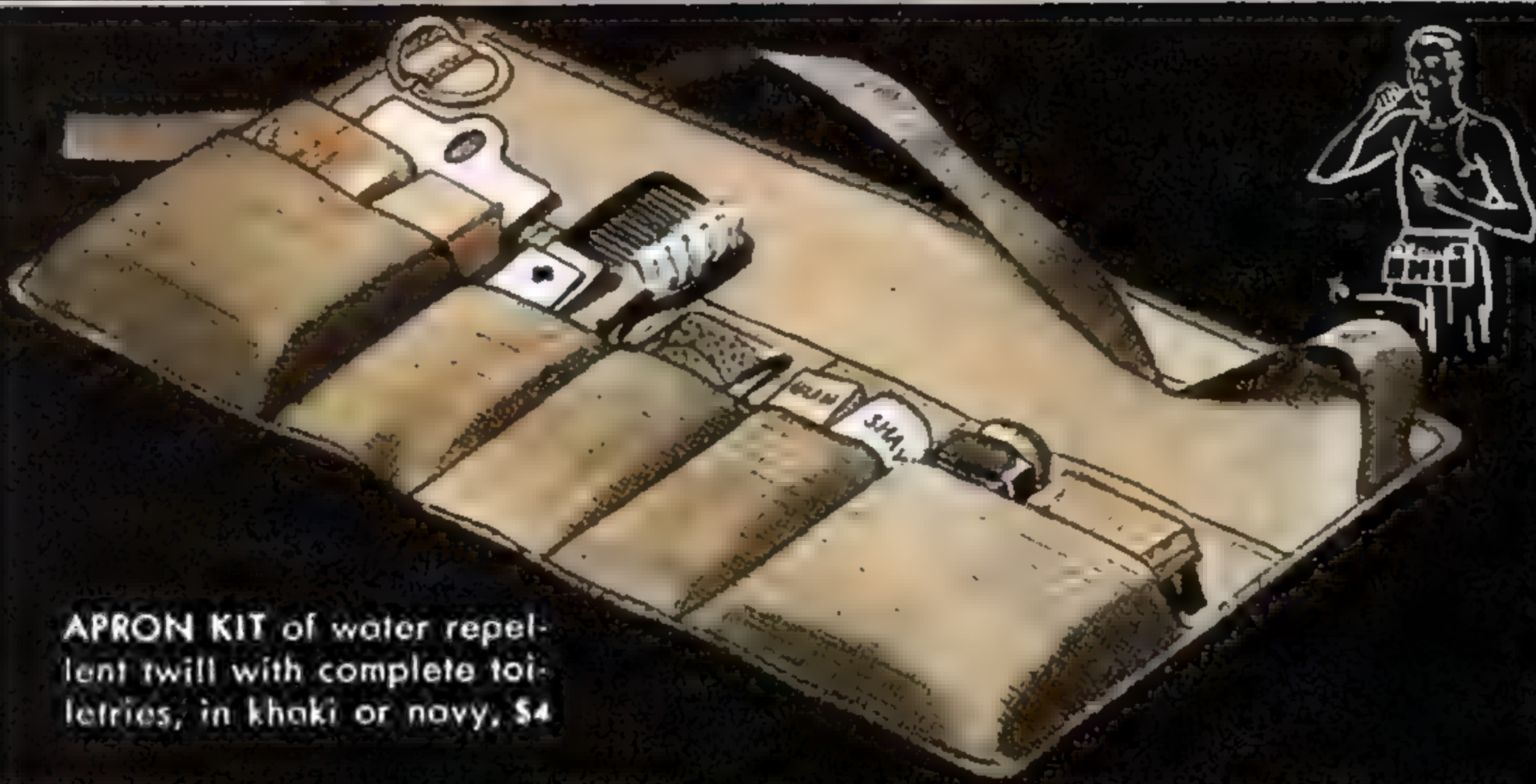
"FURLOUGH" collapsible bag of water repellent twill, 16 inches, spacious, ideal for weekend trips, in khaki or navy, \$5



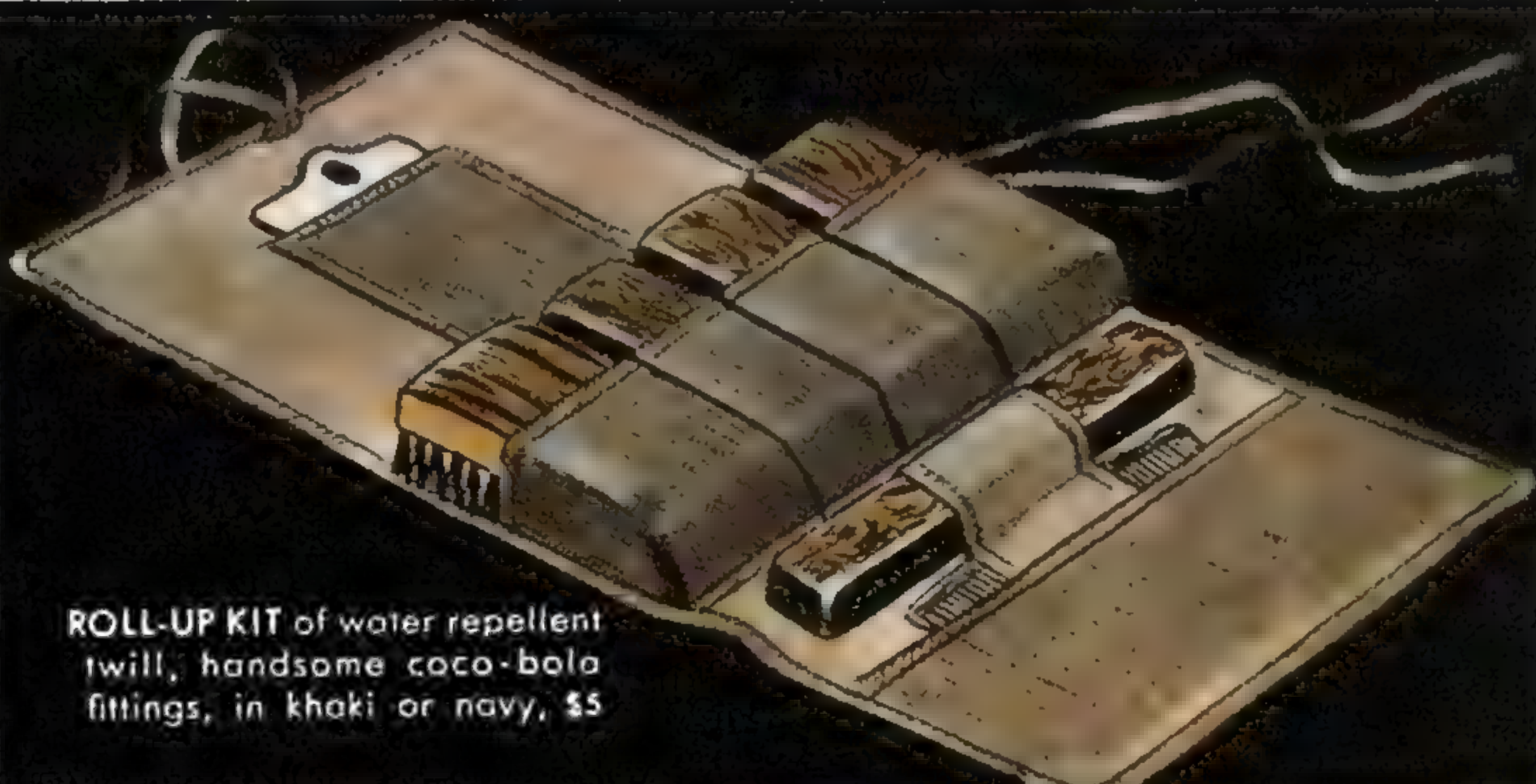
ROLL-UP KIT of water repellent twill with satinwood fittings, in khaki or navy, \$3.50



SEWING KIT of water repellent twill, completely equipped, in khaki or navy, \$1.50



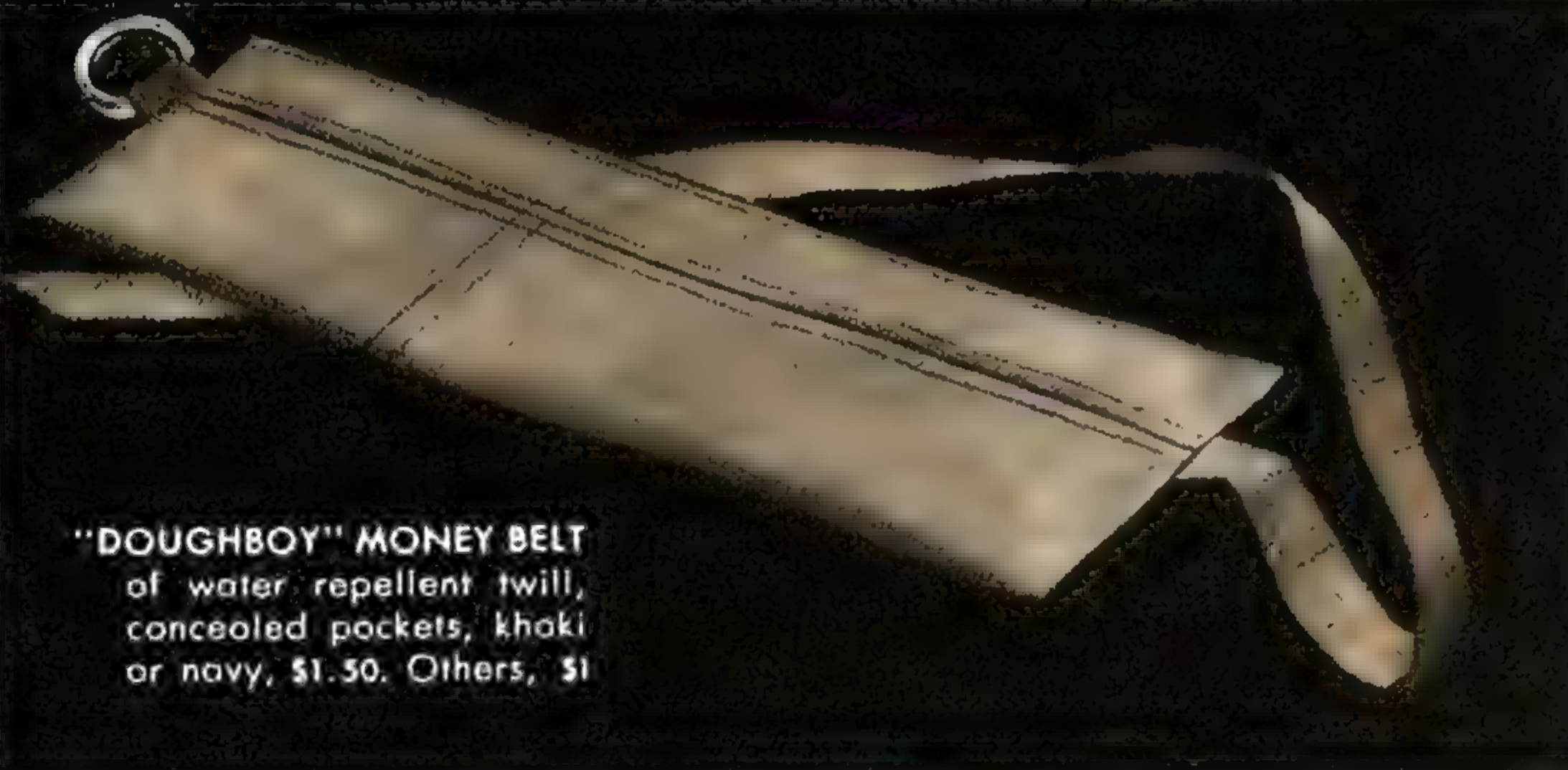
APRON KIT of water repellent twill with complete toiletries, in khaki or navy, \$4



ROLL-UP KIT of water repellent twill, handsome coco-bola fittings, in khaki or navy, \$5



VICTORY KIT, water repellent, with complete toiletries, khaki, \$2.50



"DOUGHBOY" MONEY BELT of water repellent twill, concealed pockets, khaki or navy, \$1.50. Others, \$1



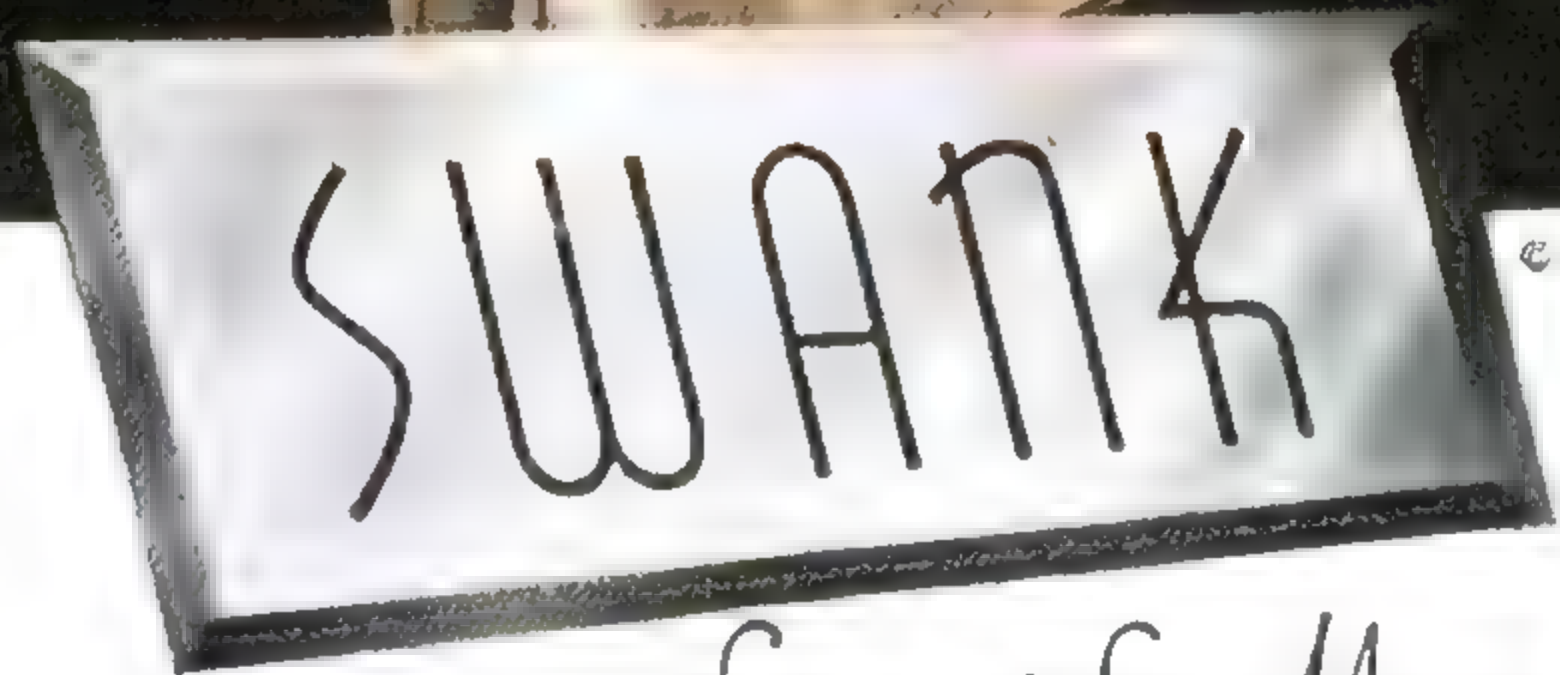
WRITING CASE, fully equipped, with army or navy insignia, \$1.50



SHOE SHINE KIT, simulated leather, with complete accessories, khaki or navy, \$2. Others, \$1

SERVICE MEN'S GIFTS WITH A 1-A RATING

It's no military secret that the boys are delighted when they receive come-in-hand gifts like these. Designed to make things easier for them and to take up little room ...quality assured by the name of Swank. Attractively packaged for gift giving.



famous for Men's Jewelry

© Swank Inc., Attleboro, Mass.



BELTS that can take a Pounding...while you hand one out!

Belts from TexTan of Yoakum, Texas, are tough...sturdy...to meet the heavy duty demands of a working, fighting America. The very finest of full grain saddle leather goes into them...cowhide at its best...as durable as an Apache's war shield.

The finer TexTans are honest-to-gosh tooled by hand by leather loving craftsmen who follow the highest traditions of their ancient frontier art. In these hand tooled belts each one is an "exclusive," differing in some degree from all others. The designs are as colorful as a hard-bitten Ranger's vocabulary...as beautiful as bluebonnets in bloom.

TexTan's Texas Ranger and Saddle Craft Belts and Billfolds are yours for the hardest service wartime work can hand out...yet their styling is as eye-catching as the trim ankle of a Palomino filly.

Genuine hand tooled belts \$3.50 to \$6.00
Other styles; embossed, tooled, padded . . \$1.00 to \$3.50

TEXTAN'S IN THE FIGHT making war essentials—Military Saddles, Halter Leads, Helmet Chin Straps, Kits, Bags, Straps and many other items. We know you realize these items receive preference over TexTan Belts and Billfolds.



by **TexTan**
OF YOAKUM, TEXAS



Should you fail to find TexTan merchandise where you shop, write for name of nearest dealer

From Bazookas to the Moon

Continued from page 59

powerful than the most powerful explosive used in war.

Setting himself this seemingly impossible task, Goddard and his associates moved to a remote ranch in an isolated section of New Mexico. Discarding the powder and other explosives used by Germany as yielding too little energy for their weight, he began experimenting with liquid fuels. After years of dangerous research he perfected in his laboratory a rocket chamber of astonishing efficiency—about 200 times more efficient than the best airplane engine, and powered with a furious energy ten times as powerful as TNT.

The first test of the Goddard rocket was made on July 17, 1929, on a military proving ground. The rocket shot at frightful speed up into the air to about 500 feet and then exploded. It had been planned to keep this test a secret but the explosion terrified the countryside for miles around. Goddard returned to New Mexico and resumed his search for a means of controlling this terrific energy, and strengthening the power chamber of the rocket so it would remain intact in flight. On September 9, 1934, the first successful liquid-fueled rocket flight was made, the rocket traveling for nearly a mile and attaining a speed of about 750 miles an hour. In later experiments the rockets carried fins—a gyroscope invented by Goddard—which kept the projectiles level in their course.

It was the Russians under the pressure of the German invasion who supplied the first notable war use of the rocket. In doing this they made a complete mental break with the past. Previously, except for the experiments of the Germans, all rocket research had the object of hurling a solid body as high as possible. Some unknown Russian scientist turned this idea upside down. He conceived the idea of a rocket bomb speeding down to earth rather than flying up into space.

It was these Soviet rocket bombs, together with the rocket guns which appeared on the front a little

later, which were largely responsible for the collapse of the German invasion. Russia has now permitted some of the results accomplished by these two rocket war weapons to become known to the world. In a recent authoritative British technical magazine these Soviet weapons are recognized as of revolutionary importance, and British experts are already considering the possibility that the rocket bomb may make dive bombing obsolete.

The rocket bomb when aimed from an airplane, aided rather than retarded by the pull of gravity and propelled by its own power, is described as shooting downward at the speed of an artillery shell, passing other dropped bombs almost as if the latter were standing still. Hitting with tremendous penetrating power, they easily destroy the heaviest tanks and most powerful defense positions. Of almost equal importance is the remarkable accuracy with which they can be aimed, due to the stabilizing fins similar to those invented by Goddard. As a weapon for striking terror into the heart of the enemy, shooting downwards with belching flames and an earthquake roar, they make the screaming bombs of the Germans mere peeps by comparison.

During the early months of this war a deep shroud of secrecy surrounded one of the new weapons of the United States Army. Even before this weapon had been used in battle, while it was still being tested on the proving grounds, our military experts were so convinced that it marked the end of the dominance of the tank on land, that they ordered an immediate change in the scheduled production of tanks in this country. This long-secret weapon is the famed bazooka, which is a direct result of the research of our scientists in trying to perfect a rocket that would reach the ionosphere. The bazooka is a rocket anti-tank gun whose powered projectile, steadied in its course by fins, strikes with such terrific force that it can penetrate any tank now in service. Its

Continued on page 118



"We must remember to have that riveter taken out of the tail"

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT



"We'uns promised the blood bank a quart . . . reckon Paw has any?"

GASOLINE DONORS CAN HELP, TOO!

Become a gasoline donor by giving your spark plugs a "Plug-Chek." Tests conducted by The American Automobile Association show Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service can increase gas mileage as much as 12%!

As simple an operation as cleaning and regapping your present plugs may do the trick.

A proved spark plug inspection service, "Plug-Chek" is offered exclusively by Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealers.

Stop for a "Plug-Chek" today—and if inspection by your service man shows new plugs should be installed, be sure to insist on Auto-Lites—the spark plug that is Ignition Engineered!

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

TOLEDO, OHIO • Merchandising Division • SARNIA, ONTARIO



Color and condition tell whether spark plugs are operating properly or wasting gas and power. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is the first step in restoring new life to "spark-weary" engines.

IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING A LONG LIST OF ITEMS FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR



DO YOU FEEL LIKE **THIS** WHEN YOU WEAR A RAINCOAT?

Why put up with it when you can buy raincoats treated with Wat-a-tite?

Wat-a-tite is a **LASTING** finish (applied to many different brands of garments) which repels rain and snow even after several dry cleanings; yet it leaves the fabric **POROUS**,—lets air in and out—prevents excessive perspiration—that “clammy” feeling.



What's more the chemicals used in Wat-a-tite do **NOT** weaken the fabric,—actually strengthen it in some cases. So you get more wear for your money.

Wat-a-tite is also available on cotton hats, windbreaker jackets, ski togs and other types of garments. Wat-a-tite raincoats are now on sale at all nine Wallach stores in Metropolitan New York and in other leading stores throughout the country.

Look for the Wat-a-tite Label

Mount Hope Finishing Co.
North Dighton, Mass.



Wat-a-tite

Trade Mark Registered

A LASTING WATER REPELLENT FINISH

From Bazookas to the Moon

Continued from pages 59-116

success in helping to drive the Axis forces out of Africa more than met every expectation of our armed forces.

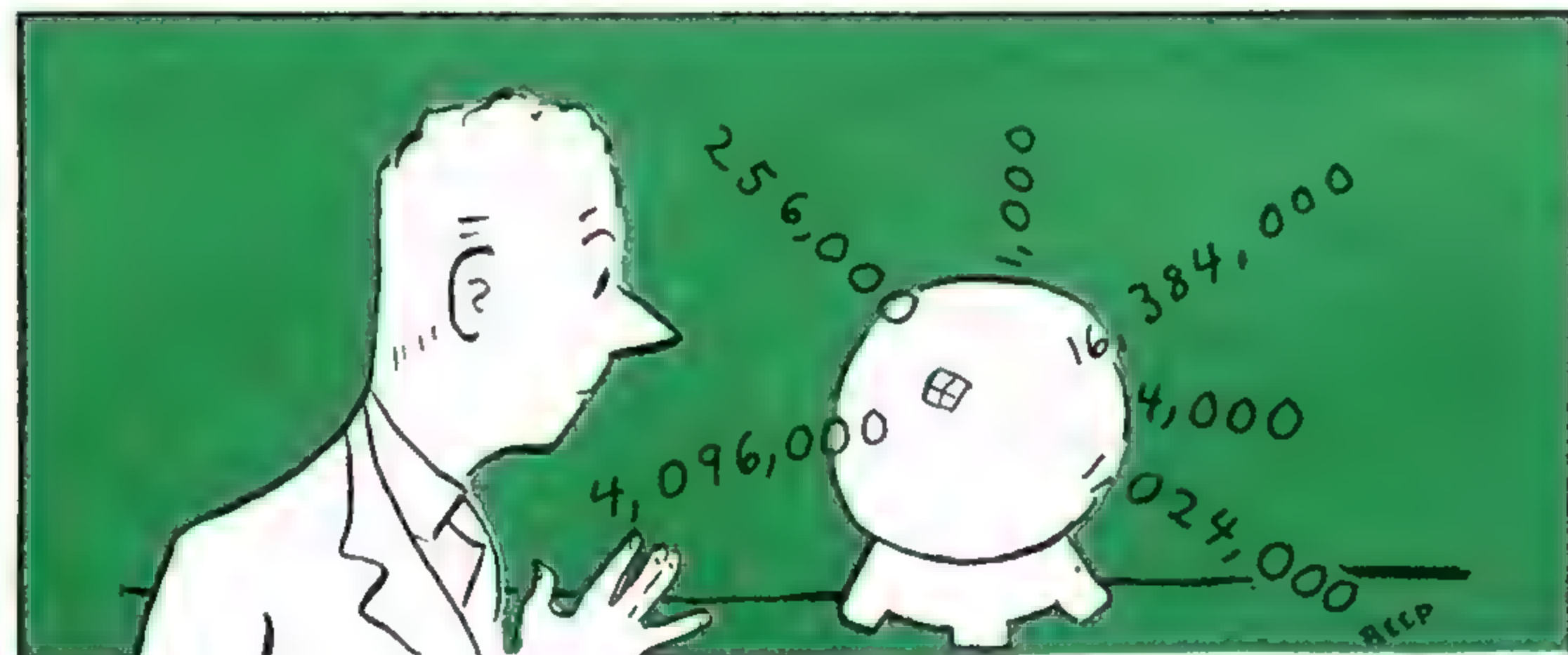
The latest use of the rocket has been for the protection of convoys at sea. Here it is being used by the British as an adaption of the balloon barrage thrown around London, with the myriad of steel wires hanging down to earth. Some of the ships used in convoys to Russia are equipped with guns to shoot rockets into the air on the approach of enemy planes. At a great height these rockets are timed to release parachutes supporting a large number of steel wires, the lower ends of which are attached to the ship. The result is that unless a dive bomber approaching the convoy quickly changes its course, it is in danger of becoming entangled in these wires. Without slowing its speed the ship can recover these wires and attach them to another rocket.

One of the important rocket societies in this country is the American Rocket Society. Members of this society, which include a number of business and professional men, believe that there will be wide popular interest in rocket flights with the ending of this global war, similar to the great interest in airplanes following World War I. At the present rate of progress, astronauts expect that rocket ships will be making regular trans-Atlantic trips within a

few years, traveling at about 3,000 miles an hour through the stratosphere. Guided by automatic control, and through arresting devices landing more gently than an airplane, these rockets will carry passengers, mail and express.

Astronauts claim that trans-Atlantic rocket flights are less fantastic than the idea of such flights by airplanes were fifty years ago. Tests are continually being made of the various arresting devices suggested for checking the speed of the rocket. One such device consists of wings used to help stabilize the rocket in flight, but which through the pushing of a button can be made to revolve like the propellers of an autogyro and bring the rocket gently to earth. Another device is to reverse the direction of the rocket when it prepares for a landing, thus using the power of the rocket to check its terrific speed.

After rocket trans-Atlantic flights have been in operation for a short time, astronauts say they will then be ready for the first flight through space to the moon or one of the planets. There will be no shortage of volunteers for this first trip. A number of applications have already been received for seats on the rocket ship. One rocket enthusiast is so convinced the trip will be successful that he has already applied for a seat and filed a claim in Washington for a title to the land on the moon. #



Prediction

Inside of ten years or maybe less there will be no more radio comedy shows on account of the fact that this country will have run out of all available comedian material. Here is the way I figure it:

As soon as a star gets a show of his own and is thus a full-fledged star in his own right, he begins apportioning the laughs to other obscure members of his cast, reserving only the best ones for himself. Pretty soon the various stooges are getting more laughs than the star himself. People begin to ask, "Who is that funny man on the Tom Grogan show who keeps screaming: 'I'm just before dying!'" or "Who is that crazy girl on the Pete Drake hour who laughs like a seal?" Pretty soon it becomes known that they are Joe Verrick and Gertie Paylsen.

And then what happens! A few months later Toasted Herringseals Breakfast Food announces that it is putting on a big-time radio show featuring that famous star, Joe Verrick, and Utopia Crackerspread comes through with a four-star program emceed by that noted comedienne, Gertie Paylsen. And a month or so after that, Joe and Gertie are voluntarily handing over a major share of laughs to a new assortment of stooges who squeal, talk doubletalk, imitate macaws or otherwise monopolize the limelight. And a few months later these no-longer anonymous stooges are now—well, you get the idea.

Now let's break this down mathematically. Let us say there are now ten major comedy programs averaging two stooges apiece. That means that next year these twenty stooges will inaugurate twenty new programs with *three* stooges apiece. Which means that in 1945 we can look for sixty more with *four* stooges—who will produce a total of two hundred and forty new shows in 1946. The following year it will approach 1,000. Then 4,000. 16,000. 64,000. 256,000. 1,024,000. 4,096,000. 16,384,000.

Now do you see what I mean?

—PARKE CUMMINGS

A is for Ancient... **A** is for Age...

AA is for the whiskey of the flavor years

How Ancient Age*, made
back in peace-time, re-creates
the tastes of a calmer,
quieter day! What a glow of
olden hospitality in this
gracious, traditional whiskey, made
in the ancient and honorable
way! So, even if this mellow whiskey
may on occasion be unavailable,
you may still look with favor on
that quaint "AA" symbol of...

Ancient **A**ge

**Note:* all facilities of Ancient Age are devoted to the production of alcohol for war. All Ancient Age whiskey now available, was made in peace-time.



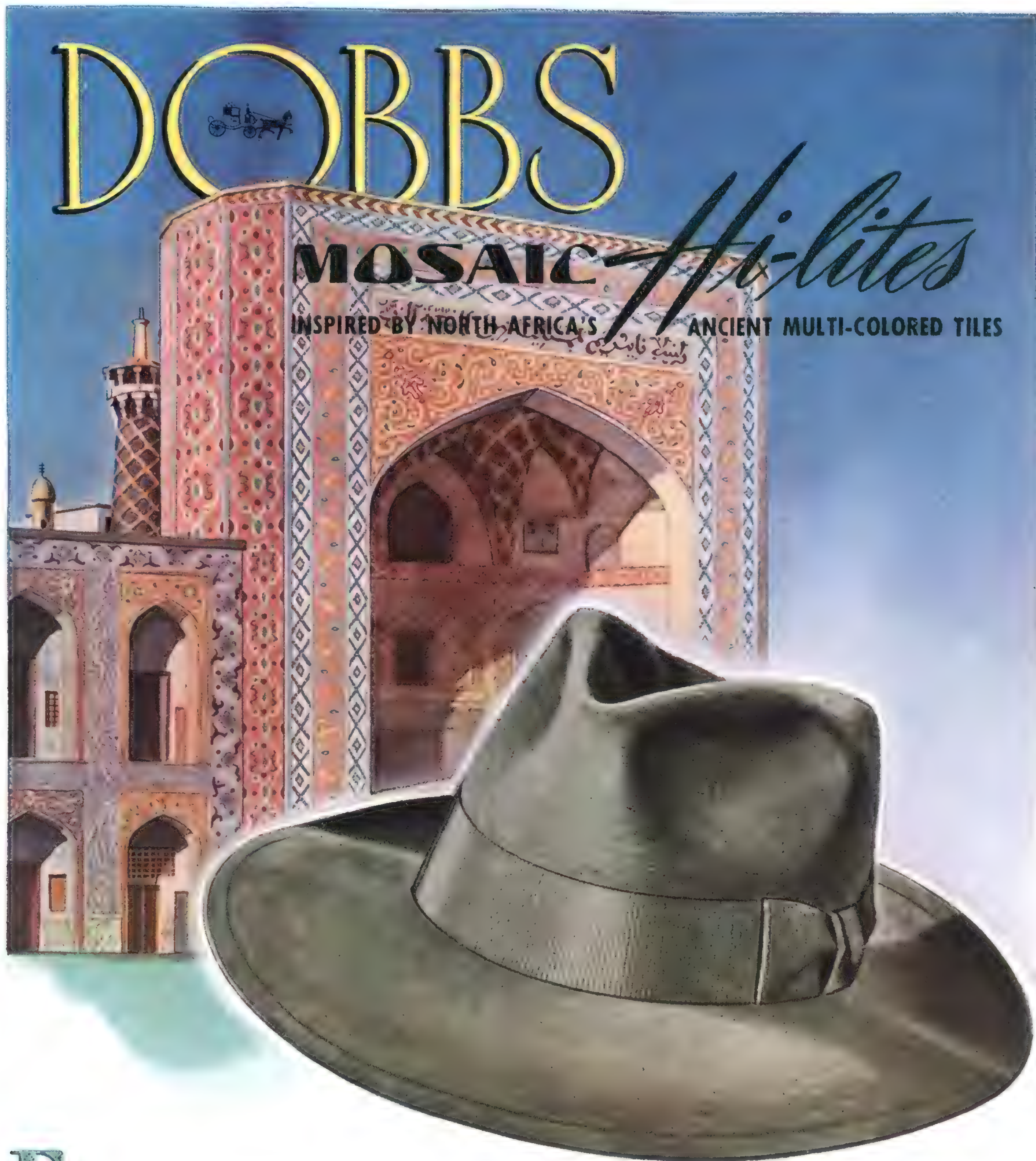
You, dear reader, now gaze upon a "Blackamoor", who formerly gazed upon the guests out of his plaster-of-Paris personality and grandpa's own Turkish Corner. Oh! Those 1880's. Ah! That pleasurable, colorful, and satisfying ancient age!



blue ribbon accessories

Regardless of the colors of those service ribbons worn by members of our armed forces to designate theaters of action and deeds of heroism, they are all blue ribbons—first prize in the greatest competition in history. And our civilian friend seems to appreciate this as he wistfully fingers the decorations on the chest of the Marine officer. But he has carried admiration still further by wearing a necktie of Campaign Colors whose tones have been inspired by American Service Ribbons. To go with the tie and to keep him decent, he wears a striped Cheviot suit, broadcloth shirt, snap brim felt hat and brown shoes. Sketched at the side are other "blue ribbon" accessories. At the top is a tie in Middle East Maroon, Far East Green and Africa Brown. The other tie utilizes Africa Brown, Far East Green and Asiatic Gold. The socks, suspenders, and garters also combine these Campaign Colors.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



Easiest way to feel like a million dollars in War Bonds . . . top off your suit with Dobbs' newest triumph, the Mosaic Hi-Lite Hat, and walk out looking for new worlds to conquer. The semi-tapered crown

creates an effect of trim balance. The Mosaic Hi-Lite cannot look *top-heavy*, even on the man with smaller features. Cleverly designed, flowing brim. Definitely a hat that does something for you . . . \$10.

Other Fine Dobbs Hats—\$6.50 to \$40

New York's Leading Hatters **DOBBS** *Retail Store: Park Avenue at 53rd*

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

There is nothing better in the market

BOTTLED BOND

OLD FORESTER

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.

DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INC.,
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF

BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

The Island of Sea Bears

Continued from page 54

problem was bad enough without them. We could not afford to risk a charge by a ton of lumbering sea lion while we were waist deep in the breakers, trying to hold the boat head-on to the seas and haul it up to safety.

Twice Benson and Gunderson let the dory drift in to the breakers and twice the nearest bulls lurched down to meet us, roaring, and we retreated. But the third time, with six of us yelling in unison, their nerve gave way. The scarred old veteran directly in front of us wheeled and lumbered across the beach. On his heels five or six others went loping off in clumsy bounds. Instantly the oarsmen let the dory go aground and the rest of us piled over the gunwales into the surf.

We had entered a strange farmyard of the sea. The sights and sounds and smells of Bogoslof were without a counterpart in the world.

Sea lions by the thousands were around us, the pale brown Steller sea lions of the north. Giant bulls, smaller cows and awkward, black-brown pups covered the boulder-dotted slope of the island. They upreared to bawl their displeasure or swam in the sea just offshore. The dark sand of the beach was packed as if steam rollers had passed over it. Big, shallow, circular beds showed where the huge bulls had sprawled.

The noise of the mighty herd was endless. Day or night while they are ashore, the sea lions are never silent. The cry of the old bulls is a grunting, bawling roar. At a little distance it sounded astonishingly like the sudden starting of an outboard motor.

The cows are far smaller than their harem masters, weighing not more than three hundred to five hundred pounds, and their call is a softer bellow. The pups give voice almost exactly like the bleating of a domestic lamb. Standing among the pups after we had driven the adult animals out of the harem areas, it was easy to imagine we were in a sheep pen back

in the midwestern United States.

Over all the island there hung a strong feral smell that the sea wind could not carry away. This was a place of beasts, smelling and looking and sounding as the earth did in its youth.

No one has counted the sea lions on Bogoslof. Their number has been estimated at three thousand to four thousand but if an accurate census is ever taken I shall not be surprised to learn there are ten thousand animals in the herd, old and young together.

Like the fur seal to which he is related, the sea lion comes on land to mate and care for his young in the early weeks of their lives. The great Bogoslof herd spends only the summers on the black sand beaches. The rest of the year they live at sea, hauling out on shore only for brief periods of rest.

While the breeding season lasts each bull old and tough enough to acquire and defend a harem gathers around him as many cows as he can, averaging ten to twenty. The bull must battle any rival that challenges him, including those in charge of neighboring harems. The bull that is unable to hold his own in the endless fighting soon finds himself wifeless, driven off to bachelor quarters higher on the beach.

The harem areas on Bogoslof, each fairly well defined and defended by its owner, are crowded so closely together that the members can reach out and sniff noses, and frequently do. But woe to the cow that tries to stray into the quarters of a rival bull. The lord of her harem rushes at her, roaring and slashing, to drive her home.

There is hardly a more stupid looking and unappealing infant in the world of mammals than the pup sea lion. He is covered with silky, dark brown hair but the charm of his pelt is completely offset by his round, bullet-like head and strange doltish face, his awkward flippers, and his clumsiness as he crawls or lurches in a gait which is not unlike that of

Continued on page 124

It's your kind of shoe

If you're the kind who wants the utmost in comfort for these fast-paced days, Footsavers are your shoe. Footsavers—finest of Bostonians—are built for walking pleasure. Built to combine the finer fit, the sturdier construction, the distinguished style that make a superlative shoe. *Formal*, illustrated, is a good case in point. Fine luxura calf, handsomely styled. \$11.50 to \$12.95. Made by Bostonians, Whitman, Mass.



Footsaver Shoes

BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST



"Notice how much better Thatcher is doing since I took him off a regular salary and put him on piece work rates?"

The Island of Sea Bears

Continued from pages 54-123

an overgrown measuring worm.

He spends his time sprawled on the beach, bleating almost continuously unless he is suckling at the breasts of his ungainly, ursine mother. His one worry is to avoid the trampling flippers of the bulls as they rush heedlessly through the harems to meet a rival's challenge or herd a truant cow back where she belongs. We found scores of pups trampled to death.

The bull lions were as ready to defend their harems against us as against one of their own kind. They faced us, grunting and roaring. If we edged closer the bawling grew more vehement and angry. They upreared on their flippers, swaying their massive necks and shoulders back and forth, working up a rage as a domestic bull does by pawing the ground. In that mood they were all bear, from their round, snub-nosed heads down to the great flippers planted aggressively on the sand. Even the swaying motion was strangely bearlike. They roared with heads thrown back and mouths agape, baring the big, stiletto-sharp canines that arm the lower jaw. We could look literally down their throats at each angry bellow. More than one threw himself flat on his belly as his rage mounted and gored his blunt snout into the sand and

gravel of the beach, throwing the dirt aside with a savage toss of his head. That was the final warning. If we stood our ground in the face of that threat he lurched upright again and pounded across the sand in a lumbering charge.

A man is in no danger from that ponderous attack unless he loses his footing. The best speed of the great sea bears on land hardly equals that of a running man, even for a few yards. The bulls we approached too closely made a few savage lunges at us, covering no more than thirty or forty feet, and then gave up the chase. But a man who fell in front of a charging bull would be killed or badly mauled before he could get away. In their battles for ownership of a cow they strike with their heavy teeth as fast as a snake. Whatever hold they get, they follow up the advantage instantly with a vicious twist of the head. The power of the great neck muscles is enough to shake a 2,000-pound opponent from head to tail or rip the four-inch canines out of his flesh.

Luckily for the sea bears, their pelts have no commercial value. No silken robe underlies the coarse, yellow-brown hair and so the skins fetch no price in the fur markets of the world. The lions are not worth hunting for their oil and they lack the ivory that

has always doomed the walrus.

The primitive Aleutian depended chiefly on the sea lion for meat. The blubber yielded oil for food, for cooking and for heating and lighting the *barabara*, the sod-roofed dugout that was his year-round home.

Pelts of the sea bears served for rugs on the earthen floor of the *barabara*. With them, too, he covered the skin-lashed, wooden frame of his open *baidar*, Aleut version of the Eskimo *umiak*, the big, multi-passenger, cargo canoe, and his *bidarka*, the smaller, two-man *kayak* used by the hunters. The *baidar*, covered with waterproofed canvas in place of sea lion skins, was still in common use in the Aleutians and on the Fur Seal Islands up to the time the war began.

Skin of the flippers make soles for Aleut boots and sea lion gutlets supplied the waterproof tops. Sea lion intestines are sewn together to make the *kamlyka*, Aleutian raincoat, transparent and waterproof as rubber. Sea lion sinew was the native's thread and sea lion stomachs, inflated and dried, were excellent containers for the clear oil rendered from the blubber. The Pribilof Aleuts staged a big sea lion hunt to insure the winter's supply of meat. On St. Paul Island the drive was

eleven miles long, from the hauling ground of the sea bears on Northeast Point to the village of St. Paul. The natives spent two or three weeks rounding up a catch, holding the growing herd in a flimsy corral made by stretching a single strand of rope or hide to stakes from which strips of cloth fluttered in the wind.

When two or three hundred sea lions had been taken the long drive began. In cool wet weather it took five or six days, traveling day and night, for the strange, shuffling caravan to reach the village. If the weather was warm and dry the sea bears needed three or four weeks to cover the eleven miles.

The natives still prize the meat and make considerable use of it but the autumn hunts and the great drives are no more, since the white man's food has largely replaced sea lion flesh.

The giant sea cow of the North was exterminated to supply meat for otter hunters. The otter is near extinction. But the fur seal has been preserved in the teeming rookeries of the Pribilofs and the sea lion summers in thousands on the black sand beach of Bogoslof. It is not too much to hope that the isolation of those northern oceans and his lack of value will keep the big sea lion safe. #

Fighting Men need Fighting Clothes!



Anti-aircraft teams...Torpedomen...
Rangers...*their battledress must be*
built for easy, split-second action!

Men on the home front, too, *must*
have action-free clothes. That's why
more and more men are demanding
BLOCK made-in-California activity
wear. They know that the BLOCK
label insures sportswear well made
....well tailored....well designed.

Block Leather Jackets
with exclusive ball-bearing shoulders

Block Weatherbirds
water-repellant...wind-resistant

Block Sportshirts
for solid comfort on the job or off

BLOCK

Sportswear

Made in California by H & L BLOCK
1563 Mission Street, San Francisco, Calif.



AFTER THIS WAR... An Ever READY America!

By L. B. ICELY, President

BUT for the grace of God, and the protecting breadth of our oceans, *we* might have been another France, another Poland, or another Greece.

With this fearful lesson on the value of preparedness still fresh in mind, let us here and now *resolve*, as a nation, that *never again* shall America be caught physically unprepared and untrained.

Our national purpose in this war is to help establish worldwide peace and freedom.

But—let us resolve that *from this war on*, America shall be a *physically fit, ever ready people*.

First—let us see that our returning fighters are kept in good condition, through participation in organized sports and vigorous games, to form the nucleus of the new, *physically fit* America.

Through compulsory Physical Training in our schools, colleges and universities, let us train *all* of America's youth, from the beginning, to be robust, strong and adept in the skills and agilities that the war has proven are best developed by

football, basketball, baseball, tennis, boxing, and other American competitive sports.

Let us broaden the application of Industrial Recreation so that *all* the millions of young men and women who work in our great industrial plants may have access to organized sports and games that will keep *them* healthy and vigorous.

Let there be more golf clubs, more tennis and badminton courts, more play fields and gymnasiums, and organized participation in them by more business executives and office workers.

Let there be more help for that part of the youth of America whose only playgrounds are the sand lots of our cities and towns.

As a vital factor in our Postwar planning let us establish new and higher physical standards *for every person in America*.

Let us resolve that, not only our industrial and economic machinery, but our millions of Human Machines, shall be physically equal to the challenge of our job as leaders in world restoration and progress after the war.

Let us now, therefore, dedicate this great, democratic nation of ours to the proposition that all men everywhere are entitled to Freedom from Fear, Freedom from Want, Freedom of Speech and Freedom of Worship.

But let us also be a *Nation of athletes*—ever ready, if need be, to sustain our rights by the might of millions of physically fit sports-trained, freedom-loving Americans.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., and Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

Wilson

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



The Brewster
Style 4322
Leather Sole
Rubber Heel

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

FOR ADDED STYLE MILEAGE

In shoemaking there are interesting differences in purpose and skill. One maker builds a shoe. Another aims at wearer satisfaction. The Nunn-Bush reputation for merit in fit, comfort, and enduring style is the result of helpful extra operations and diligent effort. We are guarding that reputation. Choice selections of materials are not now always available. *But the relative reasons for choosing Nunn-Bush shoes in peacetime exist in compensating measure today.*



Nunn-Bush
Ankle fashioned
Oxfords

Most Styles
\$10.00 to \$13.50

The Cordova
Style 4520
Dura-Sole
Rubber Heel

See your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • Manufacturers • MILWAUKEE

Portrait Above the Fireplace

Continued from page 56

"Sleep, John. Rest. Go to sleep." Too weak to marvel he sank back and drifted off.

When he was able to sit up he remembered. He could look at her now. There was an actual interchange of thought between them. At a critical moment she had controlled him for his good. He didn't call her "Babe" any more. It wasn't respectful. He saw the beautiful portrait like a jewel out of place in the ratty little furnished room.

Mrs. Long was outraged when he moved out. He found in a better neighborhood a large, bright room with good things in it, newly decorated, pretty draperies at the sunny windows. The new landlady admired the portrait. "Who was it?" she asked.

John did not have time to think. The words came without volition. "This was my mother."

Immediately the woman looked at him with respect. A man with a family portrait like that—a very aristocratic lady in an expensive background—he must come from important people. She had been pointing out the excellencies of the room. Now she said meekly, "I hope you find everything satisfactory, Sir."

Alone with the picture John smiled. "It isn't good enough for you but I hope you like it better—Mother."

But John was no angel. Not long after this the landlady had reason to believe that a young man descended from the upper classes was much like other men. John stumbled in after a night with the bunch and sat bleary-eyed, mumbling, "Wazza mazzer, Muzzer. Jus' a lil' stinko, thas-sall." She looked at him with such freezing contempt that he turned out the light and pulled off his clothes in the dark. There was another night that he did not come in at all. He sneaked in Sunday morning and stood turning out his pockets, muttering curses. It was the first time he had gone out stepping since he brought the portrait home. He accidentally turned and there was

the old, cold, haughty stare reading him to the bottom. He saw himself as in a flash of merciless light, drifting, ambitionless, worthless, headed for the ash heap at last. He—to call himself son to a person like that. He held out his hands, "Mother. I'll try. I swear I'll try."

But there was no answer, no softening of the implacable gaze. Mere words would never appease the will that was working on him.

No one could have been more surprised than John to discover himself studying law in night school. Dull and puffy-eyed, worse than after a drunk, he often shuffled into the garage. But he had the strength of body and he discovered that he had the mind. And he had an encouragement that never failed him. The eyes of the picture were proud and hopeful now. There was a night when he laid his head down on his books ready to give up. Then he felt it—soft as a zephyr, infinitely tender, he felt the touch of a hand on his shoulder and he heard the voice again. "Go on, John. You can beat it. Go on."

* * *

Visitors to the handsome bachelor apartment of John Lenner, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, admired the beautiful portrait in the place of honor. Life had changed. He was no longer alone with her, just the two of them together. Now she was out in the open. He had to face the world with her.

"Why, Mr. Lenner, how lovely she is," women would cry. "No wonder you are proud of her."

Some of the older men, acknowledging its beauty and force, stood before the painting wrinkling their brows. "It's something," one said. "I seem to have seen her. That power and authority, you can't mistake it. I wonder where?"

"Probably nowhere." John had developed a system of quiet aloofness on the subject. It was an advantage that his parents had been of such unimportance that when they passed away it was as if they had never been. He confined him-

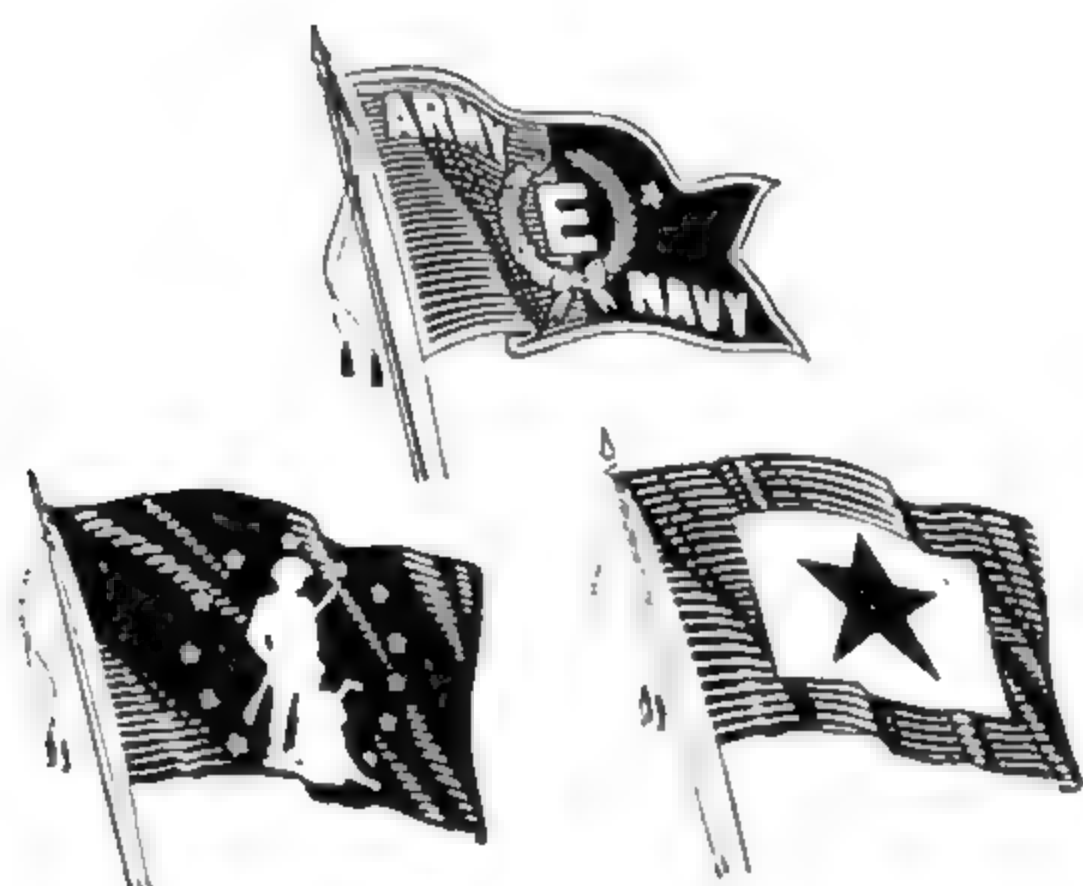
Continued on page 128



RADIONICS*

"AYE, AYE, SIR."

In old English "Aye" meant "Yes." But the Navy's "Aye, Aye, Sir" means far more. It really says . . . "Your order is understood and will be obeyed." The Navy has given Zenith many "orders" since the war began. Our prompt "Aye, Aye, Sir" has, we believe, been justified by the "intelligence and initiative" (as the Navy says) with which these orders have been executed.



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immediately...
the miraculous takes
a little longer"

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—in days of civilian radio, Zenith was proud of its long series of "firsts"—improvements which made radio history and established leadership in the industry.

—today our viewpoint has changed—materially.

—engaged exclusively in war production, the things we have been called upon to do—the tasks we have succeeded in accomplishing, make past improvements in civilian radio literally look like "child's play."

—the work of our engineers in radionics has made the "impossible" possible and accomplished the "miraculous."

*—mark that word "RADIONICS" (with its subdivisions—Electronics, Radar and Radio)—it has brought into reality and being, devices which only a year or so ago came in the "impossible" and "miraculous" categories.

—today Zenith works in the science of radionics for our armed forces alone.

—in that bright "tomorrow" when peace returns—

—we can only say—the post-war radios that Zenith will produce will contain many interesting new developments.

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RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

Portrait Above the Fireplace

Continued from pages 56-126

self to remarking calmly that his mother was a person of such character that she impressed everyone.

Giving himself a background was no problem. The portrait did it for him. He was too proud to talk about it.

So John Lenner came to the time to marry. Constance was of good family and gave him a definite alliance socially. Before the engagement she came to one of his parties. She did not know she was there for inspection. He was looking at the picture, not at Constance, as they stood before it.

"How like her you are," she cried.

"Kind of you to say so." John knew there was no real likeness. The identity was in the way he had matched his ideas and expression to hers.

He chose their house because the drawing room provided an ideal wall space on which to hang the portrait. Surface of the painting long ago had been cared for by a competent artist. The frame, larger, in accord with the dignity of the subject, was a duplicate in design of the original frame. It was the keynote of a fine interior.

"Wonderful portrait, John," said Philip Tressant, one of their new friends, an architect, known as a gay rounder in his younger days. "Beautiful treatment." Tressant's

mouth corners moved as he studied the portrait.

"I'm glad you like it," said John.

"I'm so impressed by what you think of it," said Tressant. "Not many men are so loyal."

"Everything that I am or ever will be I owe to her," said John.

"Splendid." Tressant smiled, looking at John. "It is a fine work. I knew the artist. He is dead now. I'd call this one of his best portraits. How remarkable."

John braced himself. He was cold inside but he could not ask Tressant what he knew of this painting.

A year had passed after his marriage when John came to a crisis in his career. It was one of those turning points in the life of a rising lawyer. He had a chance to grow rich rapidly by giving himself to the legal work of a political group with one foot in the underworld. The problem kept him away from home so much that for a long time he had not been in his own drawing room. One night, upstairs, he tried to talk it over with Constance.

"I can't advise you, dear," she said. "You know how much I love you, but this is something I don't know anything about. You know what is best."

Suddenly John left her and

went down the stairs. He switched on the drawing room lights and crossed in long strides to the fireplace. The hard gaze from the painted eyes hit him like a blow.

Months later on a spring evening John and Tressant were sitting alone at the dinner table after the other guests had left them. Tressant had become a familiar friend. The elderly, clever, cynical architect found something interesting in John.

"Good thing you didn't take on the political gang, John," he said. "When it was known that you turned them down you got the bank business. Fine."

"That wasn't an outfit for a man like me," said John.

Tressant reached for the decanter. His lips were loose. He had had several too many glasses. "Did you consult the picture?" he asked.

"It is sometimes a strange thought," said John slowly, "to realize that she is always with me. Other people might go, friends, even a wife, but she will never leave me."

Tressant sipped and snickered. "John," he said, "I know that portrait."

John had been reading Tressant with a lawyer's eye. John knew this was coming and he was ready for it. "What do you mean?" he

asked dryly, with courtroom composure.

Tressant hesitated, but he went on. "Of course you don't know, John. I hate to think of anyone ever laughing at you. But that is a portrait of Mabel Haynes. She was the Madame of the highest class house in the old district."

For a moment Tressant was scared. He hadn't meant to blurt this out. It was the port. When he dared to look up he was amazed to see John regarding him with a calm smile. "You're drunk, Tressant," he said. "Don't say anything like that again. I know my mother, I guess. If you weren't drunk I wouldn't consider it a joke." John's training as a trial lawyer braced him well. And before his thought was the picture with its straight, hard glance that had guided his life.

Tressant was shaken. "I'm sorry, John," he mumbled. He felt a power in this house that he could not understand. He was never after able to feel that he knew anything about the portrait.

That evening before he went to bed, the last to go upstairs, John stood before the picture. The one fear he had was lifted—that someone would crop up and claim this portrait as that of a relative. That was ended now.

"Goodnight, Mother," he said. #

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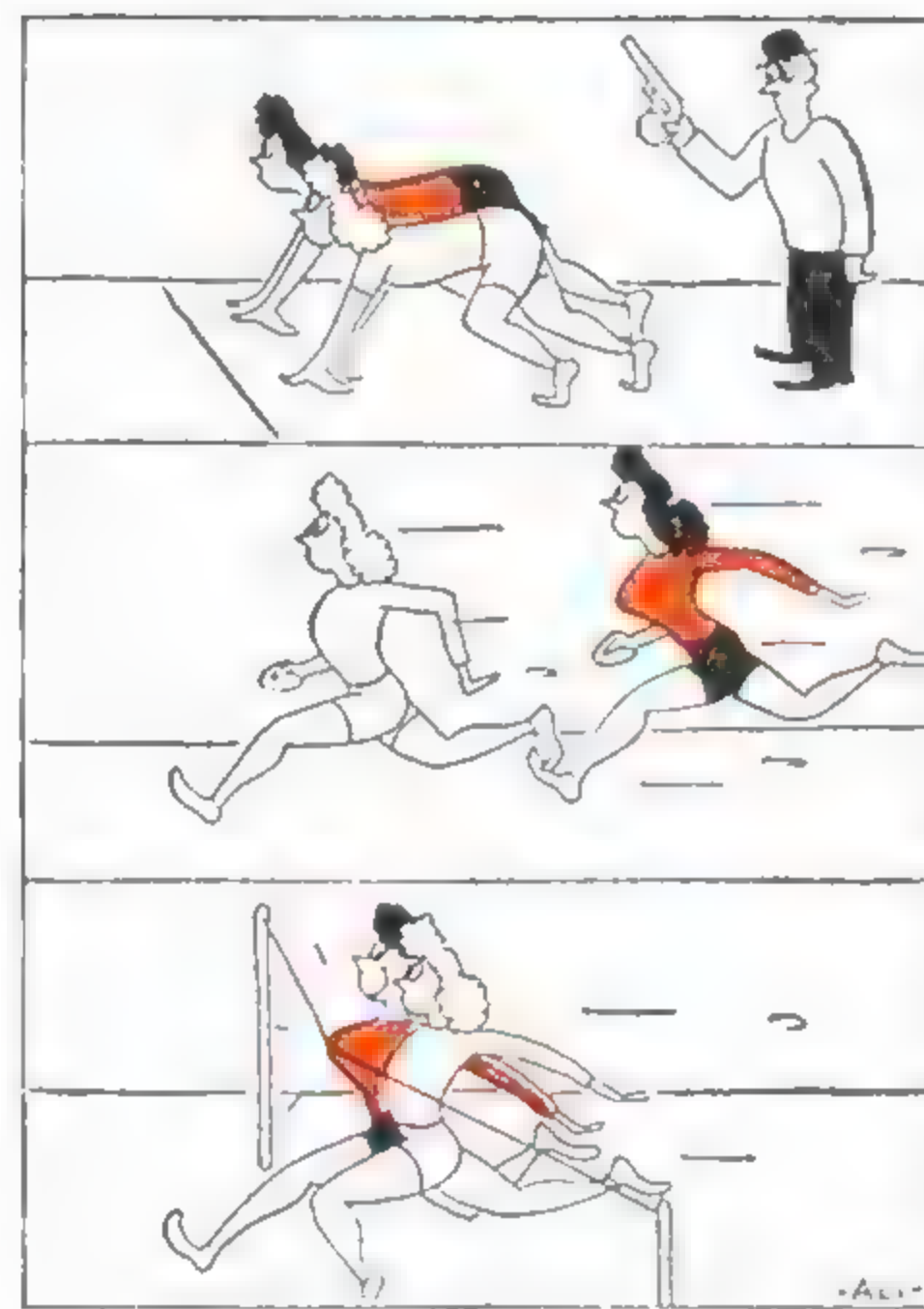
MARLBORO'S "DRESS-WORK" SHIRTS IN PACIFIC FABRICS



The Cards They Play

On poker variations, Chinese Fan Tan, American Black Jack, and the historic British Nap

by ALBERT A. OSTROW



"TEN better," said the American flyer at the Chinese air base. "See ten and ten better," replied the Chinese mechanic.

Everybody else had dropped, in this stud hand. The American had two kings, an ace showing. The Chinese had two kings, a queen and jack. Not to rob him, the American threw in ten and turned over his hole ace.

But the Chinese showed a jack and reached for the pot. "Me got Blaze," he said. "All face cards."

So the American discovered that these trusting allies had learned a poker in which a hand of all pictures beats two pairs. From then on he had to look out for *Big Dog*—an ace high, nine low hand, without sequence or flush, that beat a straight. *Little Dog*—seven high, deuce low, was next below. Then came *Big Tiger*—king high, eight low, and *Little Tiger*—eight high, trey low. *Dutch or Skip Straight*—a consecutive sequence of odd or even cards, beat a *Blaze*. *Round-the-Corner Straight*—like J, Q, K, A, 2—beat three of a kind but was below a regular straight.

The Russian's Preference, resembling bridge, is for three hands and is played with a thirty-two card deck, from the sevens up. Rank of the suits puts hearts at top; then diamonds, clubs and spades. Before the deal all chip to the pool. Ten cards are dealt to each player and two to the "widow."

First round of bidding is to name trump, number of tricks is not contracted for. If all pass, the next and last round of bidding is a cash auction chipped into the pool. Winner picks up the "widow" and discards two, face up. Player to left of declarer leads and the play is as in bridge. Rate of payoff and penalties is decided before the game begins. When the pool is emptied all ante up for a new one.

When Chinese feel like redistributing wealth in a hurry they turn to Fan Tan. This is a bank game. The layout is a card faced down. Corners are numbered one to four. Bets placed on corners split on two

numbers—that of the corner and the number next ahead. Bets placed between corners are straight on the number ahead.

Cards are cut. The dealer takes the larger packet and deals four at a time. The number under four at

the end is the pay off. No cards pays on four. Splits pay even money, straights three to one.

Fast action is the key to Black Jack which the American forces are now spreading.

A British favorite is called "Nap"—short for Napoleon. It is best for four hands. Five cards are dealt, three and two, from a full deck. Each player has one chance to bid the number of tricks he will contract to take. Player left of dealer starts the bidding. The no-trump bid, "Misere," contracts to take no tricks.

Play begins with the declarer leading a trump. As soon as the contract is made or lost the hands are thrown in as there is no bonus penalty. The winner is paid so much per trick by each opponent. If he fails he pays at that rate.

The fat payoffs come with the bids to take all five tricks. Bid of "Nap" calls for a sweep and collects ten counters from each player if it wins. If set the bidder pays five. But a "Wellington" bid, which collects only five for a win and pays out ten for a loss, overcalls "Nap." And "Blucher," which collects ten and pays out twenty, overcalls "Wellington."

This deal could hold plenty of fireworks. West dealer:

North: ♣—4 2 ♦—J 3 2
East: ♦—A K Q ♥—K Q
South: ♠—A K x x x
West: ♣—A Q J x x

North might bid a "Misere" on the good chance of throwing off his diamond Jack. East could bid "Nap" on the reasonable hope that the heart ace might not be in any hand. South won't let East have it as South has too good a chance of killing off spade opposition with his two top honors. So South bids a "Wellington." West is on the spot. If the club king is a singleton, or has not been dealt, he has a "Blucher" cold. ##



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NEUTRAL SPIRITS
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PEORIA, ILLINOIS

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 85

pressive country-wide display of its pretty girl talent.

"As for attractive women in sports," wrote **Faith Baldwin**, "from the news prints I would judge the tennis players to be rather outstanding in looks."

Beatrice A. Shilkrot, Cheyenne, Wyoming, said: "Women are stunning on horseback if they sit their mounts well—and even more important, if they have the figure for riding habits!" **Shirley Untermyer**, Amherst, Massachusetts, voted for tennis.

Neila Cannon, Bellingham, Washington, said: "Skiing is a great sport for women because of the good-looking mannish sport clothes a woman can have and yet look feminine." **Connie McMonagle**, WAC, Arkansas City, Kansas, figured "Women participating in bowling are the best-looking because most other sports are continuous action and who can look their best when they're hot and disheveled?"

Question IV brought forth some pretty definite comments.

"They send attractive ones out for public relations work," explained **Frank K. Leo**, WMBD, Peoria, Illinois, "but there is nothing to indicate that they have benefited particularly from physical training received in service."

"Many a woman, smartly dressed in service uniform," wrote **Banjo Smith**, Columbia, South Carolina, *Record*, "will learn to appreciate the advantages of a good appearance, and will undoubtedly be influenced by the knowledge after she is back in civvies. For that many a discerning male will be thankful."

Russ Van Dyke, WNAX, Yankton, South Dakota, reminded us that: "the Women's Services don't have the time for keeping their hair, complexions, etc., as attractive as they once were. And hard physical training is more conducive to muscle building than to pleasant smooth figures."

"How could any course of military physical training make women more attractive?" asked **Gordon Gilmore**, St. Paul *Dispatch*. "They're pretty attractive now and always have been." The comment of **See Taylor**, Des Moines *Register*, was: "Nothing except new faces would make most of the WACs more attractive." **Shirley Perry**, Plattsburgh, New York, *Press-Republican*, thought the "training may make their figures more attractive, but otherwise, not."

Robert E. Harlow, Sports Editor, Press Association, New York, commented:

Physical training for women in service is going to make them healthier but less attractive. The enticing qualities of a woman are too subtle to be developed by a course in calisthenics. The gymnasium can never take the place of the boudoir as the shrine of feminine charm and grace. There are never any setting-up exercises for the girls in the front room. But can you name any other group of babes who have maintained more popularity through the

ages? Women were made to be the armfuls of men—not to win wars.

Porter Wittich, Joplin *Globe*, reported that: "Other cities may be different, but Joplin has some of the gosh-awfullest-looking women in uniform you ever set eyes upon. I don't believe any kind of training will make them more attractive, but whatever happens to them should be an improvement." **Mrs. George Berkey**, Atlanta, Georgia, held the opinion that "from a health standpoint women doing exercises in the WACs, WAVES, etc., will be more attractive but from a feminine standpoint that will not be true." **Philip R. Jasen**, WTAG Worcester, also felt that: "muscles and gowns don't mix." **Betty Jane Nitsche**, WAVE, Pensacola, voted yes; **Candidate Frank Zahrt**, Camp Berkeley, Texas, voted no.

On this one, Quonset Point Naval Air Station voted 73.07% "yes."

The Naval Air Station at Quonset Point, Rhode Island, was the military guest on the poll. One of the largest naval air stations in the country, Quonset Point fills a triple function in the war. It is one of the most important units of the Narragansett Bay defense area, serves the fleet air arm equally importantly and turns out hundreds of trained officers monthly for air base duty all over the world.

Rear Admiral Ben Morrell picked the site for a new Navy air base years ago in a flight over the Narragansett Bay area, a choice later approved by the Hepburn Board in 1939. First a base for the northeastern "neutrality patrol," it became a major base in a year's time, when contractors fought winter cold and adverse ground conditions to build a \$30,000,000 station in record-breaking fashion. The former exclusive Rhode Island summer colony on its site was wiped out in a few weeks; at least a third of its long runways and hangar sites were pumped out of the bay by furious dredging.

Commissioned July 12, 1941, the station is now under the command of Captain Gail Morgan.

The great assembly and repair shops, in which thousands of civilian employees—men and women—work elbow to elbow with Navy mechanics and metal-smiths, hum with twenty-four-hour activity. The supply and other services function with the day-round efficiency of huge war plants. Every function of the Navy air arm can be served at Quonset.

Besides gunnery, advanced flight and navigation training for enlisted and officer personnel, the Indoctrination School at Quonset is one of the busiest in the nation. Here large groups of experienced business men are indoctrinated in the fundamentals of Navy regulations and air base administration. Largely, their

Continued on page 136



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BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 85-135

billeting relieves flying officers for more intensive war effort.

Compare the voting on Question V with the voting on Question I. You will see the voters remain consistent. As we look at it, it's harder to justify the men's consistency than the women's. If a man says a woman is not a good observer of the sporting code, yet writes her down as one who is deficient in competitive spirit, what the hell's the guy want? One who has the competitive spirit blazing is not going to be a stand-out as one who strictly heeds the legal restrictions of sports laws.

"If you had followed as many female sporting events as I have," wrote **Jill Jackson**, WSMB, New Orleans, "you would know those gals play to win with every ounce of their blood. In fact we've seen some of them cry like babies after losing a game." **Adeline Brewitt**, Exeter, New Hampshire, insisted that the girls have as much "competitive spirit, but are more interested in clothes, social standing, etc." **Dick Freeman**, *Houston Chronicle*, said: "They have much more. The reason, and it's the reason that makes for real competitive sport, is that they hate to lose—whether in pinochle, golf or a pie baking contest." **Clyde E. McBride**, *Kansas City Star*, said: "As a rule they do not

have but they are more vicious in controversy. I believe they lose this spirit and become more sporting as they advance in competitive experience."

Question VI, asked of men voters only, represents a historical milepost in the story of women in sports. The lady who asks stupid questions at sports events seems to be becoming the creature of a gag-writer's imagination.

To baseball probably goes the credit for popularizing women's attendance at sports events. Ladies' Days, with those shrieking, howling hags and the giggling, goofy younger women who came because the show was free, used to be an awful thing. Many a strong man was hauled off to a sanitarium after being exposed to Ladies' Day. But of recent years Ladies' Day has become just another day on the schedule.

"I think King Solomon would have thought twice before answering Question VI," wrote **Wake Bridges**, Hickory, N. C. *Record*. "Whether a woman is a nuisance at a sports event depends on her knowledge of the game, her interest, her enthusiasm. If she nudges you in the ribs and points to some other woman's new hat just as the runner slides into a close play or crosses the goal line, she's nothing short of a nuisance. There

was a day when women had little or no knowledge of sports, but many of them of this age are well versed. For a number of years, a woman school teacher kept statistics for me at football games and helped spot the players."

Charles Young, Albany, New York, *Knickerbocker News*, thought: "Women are anything but a nuisance as spectators at sports events. They have increased the popularity of all sports by their attendance."

Chuck Thompson, WIBG, Philadelphia, added: "Gals in the stands are Okay. One I know is the best grandstand coach I've ever seen at a football game. If she could tell the quarterback how to run a team from her seat in the stands, he'd be a whiz. Maybe she's one in a million."

"The 'nuisance' angle is a myth," insisted **J. P. Woodward**, Plainview, Texas, "for the very ones who complain of their gals' lack of knowledge of sports and object publicly to their silly questions are usually vain males who secretly enjoy the opportunity given by the queries to display their own knowledge of the game to the female fans."

Question VII also was asked only of men.

From considerable of the comment, answers haven't been based

on theoretical contemplation.

"Defeat in any sport, except possibly knitting, by a woman would not make me angry," wrote **Earle D. Wilson**, WNBH, New Bedford, Massachusetts, "but it would be a mortal blow to my self esteem and would send me post haste to the nearest pro in that particular sport, after which, I should seek a return match."

Robert R. Johnson, Beatrice, Nebraska, *Times*, said: "If it did, I'd have given up bowling after the first game my wife and I ever rolled together." **Arthur Markey**, WJAR, Providence, thought: "For a general diet a man is putting himself at a distinct disadvantage in playing for keeps with ladies. There is a certain measure of the Sir Walter Raleigh in all of us—on the links or in a swimming contest, but if they licked me I'd be good and angry."

"I've been beaten by women in bowling and golf," related **Henry F. Grubler**, *Atlantic City Press*. "In each case the lady had a reputation—locally at least—as an outstanding performer at her favorite sport. I felt neither ashamed nor angry. But if any run-of-the-mill lady handed me a defeat in any sport I would certainly be ashamed and angry at myself, especially if the sport happened to be wrestling!" #



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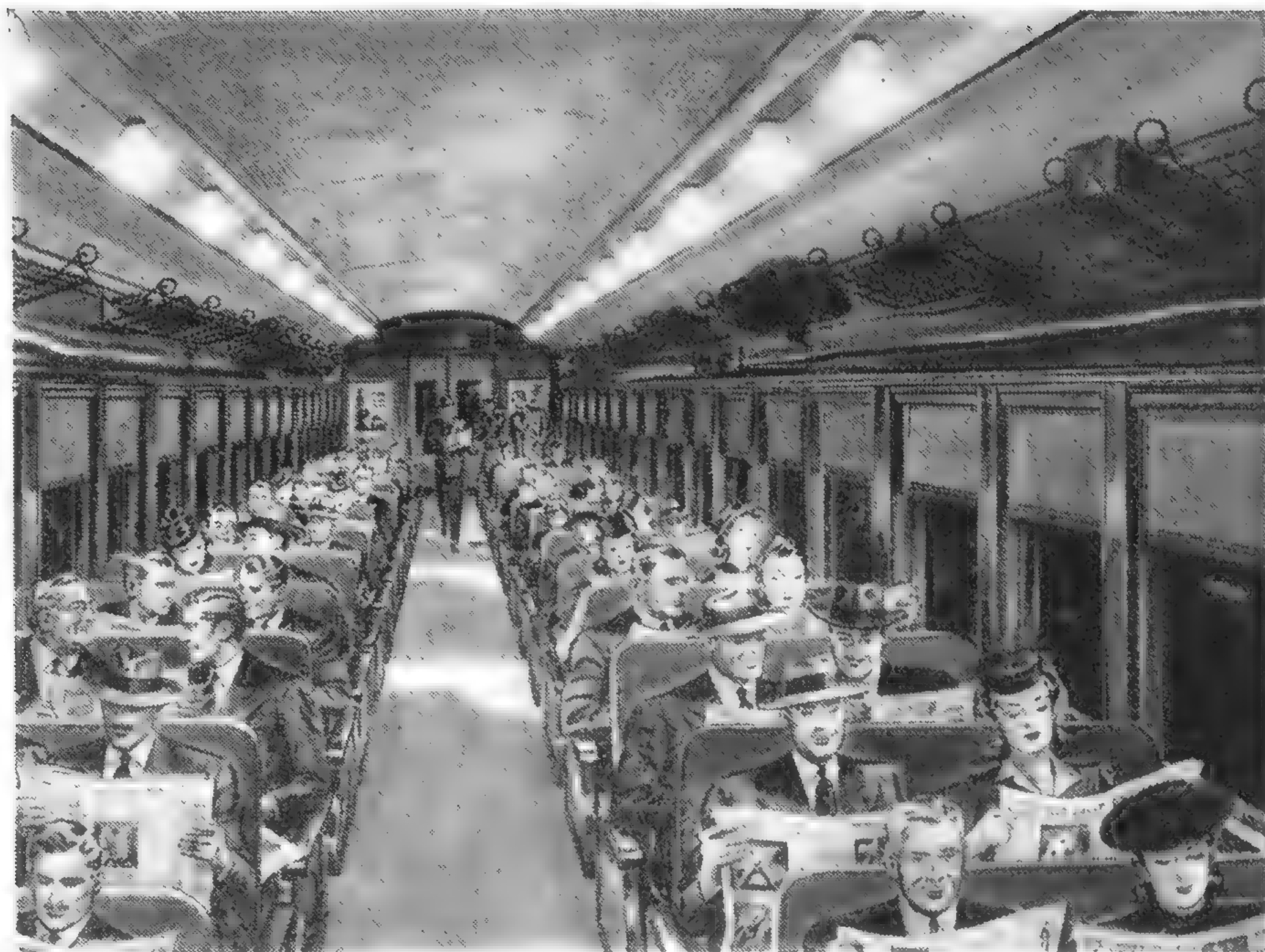
... and here they both are

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THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

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Cradle Heel Tred is available only in Bootmaker Guild Shoes . . . finer shoes that challenge anything within dollars of their price for style and quality. For your dealer's name write the Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin.



• If your Freeman dealer's wartime quota restricts additional purchases of Bootmaker Guilds now, remember them for '44.



Most styles
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FREEMAN MASTER-FITTERS, \$8.75 • FREEMAN FINE SHOES, \$6.95 • FOR MOST STYLES

Soldiers Learn the Hard Way

Continued from page 37

hind, you are struck by the eternal pattern of the war. Basically, soldiers seem to be much the same, on both sides of the lines. Instead of photographs of British girls you find pictures of buxom German fräuleins with blonde braids, or Latin girls with soft dark eyes. Instead of cans of American, or bottles of Australian beer, you find Italian wine or beer from Munich. Just as the British soldier writes Charing Cross, Knightsbridge, or Ellen, or V for victory on the walls of buildings, the German soldier marks the walls with Gretchen, Hofbräu or Heil Hitler.

I remember being particularly impressed with the wooden door of a dugout at Tobruk. The Italian who had first occupied it had printed on it what was probably his own name, Francesca. The British Tommy who subsequently occupied it, had written in large letters in chalk, "Bomb Happy Villa. Knock before entering."

The dugout of another Tommy exhibited a more sinister touch. He had put a human skull on a pole stuck in the sand in front of the door. Underneath the skull a sign read, "This is what happened to the last bloke who entered this dugout without permission."

One sees little to indicate any whimsy in the German soldier. The best they produce are signs pointing to objectives behind the enemy's lines. I saw, for example, a sign marked "Cairo." Actually, this is not bad psychology. Many German prisoners were extremely disappointed at not getting to Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo for a good meal. They confessed they had heard the Egyptian women were fabulously beautiful, which drew loud guffaws from the British Tommies.

It is Hitler's bad luck that the German soldier's sense of humor cannot be ordered by law. General Wavell discovered that German military manuals exhort goose steppers to have a sense of humor. They pointed out that a

big factor in England's winning the last war was Tommy Atkins' ability to laugh. One manual used an illustration of Bruce Bairnsfather's which showed a Tommy sitting beside a wall in which a big hole had been blown. "Old Bill" was jerking his thumb at the hole and saying: "Mice done it." The pedantic German writer had appended a footnote which explained in the heavy Teutonic manner: "Mice did not make the hole. An artillery shell made it."

It is surprising the number of signs one sees at the actual fighting front. Signs like: "Tobruk 12 miles," "Bardia 50 miles," "Transient Camp No. 17," "Mine Field," "Petrol Supply Depot." Civilians imagine that such directions would be indicated only on secret maps in the hands of special officers. When you enter enemy territory you see signs again but they're in German or Italian. Once when the British advanced to the green farming country around Bengasi they found the Germans had gilded the lily with reproductions of the beer gardens in their homelands, stiff wooden trelliswork with carefully arranged vines.

During the evacuation of Greece by the British, many officers reported that their men wept when ordered to destroy their vehicles and anything else they could not take with them on the ships. The simplest way to destroy an automobile is to throw a gallon of gasoline on it and touch a match. But in Greece this method was out because of the danger of calling the attention of enemy aircraft. So the oil was drained from the lubricating system, the engine started and left running. Then the tires are slashed with bayonets and the cylinder head cracked with heavy rocks or sledge hammers.

An American who had seen considerable destruction of army property said to me: "After the hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of stuff I've seen de-



"I can't understand why Churchill didn't say anything about sand in his blood, sweat and tears speech"

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"



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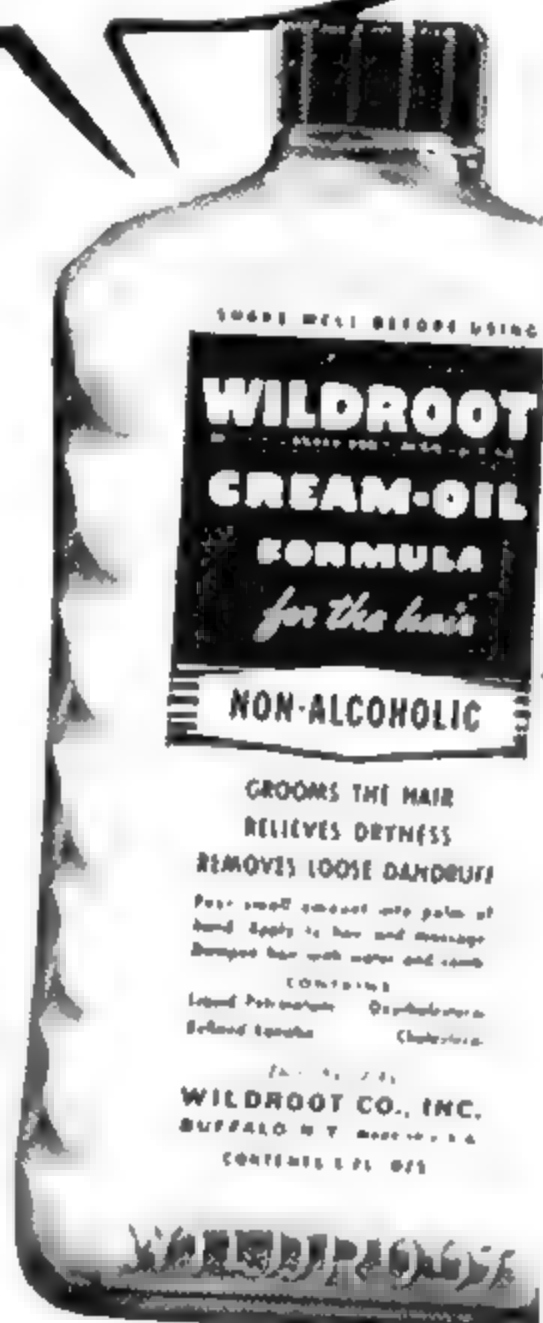
YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL



2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANO-LIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 76 of every 100 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations they had been using. Get a bottle today at your druggists.



NEW!
**WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL**

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

stroyed, I'll never again pay any attention to a politician who howls about budgets when somebody is trying to promote a housing project for poor people. I'll laugh in his face."

The destruction of property prior to an evacuation seems to distress a civilian populace very much. They will try to cart away as many blankets, food, clothing, oil, tires, as they can. In the evacuation of Derna, the natives attempted to rush the petrol dump. It was finally necessary to use machine guns to hold them back.

Also at the evacuation of Derna, it was necessary to blow up the road running along the escarpment. I talked with a Sapper officer who had charge of this magnificent engineering job. I wanted to know what he thought at the moment he ordered his subaltern to push the lever that released the electric impulse which in turn blew up the road. At first all the officer would say to me was: "Nothing, my dear fellow. It was a job to do and I did it."

Later in the evening after quite a few Scotches he finally came through:

"I'll tell you what I thought, Bowen, when I blew up the escarpment. You know I'm an engineer by profession. I know what it means to plan a big engineering project like that. I know the heartaches and the sweat and the toil in the labor of men. Well, that's what I thought and I said to myself, 'With one push of a plunger into a battery case I am destroying all of that.'"

Undoubtedly the continual sight of buildings and materials laid waste, participating in the destruction of useful materials like gasoline and blankets and food and guns and uniforms, has a serious effect on the men who see and do these things. I discussed this with a British colonel, a psychiatrist in the Middle East.

"War conditions men to a disrespect for materials," he said. "They see much waste both through general army carelessness and through calculation to prevent materials getting into enemy hands. Furthermore, war teaches them to make quick decisions. When a retreating officer has five minutes to make a getaway, he must decide at once whether to take a chance on being captured by piling his £500 kit into his staff car or leaving the lot."

"When men return to civilian life from such experiences, they will be less inclined to clutter up their lives with possessions. They will not worry or fret about making decisions. They will follow their natural impulses."

Perhaps all this destruction will have its curative effect upon a tired, possession-ridden civilization. And it may be hoped that in the new day after the war, Emerson's famous remark will be reversed, so that mankind will be back in the saddle where it belongs, and "things" will be reasonably controlled with a good curb bit. ##

Now...as in pre-war

SIMPSON FABRICS

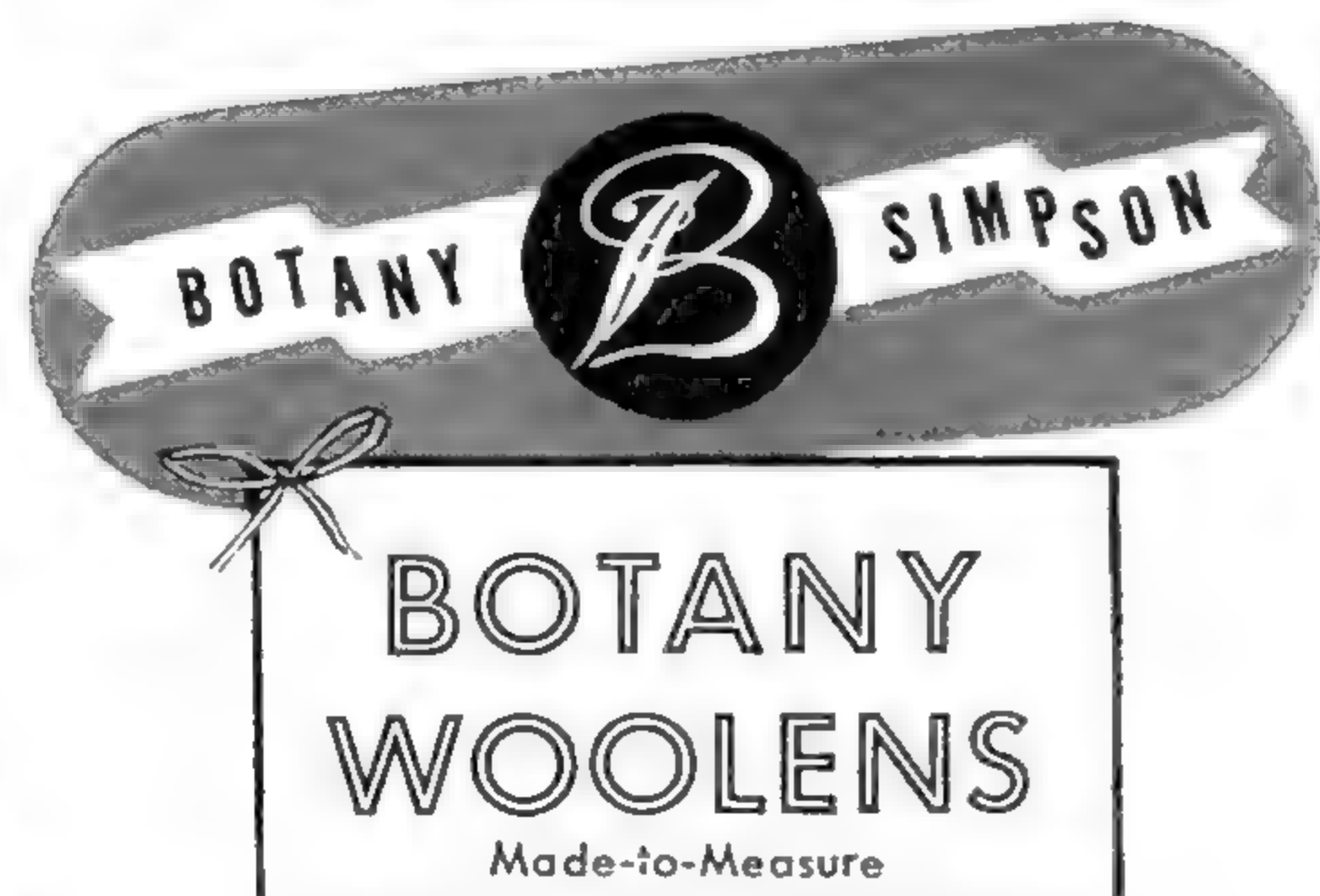
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Whiskey of its type
in America*

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Cutlets for the General

Continued from page 53

between himself and the horse.

"This is a strange thing, Professor," he said to his horse. "This mission of ours to attack the corpse of a camel with an axe." The axe was stuck into the rolled blanket behind his saddle. The horse turned back one ear to listen. "Here we have come a thousand miles," Lesieur went on, "and this is our gallant work—a charge at walking pace at a cadaver entrenched on a hill."

The ground began to rise, the mud was less deep. Soon he was on the dry land at the foot of the hill. Some vultures got up and soared over him. He had a horror of vultures. He pulled up and dismounted. It would rest the Professor.

Sticking out of the sand was a broken column. The archeologist in him was aroused. He went up to it and kicked at it. He moved along the contour of the hill—more broken columns. There had been a temple here. He dropped the reins and sat down to think. This was the only rising ground for a hundred miles. This was then... it could be nothing else... it was...

Scipio Africanus had raised a temple here to commemorate his victory. And how had that victory been accomplished?... it would come to him in a minute. He saw the books in his study at home in his mind. In his mind he took down a book and turned the pages. Yes... his victory was due to the fact that he had built a road here that ran through the marshes. It was the lack of a road that was holding them up now. Somewhere here there was a Roman road. If he could find it... if... find it—mon Dieu, he had found it. There had been a place where the Professor had not sunk in—a few yards where the mud had hardly reached his fetlocks. Going back he would find the place, follow his own tracks, and explore it. This was a real discovery. Now for the bones, and then... well, then he would see.

His anatomical problem re-

solved itself. There was not even any need for the axe, the vultures and jackals had detached most of the ribs. They were not even very smelly, the sun had cured them and the rains had washed them clean. He stuck the ribs into his blankets with his axe and remounted.

"Now, Professor," he said, "now, my good colleague, we are about to make our discovery..."

It was as he had thought. After plodding about a mile the Professor hit hard ground. Lesieur swung him southwest. For an hour he rode on. There were holes in the road. Once the Professor fell into a pothole. The lieutenant dismounted and dragged him out. But the road was there: it drove through the salt marsh as straight as an arrow.

The mud was actually a god-send, because without it the beginning of a road by Scipio's temple would have been no harder than the rest of the hard-baked desert. Yes, it was a tactical discovery of the greatest value, and due, by an odd concatenation of circumstance, to an order from the general's cook for some camel bones.

But there was more in it than this—Lieutenant Lesieur was on his way back to camp now—it was proof that God was with the French. God's hand was in it, when it so happened that he—who was educated in these things—was on duty today as the headquarters' orderly. To another, neither the ruined temple nor the hard ground he had found would have meant anything. It would have meant nothing to the Afrika Korps. The boche had killed their professors. He laughed. First in Russia and now in Libya, General Mud was with them.

The lieutenant delivered his bones to the cook, who looked at them lovingly.

"A steak for the general," he said. It was good to joke in war. Then he remounted and cantered up to the general's tent. He had great news.

The general came out of the



"Guess what we have have for dessert—meat!"



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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Cougar coat deserves the recognition it gets for its stamina . . . because it weathers the years without losing its original furry warmth . . . because it conceals under its luxurious nap a rock-ribbed ruggedness. Cougar is made of a scientific hi-density blend of selected fibres—lighter, softer, stronger. Write for style folder and name of nearest authorized dealer.

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tent. "I heard a horse," he said. "That is the way I like to wake, to the sound of a galloping horse." His eyes were bright with pleasure.

The lieutenant saluted and sat still in his saddle, firm like rock. He was following his conception of how a professor turned soldier should look in the presence of his commanding general. The general looked at the horse.

"That is a fine horse, Lieutenant. What is his name?"

"I call him the Professor, my General."

"And what do you want? You came at a gallop. A horse should not be galloped in the mud. You might strain him."

"I have found a road through the marsh, my General."

"Impossible."

"If the General will permit me," Lesseur said. "I am a professor."

"I thought you said that was the name of your horse."

"We are colleagues, my General."

"Proceed, Lieutenant." The general was looking at him carefully. Lesseur knew what he was thinking. He was thinking: This lieutenant is mad. He is *Cafard*. The desert has got him.

"My General, I was a professor of archeology and ancient history and I have found the road that Scipio Africanus made across the marsh. I have reconnoitered it for three miles."

"You are certain?"

"I am certain, my General."

The general turned to his Chief-of-Staff. "Sound the assembly. Get out the orders. We march tonight after we have eaten."

"But we are not certain, General."

"Certain! Who is certain in war? If there is no road we are no worse off. If there is a road we have them." He opened his hand and closed his fingers over the palm. "Lieutenant, you will dine with us tonight. Then you will proceed along the road with two other mounted men and flag it. The column will follow you. Captain . . ." he looked up, "what is your name?"

"Lesseur, my General."

"... Captain Lesseur."

An hour later Lesseur entered the general's tent. The general seemed very happy. "The moon is full tonight," he said. "We need not worry about our flanks. No one can get at us through the mud. At dawn we will attack."

They had soup. Then the mess orderly brought in a dish of cutlets—cutlets in the desert. The cook stood by the flap of the tent waiting praise.

"Cutlets!" the general said. "Cutlets!" Everybody beamed with pleasure.

"An occasion, my General," the cook said. "Cutlets for victory." He came nearer to Lesseur. "Fear nothing," he said. "I boiled the bones well first."

Outside the tanks were moving. Lesseur's two Spahis stood at their horses' heads. #

Uncle Sam..sets the pace!

Step right up, Mister! See the new Matrix Shoes for Men, styled for Fall by Uncle Sam's famous shoe conservation order M-217. Step out in Matrix comfort as well as patriotic smartness, sure of the best you can get for your ration coupons. Any store listed here will gladly show you the exclusive Matrix comfort feature—the "Footprint in Leather" innersole that's a curve-for-curve copy of the bottom of your foot.

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"AT EASE"

Dewar's "White Label" and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD



Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. © 1943, Schenley Import Corp., N.Y.

Boxing Tonight at Marigold

Continued from page 77

point in Joe's career. Had he lost that fight I doubt if he'd ever have become champion."

Louis was just a palooka in those early days of Marigold. He was matched with an ambitious youngster from nearby Gary, one Buck Everett. Buck was managed by his brother, Jess. Before the fight, Jess cornered Begun and inquired: "Who can you get for Buck next week?"

"That's how cheaply they held Joe in those days," explained Begun. "Well, I think Buck lasted one round and part of another."

The shrewd Mr. Begun declares the war has been a boon to fighters.

So many of the top notch fighters have gone into one or another of the armed services that it is not at all easy to get headliners for boxing shows. The fighters still available are reaping a harvest because of the scarcity of good material not tapped by Uncle Sam.

"They're getting four times as much as they're worth," Begun says. "And this includes New York. Fighters really are a scarce item. Some of the kids who have been cleaning up around New York have no business headlining Mike Jacobs' Garden shows. A year ago those kinds of boys couldn't have had a spot on our programs."

Those are damning words, but to illustrate, he continued:

"We had Jake LaMotta on a show about a year ago against Nate Bolden. Jake took a terrific licking and looked so bad that the fight writers told me it would be all right with them if they never saw him again. So I didn't bring him back. The other night LaMotta fought Sugar Ray Robinson in Detroit and beat him before a 30,000-dollar house. They were rematched there and drew 50,000 dollars. Yet I wouldn't put Jake on in Marigold. I was afraid I'd be arrested! He can't have improved that much."

And just to prove his point that fighters are on easy street these war-time days, Jack elaborated:

"Fritzie Zivic, who right now is a big card in New York, was knocked out in Marigold by Milt Aron. Ken Overlin, boss of the middleweights until he entered the Navy, was just a run-of-the-mine fighter for us."

Jimmy Bivins, a colored fighter now regarded as the duration light heavyweight champion, got 25 dollars for his first professional

fight at Marigold. Recently he received 21,000 dollars for beating Tami Mauriello in the Garden. This same Bivins was knocked out by Lem Franklin in Marigold in 1941 after being floored several times. Begun thought this was curtains permanently for Bivins, but here he is back on top.

There's no task too menial for Begun in boxing. A short time ago he was in Cleveland watching the Nate Bolden-Anton Christoforidis bout in the Arena. A board came loose in the ring. Three times the fight was stopped while a crew of three maintenance men sought to do a repair job.

"When it caved in a fourth time," said Jack, "I went to Promoter Larry Atkins. 'I don't want to be butting in,' I told him, 'but I've got to get Bolden on a late train tonight for Chicago where he's boxing for me. I can fix that ring.'"

Which Jack did. He made the train and Cleveland papers featured his mechanical triumph over the fight itself.

And the resulting publicity wasn't at all harmful to boxing at Marigold Gardens.

"Yes, we have a chummy clientele," broke in Schoenwold. "Sometimes too much so. We never minded the kids sneaking in over a low fence back of the arena on Bradley Street. But when the men started doing the same, we decided to build a higher fence. A couple of weeks later the alderman visited us. People were complaining about the higher fence, he told us. We wanted to know why."

Unsilently, answered the people's representative, who hastened to add that this only was the official reason. The real story behind the citizens' beefing, he admitted, was that they no longer could watch the action in the outdoor ring from their windows or porches.

They had become accustomed to the shows from these inexpensive seats and now considered them part and parcel of their home life.

So the high fence went down in the interest of civic enterprise.

"It was only a few weeks later," recalled Begun, "that a fan came up to me complaining about a decision at one of our fights. Just to humor him I inquired where he was sitting that night.

"'I had a perfect spot,' he answered, 'Right on my own back porch!'" #

ARMY RELATIONS

Civilian guests at an Army camp

American fighting men in training look forward to visits to camp by mothers, fathers, relatives and friends. This scene is typical of those camps which have guest houses. The first man wears a brown tweed topcoat with fly front, welt-edged brown snap brim hat, with broadcloth shirt, maroon, gold, blue and white striped

twill tie, brown Glen Plaid worsted suit with maroon overplaid. The man carrying the luggage wears a grey-blue tweed topcoat with button-through front, grey snap brim hat, mocha gloves, blue and red Shepherd checked tie, blue end-and-end broadcloth shirt, grey-blue worsted suit and black shoes.





THE BELLES
OF VERTÈS



"Now with these guys tonight, remember to keep your lips sealed. Loose talk not only aids the enemy—it shows how dumb you are"

But there's nothing to prevent tongues from wagging when you two stage your entrance. Your men of the moment will be stopped dead in their tracks, unless they're utterly calloused to things of the spirit. What we're

talking about, naturally, are those two celestial bonnets. The trellises that circumnavigate your brows are clusters of ivy leaves and the whole thing is made of the lushest velvet imaginable. The effect you

could achieve by peering out from under your greenery, or rosery, as the case may be, is something we can't guarantee; but, on the other hand, that's the sort of thing we will not be held responsible for, either.

(For answers to Fashion queries, address Dora Deane, c/o Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



"May I show your cell to this gentleman since you're leaving tomorrow?"

Frank
BEAVEN



"Boy, am I glad I didn't take my parachute off!"

In the Kingdom of the Demigods

FOR days our truck had been rolling over the Kafue plains. We had time to consider the dangers we were affronting in entering the land of the Ba-Ila.

Livingstone probably was the first white man to cross the region. After him only stray hunters or prospectors went into the country—to be heard of no more. Not many years ago Dr. Emil Holub's expedition brought back the first real knowledge of the Ba-Ila race. He paid dearly for the discovery. His guard, a hundred armed natives, was attacked by a strong Ba-Ila war party and was quickly routed. Three of the white men were killed by spears, all the equipment was captured and Dr. Holub was wounded. His escape with one faithful survivor was an epic flight.

Story of this massacre informed the world of the ferocity of the Ba-Ila. Later the famous English hunter, Selous, ventured into Ba-Ila and escaped by a miracle. The English colonial government then established a post at the eastern boundary and barred all white men from the territory. It is an obscure corner of Northern Rhodesia and has little in natural resources. The natives, of proud character, continue to live exactly the lives of their ancestors.

This was what was before us as

Knowledge of savage etiquette and deference to their religious customs prove very useful

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

we rolled northward across the level plains toward the Kafue River. All day long we were surrounded by enormous herds of grazing game. Less than a hundred feet from us a thousand or more zebras pricked up their ears and gazed with their limpid eyes. At our left within thirty feet a band of hundreds of wildebeest merely turned their heads to look. A herd of elephants was near. Flocks of fat guinea fowl would not get out of our way. Buffalo, gnus, elands and kudu were all around us day after day.

At last we came to the river and followed its bank. That afternoon we saw low hills ahead crowned with borassus palms with stems a hundred feet high. Among the palms on the principal hill was a village of perhaps four hundred huts. This was the Ba-Ila town.

We were in their power. A mistake and our long trail ended here.

I had a fair knowledge of the Ba-Ila tongue. From the commissioner who gave me my permit and from the records of Holub and Selous I had studied the

Ba-Ila psychology. The race claims descent from gods who visited the earth at Nabunimbwa—a secret shrine of the Ba-Ila. All the relations of the Ba-Ila with "bulumbu," ordinary human beings, are governed by strict ritual. I was convinced that disregard of this essential etiquette was the reason for visitors being attacked.

At the foot of the hill I ordered Milk, our native cook, to remain on the truck and not to leave it nor to look at or speak to anyone. The Professor, Bomba and I walked up to the town, noses in the air, not seeing any of the Ba-Ila we passed. Our lives depended on our exact behavior. In the town was a group of larger huts close to a thick grove. This, according to Holub, was the *isaca*, or grove sacred to the ancestors. In it was hidden the *luanga*, or temple, in which is the statue of Bapuca, daughter of the supreme god Monze. Her union with a man founded the Ba-Ila race.

In front of the largest hut we stopped, showing no awareness of the hundreds who were watching

us. The high chief stepped out, a tall old man with an astonishing headdress, a cone five feet high. His own hair was gummed and braided into the material of the cone. His body was smeared with rancid butter. A ceremonial leopard skin hung from his shoulders. Raising his spear he said, "The peace be with you."

To this I replied the correct words: "Peace be to you, great chief of the sons of demigods." I then offered my presents and asked leave to camp. He took the gifts coldly but ordered a sub-chief to direct us. Then I had an inspiration. I had kept back a tin of beads. I now handed it to him. "This is my offering to Bapuca," I said with solemn respect. "Goddess of life. Mother of us all."

Instantly I knew that my words had created a stir. The chief took the beads with a poker face. "Honor to Bapuca," he murmured indifferently and went back into his hut.

But at night at our campfire we learned how well it pays to observe the customs of the country. Suddenly appeared in the firelight a five-foot cone on the head of the chief. "Bapuca has accepted thine offering, O stranger," he said. "The peace be with you in Ba-Ila land." ##

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Bayonet Fighters with Wings

Continued from page 94

gave the signal that we were set; it was relayed to Col. Wildes, who poured the coal to the L-1A.

As the glider gained momentum, Tom's shoulders were hunched into a position of absolute concentration. By the time we were going sixty-five, we came five or six feet off the ground, caught in the prop wash of the tow plane and swung from side to side, like the last foot of cloth in a kite tail.

As Col. Wildes began a climbing turn, we felt the tow rope jerk. The L-1A's motor was cutting out. Tom's free hand went to the rope release lever. Just ahead of us was an adequate grain field. But the plane's motor caught.

"I think Mr. Perry is going to pull those cross members down," Gunner said. We laughed. Without noticing I had been holding on so tightly my arms ached.

Occasionally we'd pass through an updraft and whichever plane was in it would shoot above the other and yank on the tow rope.

Tom said we were going to cut at two thousand. By now we had climbed to seventeen hundred.

"We'll go down pretty fast," Gunner said. "If this was a sail-plane we could have spent the day chasing from one thermal to the other. But this old job is totin' too much meat to do much more than fly on down and land."

As we circled nearer the field, with the altimeters showing 2,100 feet, Tom said, "Here we go," and pulled the stick all the way back. The glider's nose shot upward, jerking the tow plane's tail up to signal that we were cutting. Then Tom thrust the rope release lever forward, did a three-quarters loop and we were on our own.

Tom said: "We're getting plenty of drop. Our gliding ratio mustn't be over three to one."

Gunner explained that meant three feet of forward motion for every foot of lost altitude. Tom set the ship into a series of steep spirals. We were down to three hundred feet with seventy-five miles of air speed, before the tow plane got back to our end of the airport to drop the tow rope.

"This is going to be a pretty rough landing," Tom said.

Again in the tone of Tom's voice and in the screwed-up hunch of his shoulders and neck there was the focused attention that I'd noticed on the take-off. I knew it was going to be a rough landing, but I never felt safer in my life.

Then we smacked into the runway at seventy-five, began bouncing and weaving. The wind was coming obliquely from the right and Tom held the bucking glider's nose dead into it so that we left the runway on two wheels and shot eccentrically across the prairie until the tail came down.

When we came to a full stop, Tom sighed and lifted the canopy. "Well," he said, "I told you it was going to be rough." ##



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The Caricaturing Troubadour

Continued from page 83

Mücsarnok (Art Palace) I sent a selection of my work and ten of my pencil drawings were accepted. But I could not yet afford a studio of my own. I had to work at home and the only "instruction" I had were the corrections made by an acquaintance, an artist I had met at the Academy. Of course I had another kind of "instruction," the paintings of the Old Masters at the National Museum, whose perfection I could never hope to reach. The moderns, it seemed, were a little easier to grasp. There was no secret to their work, except their talent. About that time I saw an exhibition of able Hungarian painters who had just come back from Paris. They had changed their style overnight as if they had lost their heads. They had become MODERNS. For myself I can say I never went to Cézanne or Van Gogh. Loving them, their heroism, and their tragic mistakes doesn't mean one has to melt oneself into their "movement."

In 1913 I went to Paris myself. I swam in art. I saw masterpieces on every side, in the Louvre and elsewhere. I discovered Daumier again, in his lithographs and in the living figures at the Palais de Justice, and Toulouse-Lautrec, and of course Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh. I returned to Budapest just before war broke out. Followed the four years of misery of the first World War. In 1915 my father died. At the end of the war there was revolution, the Republic, the Communist regime, the White Terror. To earn a living was impossible. I crossed the Czechoslovak border afoot, visited a string of Hungarian towns under Czech rule, drew caricatures of the leading citizens, exhibited and sold and made enough money to keep going. I sketched and caricatured my way through the bigger cities—Prague, Carlsbad, Marienbad. My business prospered. I planned to settle in Vienna, but that city became poorer daily, and I decided to go to Holland, in preparation for which I became a member of the

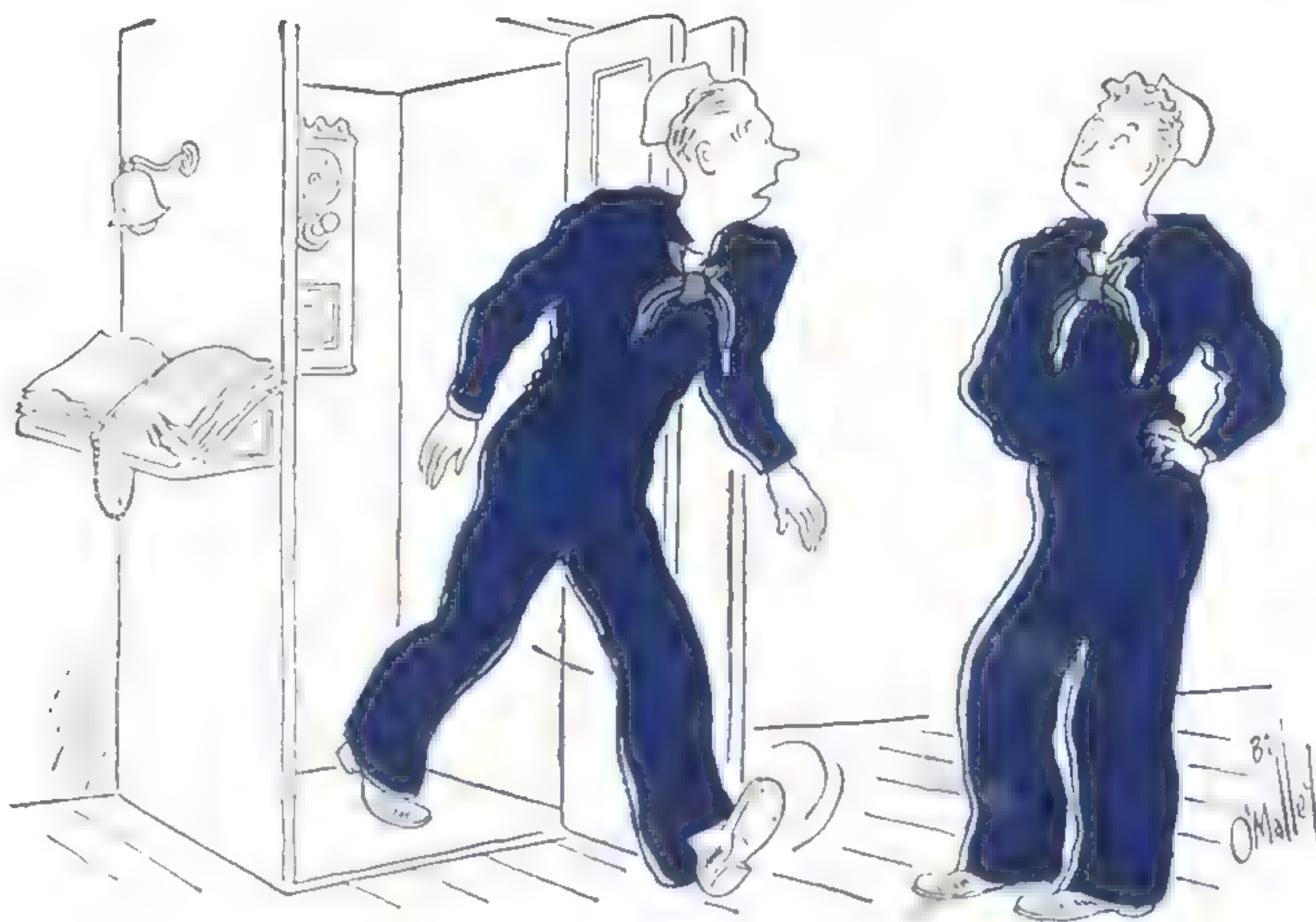
Variety (Vaudeville) Artists International Union, as a Schnellzeichner (rapid sketch artist), and set out for Amsterdam.

A Hungarian was the foreign editor of the *Telegraaf*. I asked him to permit me to caricature members of his staff. I had hardly started sketching when I became the center of a laughing and admiring audience. The managing editor heard the commotion, looked at the sketches and called me in. I caricatured him in his office from every angle and that morning I was engaged at 1,000 guilder a month. When the owner of the paper saw my first sketches he raced to Amsterdam from his Paris home and offered me a fabulous contract. I said, with the arrogance of youth, "The money is better in America."

"Against which I cannot argue," he replied. I remained about a year with the *Telegraaf* on a verbal agreement. When I first hit Amsterdam I visited the vaudeville booking agencies and was given an audition, after several hours rehearsal, at the Tuschinsky, the largest cabaret. I survived it successfully, receiving a daily stipend of twenty-five gulden, in addition to the money I made from caricatures privately ordered by the cabaret guests.

I did not forget that I wished to be a painter, too. I went to the nearby village of Monnikendam and stayed there three months working at my easel in the fertile countryside.

A year after my arrival in Amsterdam I went to London, and got an introduction to the editor of *The Graphic*. While he was examining my book of caricatures I sketched him, as well as everyone else who appeared or passed through his office. Right then and there we came to terms and I was elaborately plugged on the front page as "Brilliant new caricaturist." After a while I began thinking about America. I returned to Paris for a visit, then went to Berlin, revisited Paris and in March, 1923, I arrived in New York with bigger and better clip-



"No luck, Mac—a near miss!"



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ping books to show to editors.

The New York *Sunday Times* and the *Herald-Tribune* bought sketches almost at once. At a banquet to which I was assigned I persuaded Charles Dana Gibson, greatest of living illustrators, to pose for me. When he saw what I had done, he invited me to visit him next day at his offices at the old *Life* magazine, when and where he chose many sketches from my portfolio. Through Mr. Connolly, of King Features, shortly afterwards I began making daily sketches for the New York *American*, my first assignment being the bucket shop trial, in which Victor Watson, managing editor, was particularly interested. The contract, which followed shortly afterward, was so exclusive that it did not permit me to sell a caricature even privately. The contract ran for two years, until 1925. I was pleased. I thought I could live forever from my reputation, which was a mistake. One must heap it up. It is easy to have it and hard to keep it.

During 1926-27 I drew regularly for the *Wall Street Journal* and I organized caricature tours through the leading cities of the country, from Harrisburg to Seattle. During a week's visit to each of these cities I would draw from a hundred and fifty to two hundred caricatures of leading citizens for the local paper, which printed them over a period of several months as a circulation boosting feature. It was tiring work but I was well paid. On my return to New York I worked again for the Hearst papers, covering the Hauptmann and monkey trials, among others. I visited Europe frequently, at one time spending a two and a half year stretch in Paris (1931-34) and again visited Amsterdam, Berlin and The Hague.

Within my last stay in Paris I discovered the technique of the great masters. This helped me to solve all my miseries in painting, made me understand painting. By this technique, one can express the full capacity of paint. It is not technique alone. It is painting. Everything on earth is built up. A painting should be built up, too. Truly, Beethoven is not great because of his technique, but without it he wouldn't have become so great. What a poor painter Rembrandt would have been had he worked only in the "modern" technique. All the later movements and isms are the consequence of reaching a dead end because the possibilities of putting pretty colors on a clean canvas are exhausted. These babies got literary ideas, which don't mix with painting. There is no literary alibi for any painting. I realize of course that in the last analysis the finished thing, the painting, is the justification of the artist's talent and technique, his poetry, his vision, his grasp. I also will have to be judged at the last not by what I say but what I have done and shall continue to do. #

Get your feet into the fight!



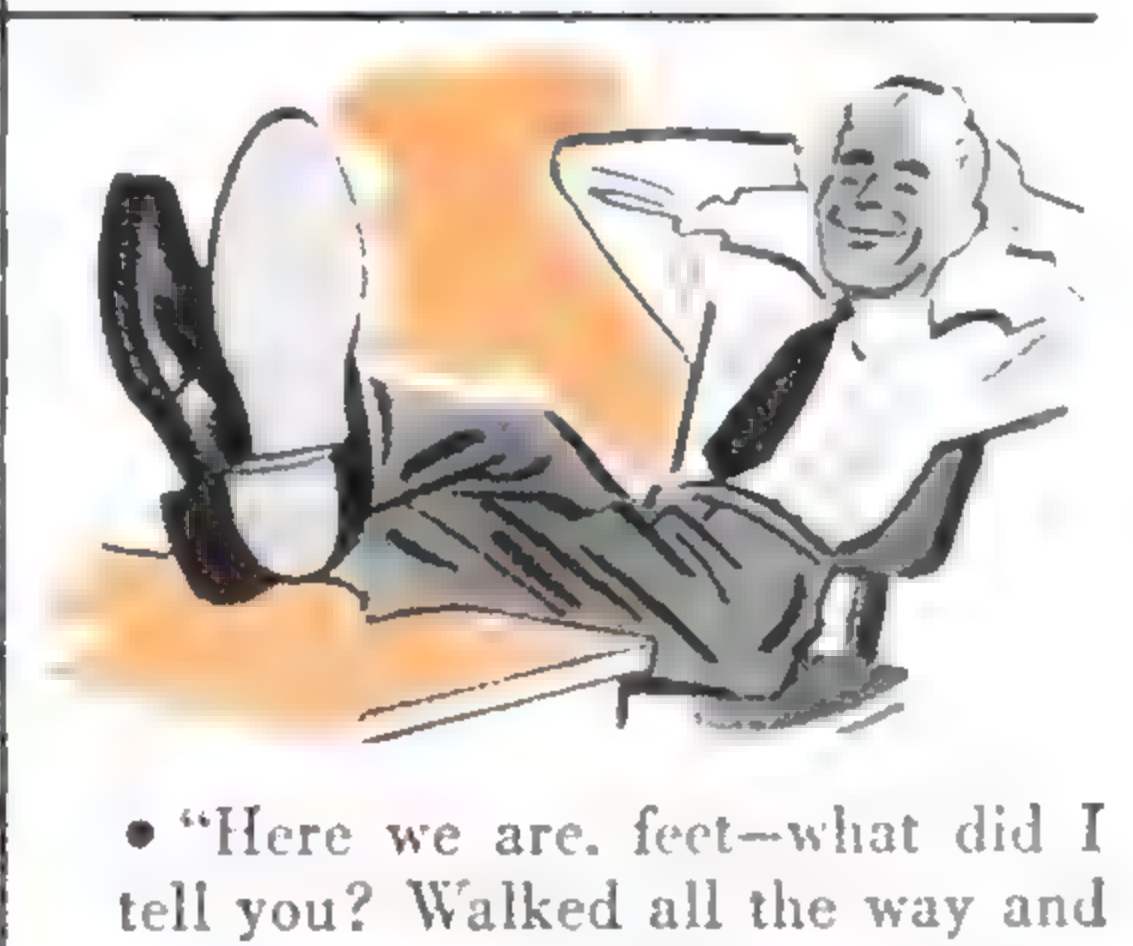
• "Okey, feet, strut your stuff. We're leaving the car home and walking. Saves gas and rubber for fighters. And—well—hi, hiker . . .



• "No fueling: Which will win the war faster? A gallon of gas in the tank of my car . . . or in an army tank?



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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 75

geoisie talcumed up for a Sunday in the Bois.

14. When and if you produce some play which falls into the so-called nostalgia category, do not hire a quartet of dubious musicians to fiddle a lot of old-time melodies by way of inducing the desired nostalgic mood in your customers. The average quartet we have listened to in late seasons not only saws the old times out of any conceivable pathos-of-distance reaction but usually makes the audience partial to some such contemporary tune as *Pour the Scotch in My Ear*, *Honey, I Want To Talk Love with My Mouth*.

If, on the other hand, you produce some other kind of play and luckily get hold of a really competent quartet, exercise the precaution to edit its program with some discrimination. If you don't and if past records count for anything, you will generally find it introducing a bedroom farce with selections from *Palestrina* or something like *The Brothers Karamazov* with bits from *Iolanthe* and *The Mikado*.

15. Don't, if you produce Shakespeare, make it your first business to rush out and engage a scene designer to go crazy with newfangled stage settings. Poor Shakespeare has occasionally had to suffer sets in the last dozen years that no producer in his right mind would think of inflicting upon even Aurania Rouverol.

16. Try to keep out of your theatres, at least for a spell, the present first-night posse of movie scouts. It is pretty disgusting to pick up a newspaper the very day after a play has opened and learn that, between the second and third acts, the Hollywood mackereels have bribed out of the theatre what promising new acting talent has showed up.

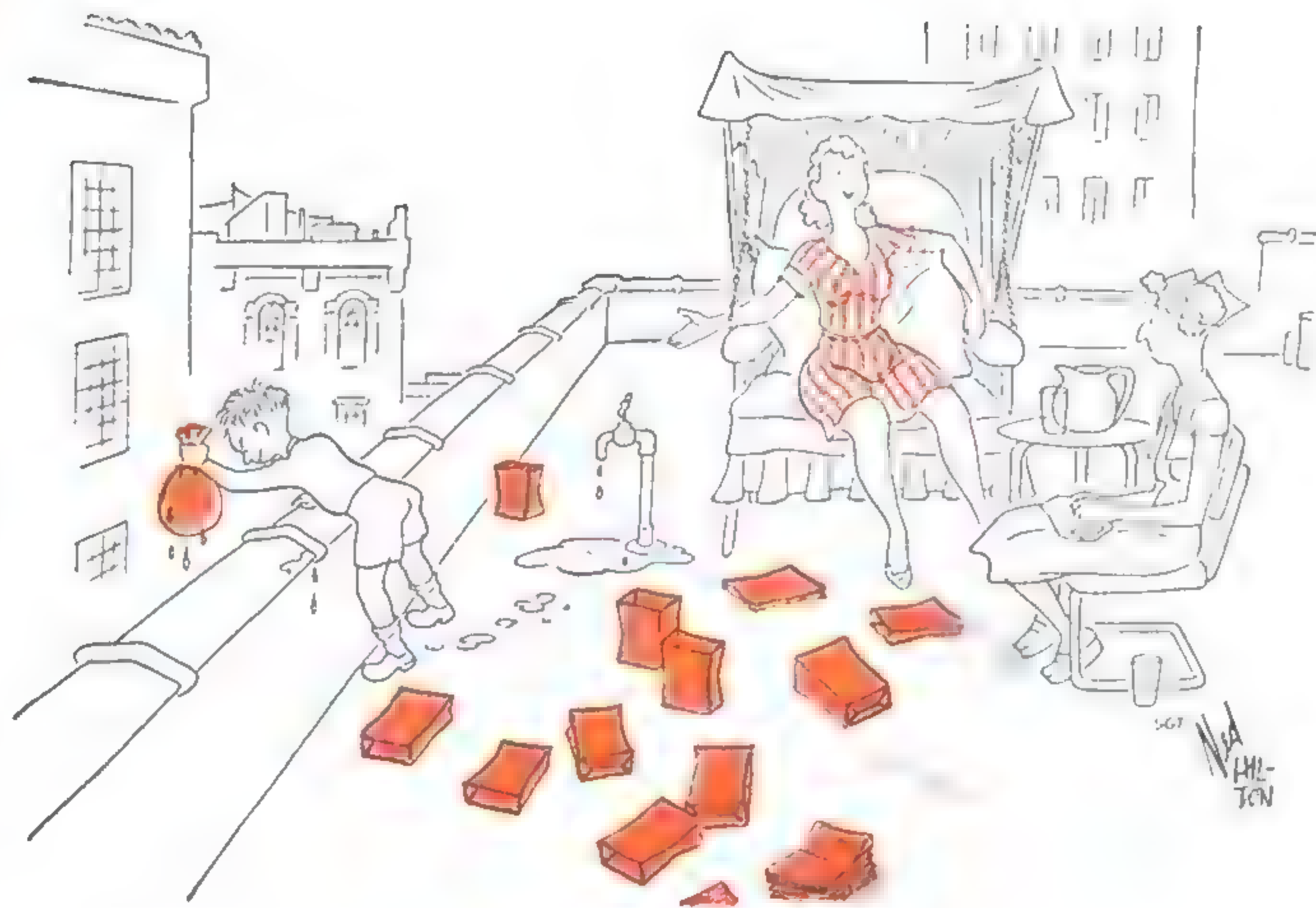
17. Let us hope that the great success of *Oklahoma!* will not tempt you to go in for a series of musical shows laid in and named

after various other states. What will result if you do will probably be the musical equivalents of Augustus Thomas's old line of state plays like *Arizona*, *Alabama*, *Colorado* and *In Mizzoura*, which, for all they typified the states in question, might almost as well have been titled *Up in Mabel's Room* or *Chu Chin Chow*. Don't think you can achieve another *Oklahoma!* simply by renaming a script which has a reference to watermelons in it *Georgial*, inserting a song called *Marching Through Georgia with Sherman Billingsley*, incorporating a twenty-minute Negro ballet, and changing the name of the heroine from Frieda Schultz to Sally Lou.

18. In the case of the majority of you, don't conspicuously and vainly put up in lights your names as producers, since with four or five notable exceptions your names stand for little or nothing and are far from being either an artistic or commercial asset. After the public has seen your name emblazoned above half a dozen turkeys, it is hardly going to prove a particularly powerful magnet in attracting customers. What it is going to do, rather, is scare them away.

19. Light up your auditoriums sufficiently to permit your audiences at least to read their programs before the curtain goes up. There are at present only nine auditoriums in all the many theatres in New York with enough illumination partly to persuade one that maybe one is in a theatre and not in a haunted rathskeller.

20. Stop this nonsense of only one program to every pair of customers. If it is a matter of paper shortage, cut out all the fancy advertisements, questions-and-answers departments and other such extrinsic stuff and print simply the playbill itself on a small single-sheet. When a person buys a ticket to a play, the least he deserves is a program telling him what it is about. #



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Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

Actor Who Knows When to Fight

Continued from page 86

columnist who hates unions, who started Bioff on the way to jail.

Having done his bit for freedom in Hollywood, Montgomery served as an ambulance driver in France; came back and gave Hollywood hell for not knowing there was a war on, got into our Navy eighteen months after applying for his commission, got to be lieutenant commander on a destroyer in the South Pacific, and is suffering still from tropical fever.

I've put that bit of biography in because it is important to know. It's important to Robert Montgomery, the actor, that he is a man, using a human brain, capable of humane feelings—and not what too many actors are, bits of roles and sides and parts, stuck together with vanity. It's good for us, also, to know that one of the few great actors among the popular stars is a fighter. He has fought for his trade and for his country; and he fought like hell to be a man and an actor in Hollywood when his studio pled with him not to do *Night Must Fall*—and virtually disowned him until the picture was all-hailed as a masterpiece. He has suffered the Hollywood runaround and has come back—some distance ahead of where they thought they had thrown him off. He even did *Yellow Jack*, he played with Garbo—and he was one of the stars of *Private Lives*. Any man who can encompass these has what it takes.

A singularly important thing about him is that he is popular. In a sense anyone can do what Montgomery has done, fighting the studio, appearing in subtle or highbrow pictures, searching out flops in order to grace them with a little good acting—anyone can do that if popularity is discounted right away. But Montgomery had to do all this with the background of the light comedian, the kidding lover, the boy who just barely lived down collegiate movies and began to do comedy—he had to be popular and good and rebellious and totally himself.

He made it. He was lucky, because he always looked a little more human and interesting and alive than the sweeter type of leading man with whom he seemed to be in competition at the start; he had qualities of humor which the more sex-appealed male stars did not have; he had a brain to use.

Therefore, be it resolved, that after the war, Robert Montgomery return to his duties in the movies.

Looking at most of the pictures made in his time, he may reject our resolution. That's why I've been writing about *The Earl of Chicago*. At the moment Robert Montgomery feels that he can't keep on wasting his time and talents on tripe, we'll make him look at his own swell picture—and entice him into making some more. #



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Wise Men Pick "Pyknic" Girls

Continued from page 39

later thirties, until she becomes fond meat for cartoonist Helen Hokinson, both in her contour and her outlook on life! But this is strictly a preventable catastrophe!

Then there is also the Pyknic girl's possibility of complete mental slump; utter mental unprogressiveness and disinterest. Or a clinging to an emotionally immature or narcissistic level of adolescent vanity. But, again, a vigilant husband can prevent these calamities. They are only constitutional tendencies.

Some traits of the Leptosome-Asthenic girls may also be modified, it is true, but their basic traits are much more than tendencies antithetical to marriage success. This is not to say that Asthenic girls have no attractions; on the contrary their appeal is often very subtle and strong; a spiritual and mental appeal to the imagination. They have a tantalizing quality of suggesting much more than they are. Some of them are very fine persons indeed; but often finer as persons than as women.

It is now someone's turn to ask what's to become of the Leptosome-Asthenic girls against whom I warn men? Don't worry—there seem always among Pyknic men plenty who are so very markedly

good-natured and tolerant that they marry and endure amiably and kindly to the end the peculiarities of the Leptosome-Asthenic temperament. The indulgent Pyknic husband with the Leptosome-Asthenic wife is one of the most familiar of American scenes, rich material for the joke books; but perhaps that is one reason why the confidential researches of marriage (Terman, and Hamilton & Macgowan) show that American men are less happy in their marriages than are American women.

What are men like, when they belong to the Pyknics or Leptosome-Asthenic groups?

Pyknic men are all somewhat short in their limbs, with short neck, round head, slight inclination to stoutness. They are all social, definitely good-natured, earthy, food-loving; are even in their emotional flow, tolerant, with

a tendency toward complacency; realistic, slow in reaction, relaxed in posture. They are well upholstered, short and a bit thick-set, humorous and sympathetic. Very few are athletic. Some are inclined to have up-and-down periods of spirit,

some have a habitual sad-relaxed spirit, and some are markedly humorous and gay.

Leptosome men are of two very differently marked groups, but they are all inclined to have long legs, thin neck, often an aquiline nose, long fingers and toes, and a somewhat pallid complexion. First, of the two types is the athletic, dynamic type. His shoulders are square and broad, his bone structure heavy, his back

straight, a generally coarse frame and build. This type is restless, courageous and adventuresome in temperament, with a love of risk, power, domination. There is a

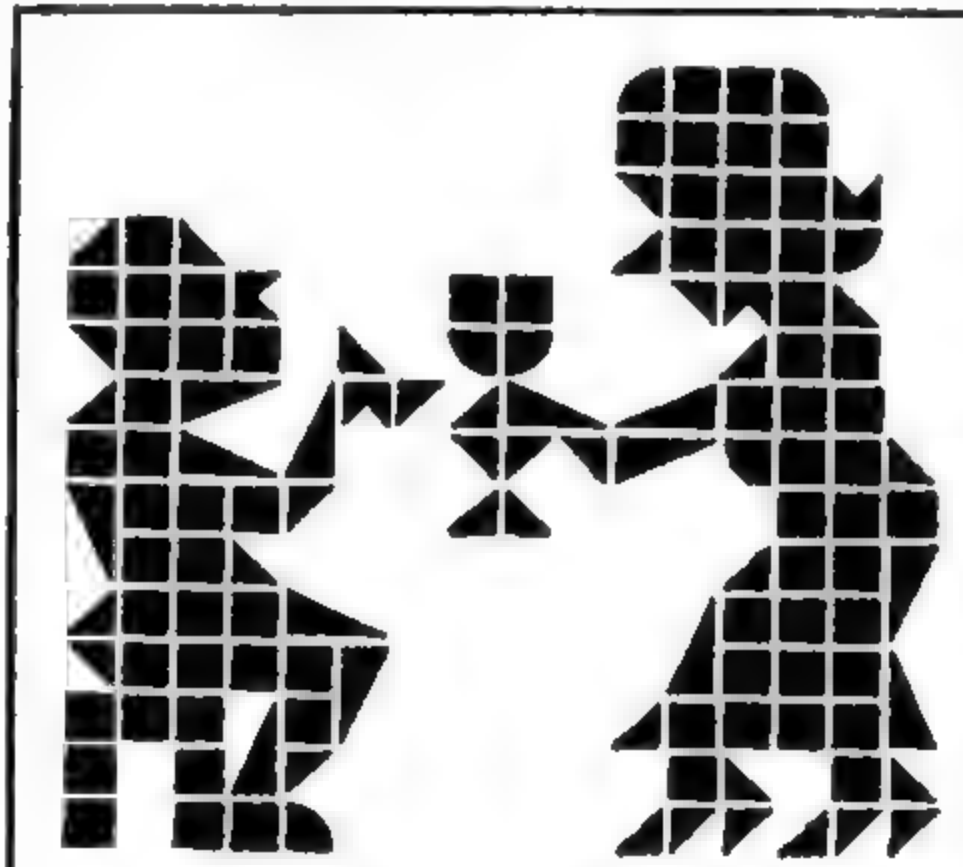
bold, direct manner, competitive aggressiveness, need for action, considerable ruthlessness and psychological callousness.

Second, there is the introverted Asthenic (feeble) type, not athletic at all, with narrow sloping shoulders, curved spine, long bony fingers, long oval head, some predisposition to pulmonary trouble. In temperament this type is shy, mentally over-intense, emotionally restrained, unpredictable in attitude, chronically fatigued, inclined to solitude, apprehensive, idealistic.

Some are inclined toward fanaticism, some very cold and calculating, unsociable, unsympathetic. Some love system, abstraction, despotic method and exact logic.

When mixed and mellowed the Athletic Leptosome is a very desirable type of man for a woman to marry, since he is more likely to be "successful." (But for downright heart qualities and livability, the Pyknic man, like the Pyknic woman, seems to rank highest.)

High talent and genius is of course more likely to come from the second (Asthenic) type of Leptosome, but this type of man does not give promise of any more marriage happiness than does the same type of woman. ‡



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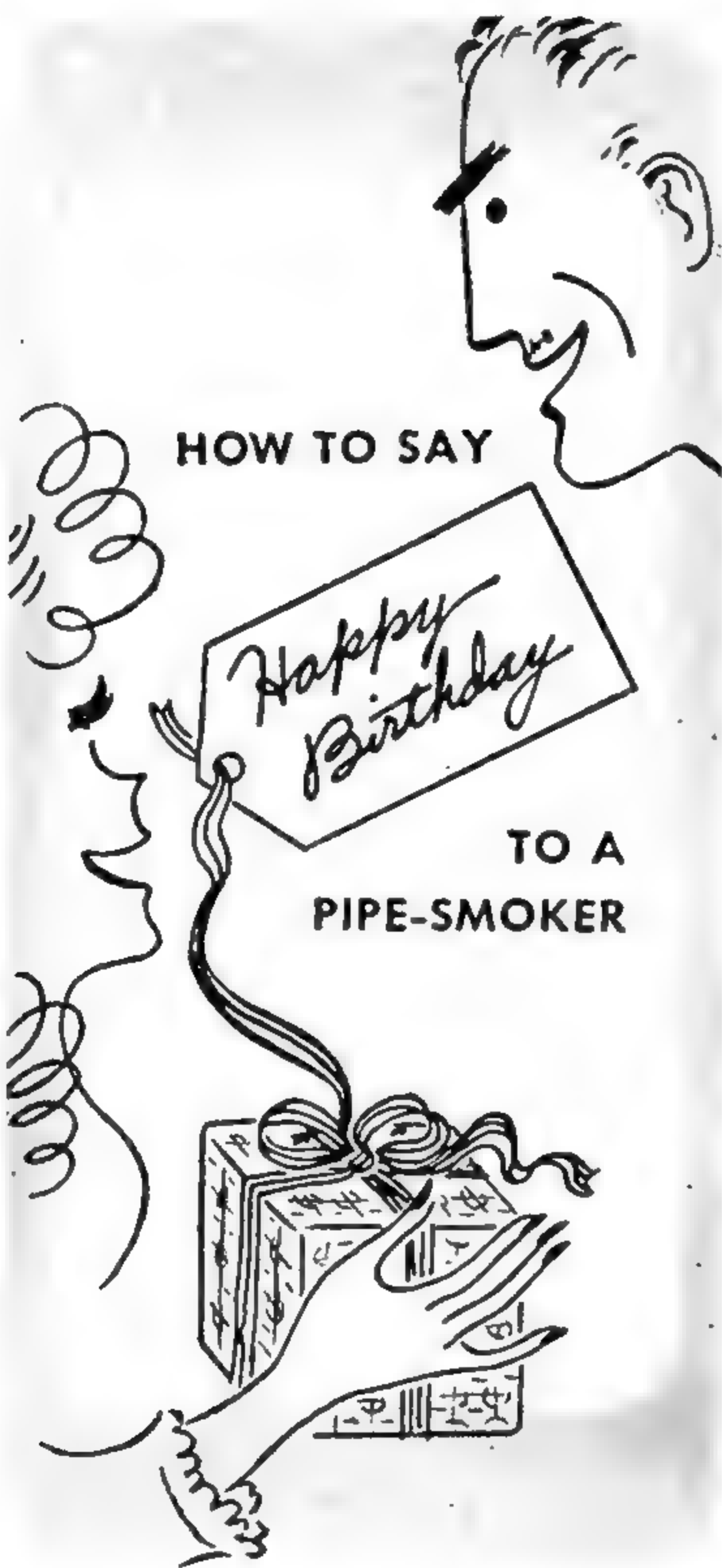
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No Slackers on the Gridiron

Continued from page 62

at Blue Blood College, with the scion of a wealthy New York family doing the blocking. Such sports should remain on the American scene for the duration. Rather than being curtailed, they should be encouraged on a wider scale. They are contributing to American victory at home. They have been found lacking only in that the mass of Americans have failed to utilize sports to their fullest value.

Here is what sports are doing for American victory:

1. They offer the American way to achieve physical fitness through exercise, which is a "must" requirement of every one of us on the home front.
2. Through competitive games they are giving our youngsters basic training—plus values—that make them the best fighting men in the world.
3. Organized sports—spectator events—are a national tonic, a change of pace, a relaxation from the more serious aspects of total war.

This American sports plan must be put to maximum use in the war effort. A program for sports in wartime appears to be the right answer, though we must be wary of any plan that will regiment sports.

1. A national advisory or fact-finding committee, which would have no power except to make recommendations.
2. Widespread public education to impress upon all of us the values of physical fitness and the means of attaining it through sports that offer physical work.
3. Recognition of sports as a means to physical fitness by:
 - a. Elementary schools.
 - b. High schools.
 - c. Colleges.
4. That industrial management share the responsibility for physical fitness in workers through educational devices and the provision of leadership that will help workers play to physical health in off hours.
5. That the community marshal its resources to provide sports leadership and facilities to serve all the people—men and women of all ages, as well as youngsters.
6. That the medical profession lend its aid on an organized basis.
7. That high school sports be encouraged on a wider scale for their value in building young men physically, for their value in rallying youngsters into competitive groups and for their tonic effect on community morale.
8. That intercollegiate sports be maintained as the proving ground for better American fighting men.
9. That organized spectator sports—baseball, football, hockey, basketball, etc.—remain on the American scene, as compatible with the war effort, as a balance against the more serious phases of war.
10. That the press of the country, the radio, all of us in fact, preach the value of total physical fitness and emphasize the American way of achieving it through competitive sports.

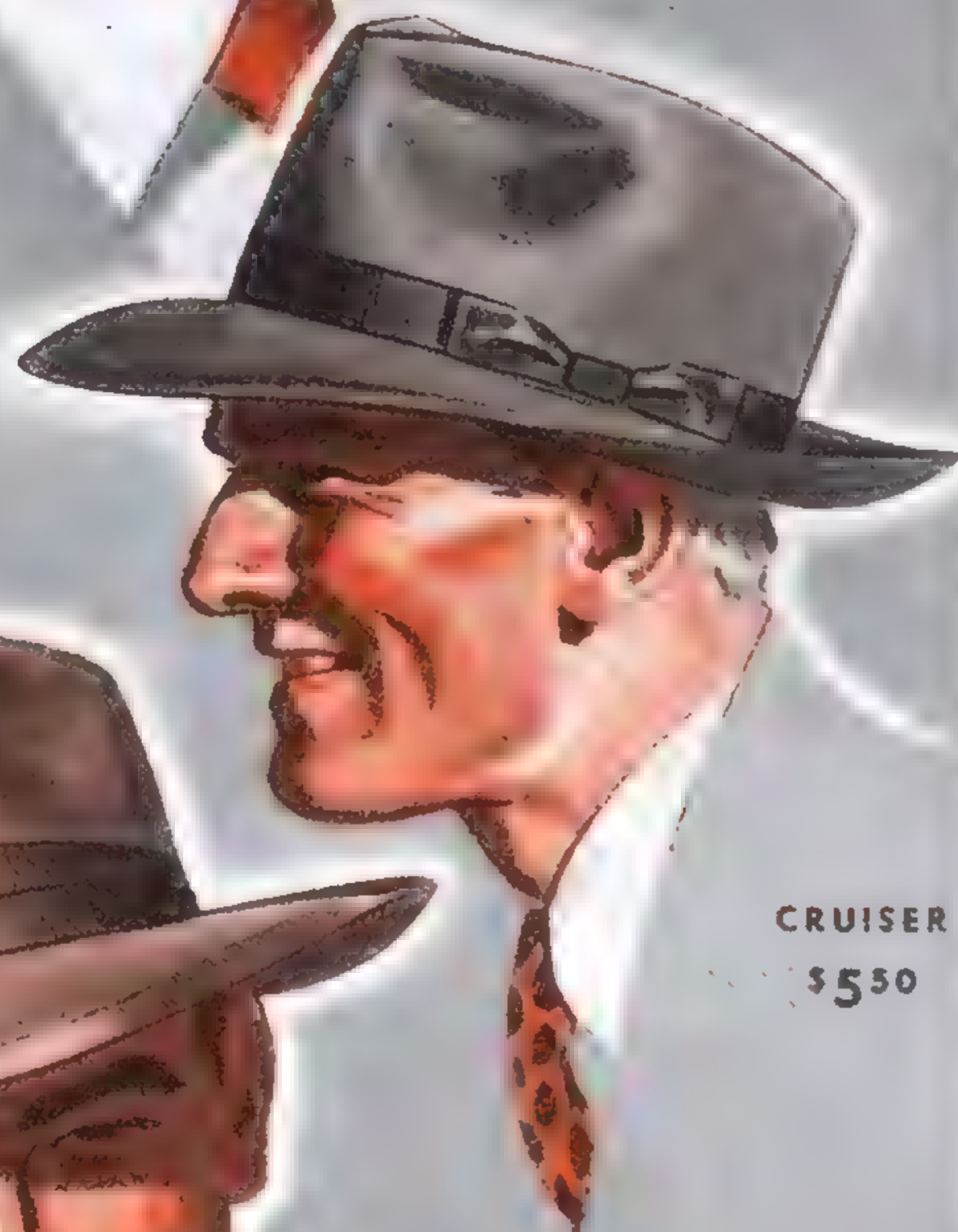
We are told today that it is "patriotic to be fit." Therefore, I contend that sports are patriotic and essential to victory. #

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This month's most popular platters are listed hereunder for the general guidance of those who collect the jazz hot. The columns of numbers need not frighten you at all, but simply indicate the relative poll of the records in the cities listed. Bostonians, whose poll comes from M. Steinert & Sons, have apparently dropped the minuet in favor of the samba, while forthright Iowans, according to the Des Moines Music House, go for <i>All or Nothing at All</i> . Cincinnati's vote comes from Steinberg's, Inc., and Los Angeles' from the May Co.								
<i>All or Nothing at All</i> (Columbia 35587 with Frank Sinatra and Harry James)		1				1	1	4
<i>Comin' in on a Wing and a Prayer</i> (Victor Bluebird 30-0815 with the Four Vagabonds) (Decca 18553 with The Song Spinners)	1		1			4		
<i>Brazil</i> (Columbia 36651 with Xavier Cugat) (Victor 27702 with Enrie Madriguera)				3	2			1
<i>As Time Goes By</i> (Victor 20-1526 with Rudy Vallee)	4				1			
<i>Flash</i> (Columbia 35587 with Harry James)				1				
<i>Let's Get Lost</i> (Victor 20-1524 with Vaughn Monroe) (Columbia 36673 with Kay Kyser)	2	4				3		
<i>Why Don't You Do Right?</i> (Columbia 36652 with Benny Goodman)		2						
<i>Boogie Woogie</i> (Victor 26054 with Tommy Dorsey)				2				
<i>Taking a Chance on Love</i> (Victor 20-1527 with Sammy Kaye)							2	
<i>It Started All Over Again</i> (Victor 20-1522 with Tommy Dorsey)								2
<i>In My Arms</i> (Decca 18557 with Dick Haymes and The Song Spinners)			2					
<i>Cabin in the Sky</i> (Victor 20-1527 with Vaughn Monroe)						2		
<i>Don't Get Around Much Anymore</i> (Victor 26610 with Duke Ellington) (Decca 18479 with Glen Gray)	3						4	
<i>That Old Black Magic</i> (Victor 20-1523 with Glenn Miller)					3			
<i>I've Heard That Song Before</i> (Columbia 36668 with Harry James)		3						
<i>Street of Dreams</i> (Decca 18503 with Ink Spots)			3					
<i>In the Blue of Evening</i> (Victor 20-1530 with Frank Sinatra)							3	
<i>Big Boy</i> (Capitol 131 with Ray MacKinley)								3
<i>Something to Remember You By</i> (Victor 20-1525 with Dinah Shore)					4			
<i>Fuddy Duddy Watchmaker</i> (Columbia 36673 with Kay Kyser)				4				
<i>I'll Be Around</i> (Decca 18318 with the Mills Brothers)			4					
<i>Permanent</i>								
Check marks indicate allegro movement of the following classics from record shops to consumers.								
<i>Brandenburg Concertos</i> , Vol. 1 (Nos. 1-4) by Bach (Columbia M-MM-249 with The Busch Chamber Players under direction of Adolf Busch)		✓						
<i>Music of Johann Strauss</i> (Columbia M-481 with Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra)				✓		✓		
<i>Emperor Concerto</i> by Beethoven (Victor DM-939 with Artur Schnabel at the piano and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Frederick Stock)				✓	✓	✓		

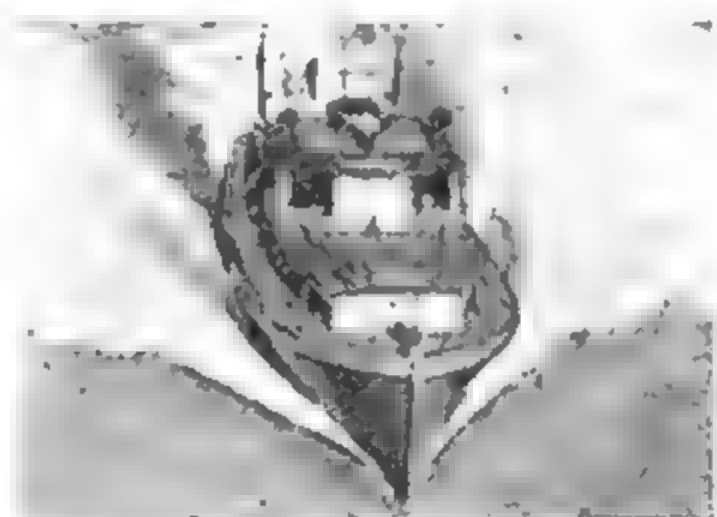


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OWENS
The Ideal Cruiser 30 ft.

No Place to Retreat in Russia

Continued from page 48

he had to fight. The army would not take him, so he enlisted in a guerilla brigade in the forests of Smolensk. One evening the commander of the brigade called for volunteers to blow up a German troop train that was to pass a certain point at two in the morning. Kuzin was the first to offer himself for the assignment. The commander shook his head. "You—with your bad leg—" he said. But Kuzin pleaded for a chance to blow up the train. Finally the commander acquiesced and Kuzin and another youth left the forest.

At a point where there was a curve in the railroad track he and his companion planted mines. The night was dark and cloudy and no one was around. They connected the mines with underground wires which they strung all the way to their camouflaged dugout. Then they sat up and waited. Hours passed before they saw a faraway light on the tracks. Kuzin's companion shivered with excitement but Kuzin was calm and fixed his eyes on the approaching light. The train was preceded by an electric handcar which was mounted with machine guns. It was the handcar that was lighted. The train was completely blacked out. The machine guns on the handcar fired incessantly and Kuzin let it pass. But when the locomotive reached the curve he set off the mines. With a wild roar the locomotive blew up and the coaches crashed on top of one another. Dust and wreckage fell over the dugout and almost buried Kuzin and his companion.

Under cover of darkness they ran away. Back in the woods they started to talk, but they suddenly discovered they could not hear each other. The explosion had deafened them. For seven days they lay in the hospital. Kuzin recovered his hearing and since then he has become one of the most famous guerillas in Russia. He specializes in blowing up German transport-troop trains, columns of gasoline trucks, caravans of loot which German officers and soldiers gather in conquered territory and ship for safety deep into their rear.

The Germans have offered a huge sum for Kuzin's head and despite the fact that because of his lame leg he would be easy to identify, he has successfully eluded all German attempts to capture him.

Some of the most breath-taking exploits of the war have been performed by guerillas. It is they who have made it impossible for the Germans to organize a Nazi "new order" in conquered Russian lands. They fight with any weapons, and wit is as much a part of their arsenal as guns and bullets.

In one village the German commandant was particularly cruel to the peasantry. He confiscated all grain, all livestock, all potatoes,

Continued on page 156



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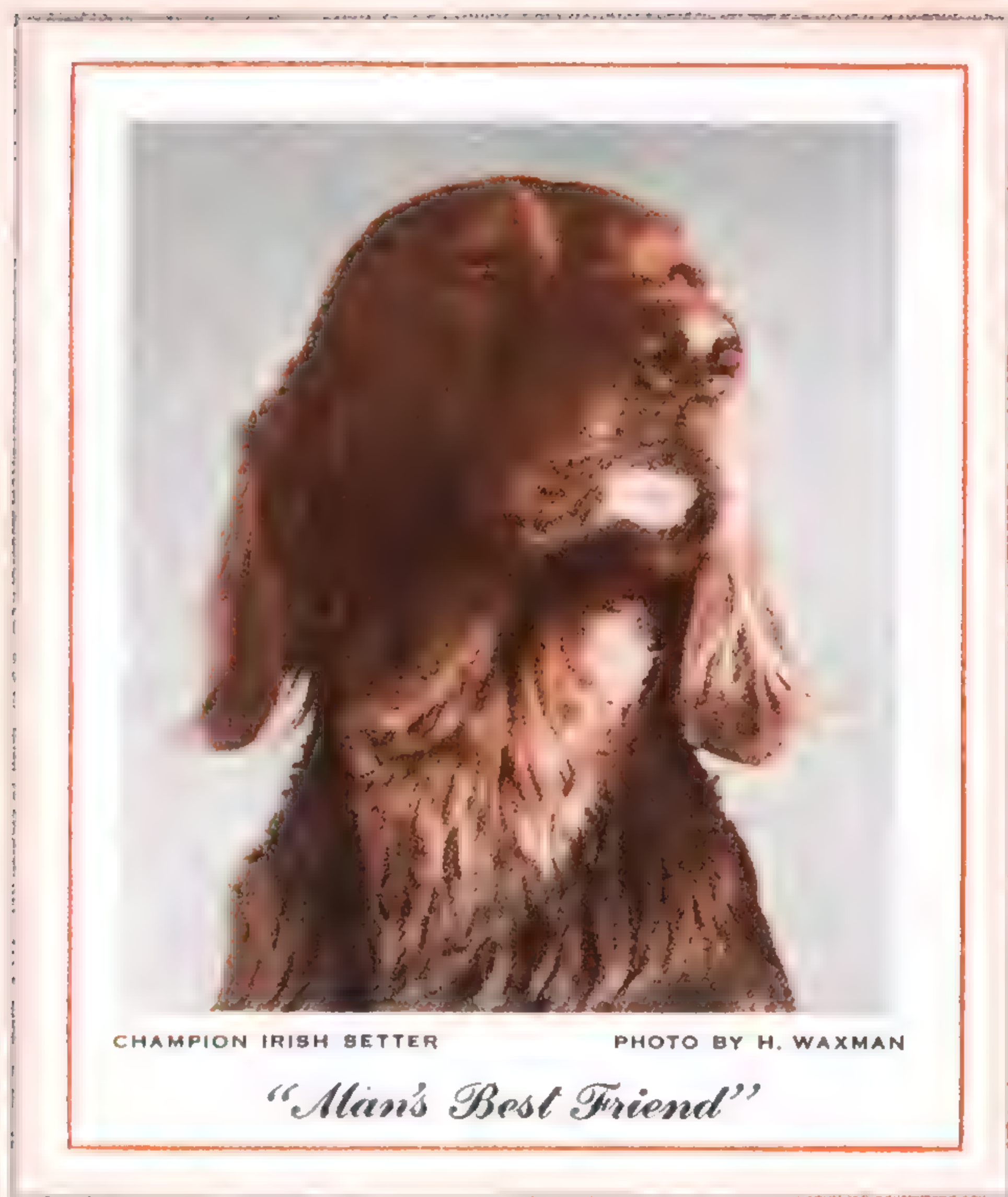
A thousand fine dealers carry these top quality "essential" shoes. Below is a partial listing. If your city is not included, write to E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-10, Rockland, Massachusetts.



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No Place to Retreat in Russia

Continued from pages 48-155

all warm clothes. Villagers were starving and guerillas nearby decided to kill the commandant.

He lived in the village school-house, guarded by half a dozen men and a machine gun. From a nearby barnyard the guerillas dumped into the school grounds a sackful of young pigs and another of chickens. Meat was scarce, even for Germans; the guards gave chase. Guerillas picked them off with rifles and flung hand grenades into the school windows. They killed the commandant, set the school afire and fled.

Consider the case of Vasilisa, an old peasant woman in White Russia. She appeared with a large basket under her arm at a German held railroad station. A train carrying troops and supplies was there. Vasilisa begged the locomotive engineer for a ride to the next village. Removing the cover of chaff from the basket she pointed to a layer of eggs saying, "I'll give them to you if you take me along."

The engineer helped her inside his cabin, and she gave him all the eggs. The basket was also lined with chaff, beneath which lay powerful explosives. As the train approached the next station, Vasilisa dumped the contents on the engine. The explosion wrecked the train and killed Vasilisa.

Stoic beyond words are the peasant women who fight in the guerilla brigades, and none more stoic than Alexandra Dreyman. As soon as her village was occupied she joined the guerillas. Pregnancy made it impossible for her to endure guerilla life and she returned to her native village and hid in the home of the physician. There the Germans arrested her.

They promised her freedom, medical care, good food, if she would tell them where the guerillas were located. She refused in spite of torture and threats of execution. They locked her in a barn. For three days she lay on straw without food or water. When the child came, the Germans again offered her freedom and all she needed for the baby if she would betray the guerillas. Again she refused. The child died. Then they put her into a sled and told her she must guide them to the guerilla headquarters. This time she agreed. The deeper they drove into the forest, the more uncertain the Germans were of their guide, and Alexandra finally blurted out, "Do you think a Russian woman would be a traitor to her own people?" The Germans drove back to the village and executed the Russian woman.

Never before in all Russian history have women played so strenuous and so heroic a part in a war as they now do.

In Stalingrad when the fighting moved to the outskirts of the city, many mothers refused to be evacuated. They remained with the soldiers to the end, living near them

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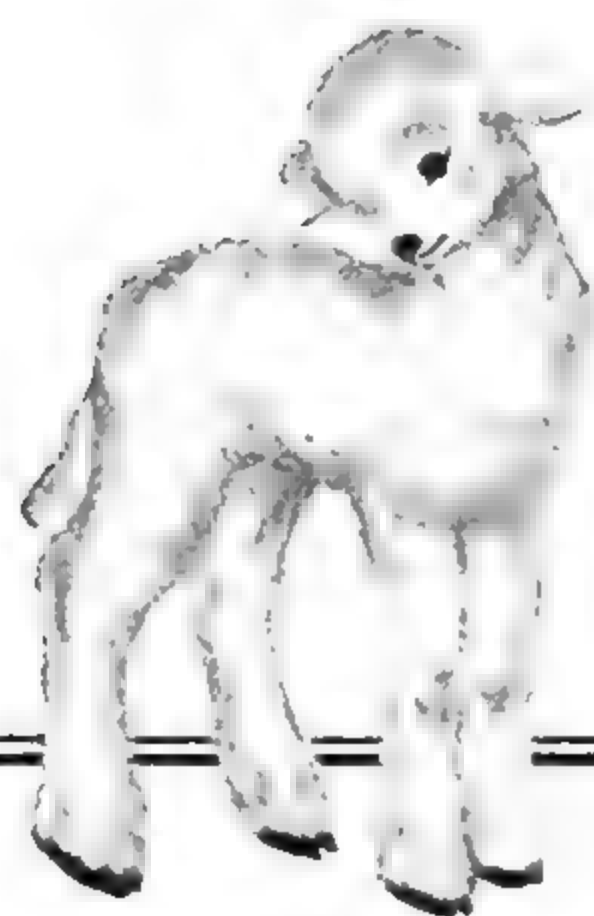
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or with them in the deep under-
ground trenches, and aiding them
in every way they could. Of late,
soldiers of the wrecked but vic-
torious city and war correspond-
ents have been writing stories
about these remarkable mothers.

Here was Marya Gavrilovna.
At the height of the battle of
Stalingrad she found refuge under-
ground amidst the water pipes of
Lenin Street, one of the leading
thoroughfares of the city. Rus-
sian trench mortar gunners had
climbed to the top of House Num-
ber 36, which faced Marya Gavri-
lovna's underground shelter. Di-
rectly opposite German gunners
had fortified themselves in a base-
ment. Evenings during lulls in the
fighting, the gray-haired Marya
came out of her hiding. On a kero-
sene stove she cooked soup and
porridge for the Russian gunners.
They were all strangers to her but
she was their "mother." She
washed their underwear, mended
their clothes and cheered them
with her maternal devotion and
with talks of victory. Every eve-
ning the soldiers expected her and
her coming was always an occa-
sion of gladness and triumph.

One evening as she came out of
her hiding the Germans turned
their guns on her. Instantly the
Russians answered the fire. Marya
Gavrilovna walked on and flung
herself into House Number 36. Sol-
diers rushed down to meet her. She
climbed to the top floor where the
soldiers were still stationed. Asked
if she was hurt, she shook her
head. But blood showed through
her clothes and soon she collapsed
and never regained consciousness.

The soldiers buried her in the
courtyard. Over her grave they
put up a small board on which
they printed the following words:

"Here lies Marya Gavrilovna
Timofeyeva, mother of the N-th
division of trench mortar gun-
ners."

These are only a few incidents
in the saga of extraordinary hero-
ism which the Russian people are
writing often enough with their
very blood. ‡‡

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Dorais, the Mighty Mite

Continued from page 69

zaga ball carrier had never advanced to the goal line, making the play a touchback. The officials couldn't reach a decision, so Dorais offered to accept the ball at the point where the play had started. Mathews rejected the proposal. Finally it was agreed to toss a coin. Dorais won, Gonzaga converted and scored a 7-to-6 victory.

Dorais settled down in Detroit in Spring of 1925 and his first two seasons were unsuccessful at the school then in its football infancy. After that he piled up an enviable record. In the early part of the 1927 season his team lost to Army and Notre Dame—then won 19 consecutive games, the string being broken by a tie with Marquette in the latter part of the 1929 season.

In 1937 he was selected to coach the College All-Stars, and by defeating the Green Bay Packers his team handed the professionals their first loss in the series.

For years the name of Dorais was linked with almost every major coaching vacancy to occur. Finally Dorais issued a blanket denial of all rumors, connecting his name with another coaching job.

"I hereby empower all newspapermen to write the denials without consulting me," Dorais wrote. "They can have free rein and I'll back them all up by staying at the University of Detroit at least until January 1, 1939."

Dorais graduated from Notre Dame with a law degree and later got his master's at Columbia, but never found time to practice law. However, he did enter politics.

As athletic director at the University, Dorais was always urging City Council members to allot more money to playgrounds. Having three sons and two daughters, Dorais appreciates the need for recreational facilities.

His tired friends on the Council suggested he speak for himself, Gus. He did, was elected, and is now serving his second term.

After noting that sports fame had elected Dorais, Billy Rogel, Detroit Tiger shortstop decided he wanted a place on the Council. Billy campaigned on a platform of baseball for youngsters and was duly elected, and baseball and football are represented on the nine man Detroit council.

As a politician, Dorais has done well, crowning his share of queens and making the numerous appearances that are part and parcel of the great game of vote-getting.

Recently, Dorais went to Alpena to crown the ice queen in an outdoor ceremony. Later at a dance Dorais had difficulty in getting into the swing with the pretty young queen as a partner.

"I guess I am not as good at dancing as I used to be," he apologized.

"Mr. Dorais," remarked the

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queen, "perhaps you would get along better if you took off your overshoes."

All football coaches are subject to similar absent-mindedness but occasionally the shoe belongs on the other foot.

One night Dorais kept a date to speak before a booster banquet sponsored by the service clubs of Ferndale, a Detroit suburb.

Dorais arrived at the Methodist Church, met a dignitary and explained that he had been asked to speak. He was escorted to the rostrum where he was flanked by seven ministers.

After calling on several other speakers, the toastmaster turned to Dorais and said:

"We have another distinguished visitor. I do not know why he is here, for I know he was not invited. Perhaps God has sent him to us, but we will be very pleased to hear an explanation and a few words from Charles E. Dorais, Coach of the University of Detroit."

Dorais rose, red-faced. This wasn't a booster banquet? No, it was a victory dinner celebrating the paying off of the church mortgage. Later Dorais learned that the booster dinner had been postponed for one night, but that no one had bothered to tell him about it.

One of the headaches confronting Dorais at Detroit and unquestionably one of the reasons for his departure was the problem of schedule. Every year Gus turned out well drilled, capable teams likely to surprise any foe. As a result the coaches of the big college teams weren't anxious to play him because victory over the U. of D. was meaningless and defeat really hurt in the eyes of the alumni.

Professional football's schedule-making is automatic and now the 53-year-old Dorais has first class opposition, and for sure. The Chicago Bears, Green Bay Packers and other behemoths of professional football are happy to accommodate him with games year in and year out.

But no coach ever had a better opportunity, because the Lions can't do anything but improve after losing all of their eleven games last season. Give Dorais a championship team, and he'll probably run for mayor—and in sports minded Detroit he'd get elected. #

Get the authentic and complete inside story of that historic Army-Notre Dame game of 1913 as revealed by Gus Dorais to Clark Shaughnessy . . . in the thrill-packed Esquire book,

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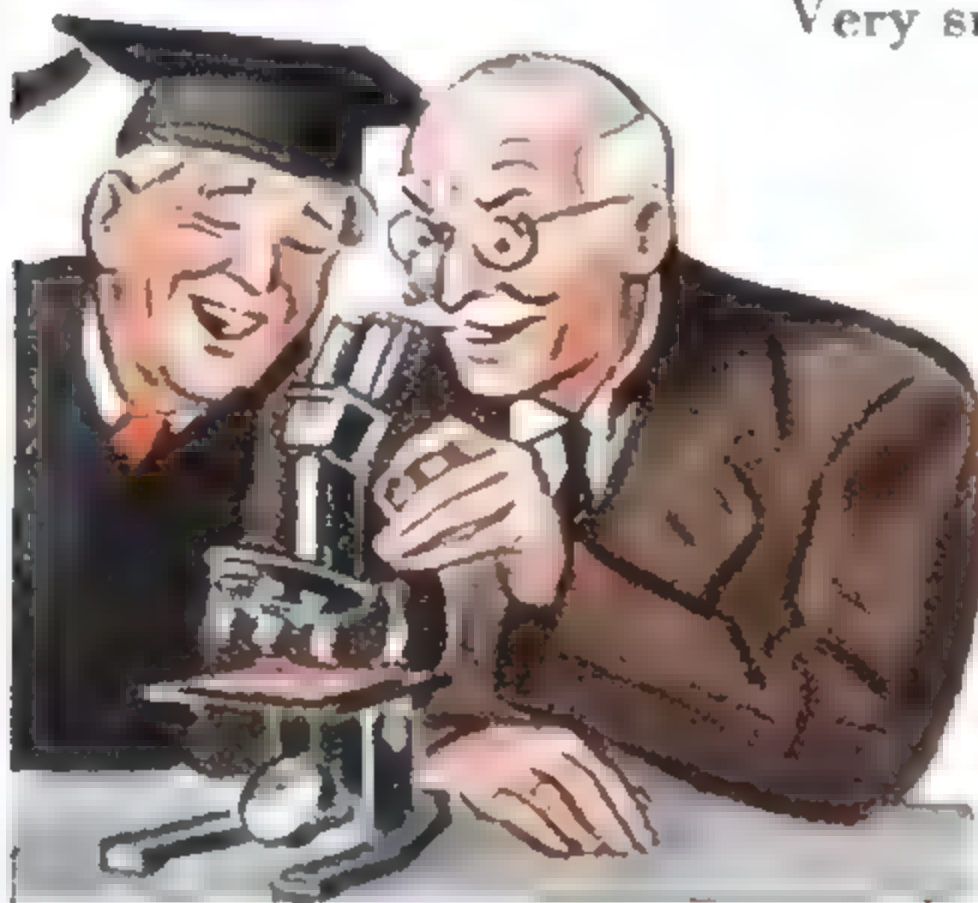
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1 As you see, my worthy colleague, Alpadora comes from a fine old family of good-wool ambassadors. Very smooth and silky heritage.



2 Incredibly good weaving, what? Double the number of wool fibres per inch on its face. The maker calls it "double dense". Makes for richer appearance and longer life.

3 Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, my dear fellow, it nonetheless gives me greatest pleasure to make you an outright gift of this Alpadora coat. Of course, I assume no responsibility if your colleagues wonder at such luxury on a professor's salary. But then you can always explain that you really expect to wear it long enough to hand on to your grandson.



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WINGS

SHIRTS and SPORTSWEAR
PIEDMONT SHIRT CO. Dept. A GREENVILLE, S.C.

This Baby Brought the Stork

Continued from page 67

the owner of such a gay spot not to be gay . . . always. Of course, he doesn't believe in the employees being demonstrative in their jubilation. Ergo, this notice: "Any employee caught drinking intoxicating liquors, other than hosts, press agents or the drinks given to the kitchen crew, will be discharged immediately. There has been just a little bit too much drinking here by some of the employees of late."

"Unless we are with guests, I don't think any of us should interfere with the service from the kitchen and the bar by eating during their busy hours of serving customers. I think all of us should be in favor of giving the customers preference."

In the same tenor:

"Outside of beer I give the kitchen, I do not want anyone that works at the Stork Club to drink any intoxicating liquor while they are on the job. This might sound rather strict but I don't drink myself and I don't want anyone that represents me, in any capacity whatever, to be under the influence of intoxicating liquor while they are representing me and that's that."

Allergic to noise (except for the pleasant clang of the cash register), Billingsley addressed a note in screaming red type to employees: "Please, please, please try to be quiet. Do not run and rush all over the house and do not make a great deal of noise slamming and banging dishes, silverware, and glasses. Just be quiet in everything you do and take your time. Relax. Thank you.—S.B."

Two bulletin boards in the employees' section of the Stork Club carry communiqués, also dictated by the owner and transferred to the blackboard by one of the waiters in a fine German script. The help waits breathlessly, and since he has the Billingsley-dictated note in his hand, they beg him to read it. But he continues his lettering at snail's pace, cupping the note in his hand so that no onlooker can "scoop" him. Often, Billingsley watches, enjoying the suspense he's created.

One bulletin advised: "Anyone violating this rule will get his regular two weeks' union notice. I do not want any of the band-leaders to sit with the customers at any time or for any reason."

Waltzers ask the band why they never play slow, dreamy music. The reason is the owner wants the place "alive" and complains the music is never peppy enough. One inner-sanctum bulletin reminded band-leaders: "This is not Carnegie Hall. Please remember to play with a Stork Club beat at all times."

It's not just luck which has created this phenomenon, an Oklahoman giving New York one of its smartest cafés. Important people thrill when Billingsley nods to



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TO ALL OUR EMPLOYEES

To those who are connected with the serving, preparing, etc. of food—When I order a thin steak, I mean cut it as nearly as possible to the thickness of tissue paper—when I order hot skimmed milk, I mean to have it made hot, but not to boil it and I want to be sure that it is skimmed. I do not ever want any grease, butter or any other kind of seasoning put on my food. I am on a strict diet which does not allow me to have any fat, sweets, or spicy foods. So please do not give any of it to me, and above all, do not do not allow anyone else to bother me while I am eating because I have a very nervous stomach and when I am bothered while I am eating, it upsets my stomach and makes me sick. Thank you.

THE STORK CLUB

Sherman Billingsley

them. No cosmopolitan man of letters, he once complained to his printer that a bulletin was "non-illegible."

One day when the band was to be paid and his bookkeeper was absent, he made out seven different checks before he got it right. Accordingly, when he becomes highly incensed at someone, he vents his spleen by calling the person illiterate. That, he feels, represents the ultimate in invective.

Perhaps the reason for his success can be found in this notice he posted for the attention of his hirelings:

"The Waldorf Astoria Wedgewood Room has Tito Guizar, Paul and Grace Hartman, Carmen Cavellero and Orchestra; the Savoy Plaza has Larry Adler, Roy Ross and Orchestra; the Copacabana has Sophie Tucker, Ted Straeter and Orchestra plus a big Girl show; the Riobamba has Mitzi Green, Romo Vincent, Chandra Kaly Dancers, Nat Brandwynne and Orchestra, Chavez and Orchestra plus a big Girl show. The Versailles has Dean Murphy, Emil Coleman and Orchestra, and 6 Conover Cover Girls.

"Now all we have is small seven-piece bands so we will have to give the customers better food, better drinks, better service and treat them much better than these other places, or naturally the people will have no reason for coming to us.

We want the people to go to these places for entertainment but on leaving them to come to us. They will do so because they know they will get better treatment, better food and drinks, and better service. So please do your part to keep up this standard."

The reaction to this was instantaneous. Underneath the long listing of the other supper-clubs and their attractions, one of the Stork's waiters named Spitzel inserted a line: "Yes, but they haven't got Spitzel!"

A strict disciplinarian, Billingsley insists on the mark being toed. One night, he saw a waiter leaving for home, carrying a big bundle. Becoming suspicious, he unwrapped it and found a big ham. Telling the waiter to stay there a moment, he went into the kitchen and came back with a huge bag.

"Here," he told the red-faced culprit, "here's some bread to put that ham between! Now get out and don't come back." #

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86 PROOF

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Notice: No Hunting Allowed

Continued from page 45

to be preserved for fun as well as food, for the man with a gun on his shoulder or a rod in his hand.

More recently the Forest Service reported the big game animals in national forests alone had multiplied from 693,000 in 1924 to 2,100,000 by 1941. The Service said this rate of increase, if continued, would double the present numbers by 1951, and place large animals on a numerical par with human beings in 1999.

Such a tremendous increase in the number of big game animals brings about a situation which may not be appreciated by city-dwellers, but is serious for people who must live and ranch and farm, side by side with the hungry herds.

The latter continually press down from the mountains and from the national parks and other game sanctuaries, and invade gardens and grain and alfalfa fields, and devour stacked feed.

Studies by experts indicate the deer and elk, unless starving, eat only browse or shrubbery, disdain grass. But the ranchers contend that hungry deer get so numerous that they gnaw the high mountains bare of vegetation, with resulting erosion.

Thousands of deer are fed through the toughest part of winter, but game and fish commissions are finding the animals don't flourish even on expensive baled alfalfa, and some are concluding the deer would be better off if they'd never been wpa'd. The animals quit hustling, sociably mingle their bacteria, and start epidemics. One-third of the deer (about 2700) on the Gunnison feeding ground in Colorado died this winter, and most of the deaths were indirectly caused by artificial feeding. Alfalfa lacks the roughage or vegetable acid necessary to metabolism and if not supplemented by native browse, weakens deer.

The Western ranchers' solution is simple and they are getting louder about it. That is to butcher off the surplus by hired hunters, and devote the meat to supplementing rationed diets.

Conservationists—and the conservationists won their biggest victory only a few years ago with the establishment of jointly financed state and federal crews of experts under the Pittman-Robertson act, to protect and foster wild life through scientific study and the establishment of preserves—have so far held the line firmly. They maintain that, where game overflows, it should be thinned out by the hunter—"he paid for it; let him hunt it"—and by such devices as granting licenses to kill cows and does, unthinkable only a few years ago.

States have preserved complete control over their wild life as against the federal government; most of their laws are extremely rigid against any market-hunting, and there were few real liberaliza-

tions in 1943 state legislatures. In most states you can't sell wild meat, nor even keep it stored for yourself, save for limited periods and by paying fees. Sales of skins, teeth, etc., are strictly prohibited—and the government, in need of deer hides, has had to appeal to hunters' patriotism to supply hides free. Incidentally, the need for hides is so great that the wpa has frozen the national stocks, even including those placed in the hands of taxidermists to be prepared as trophies.

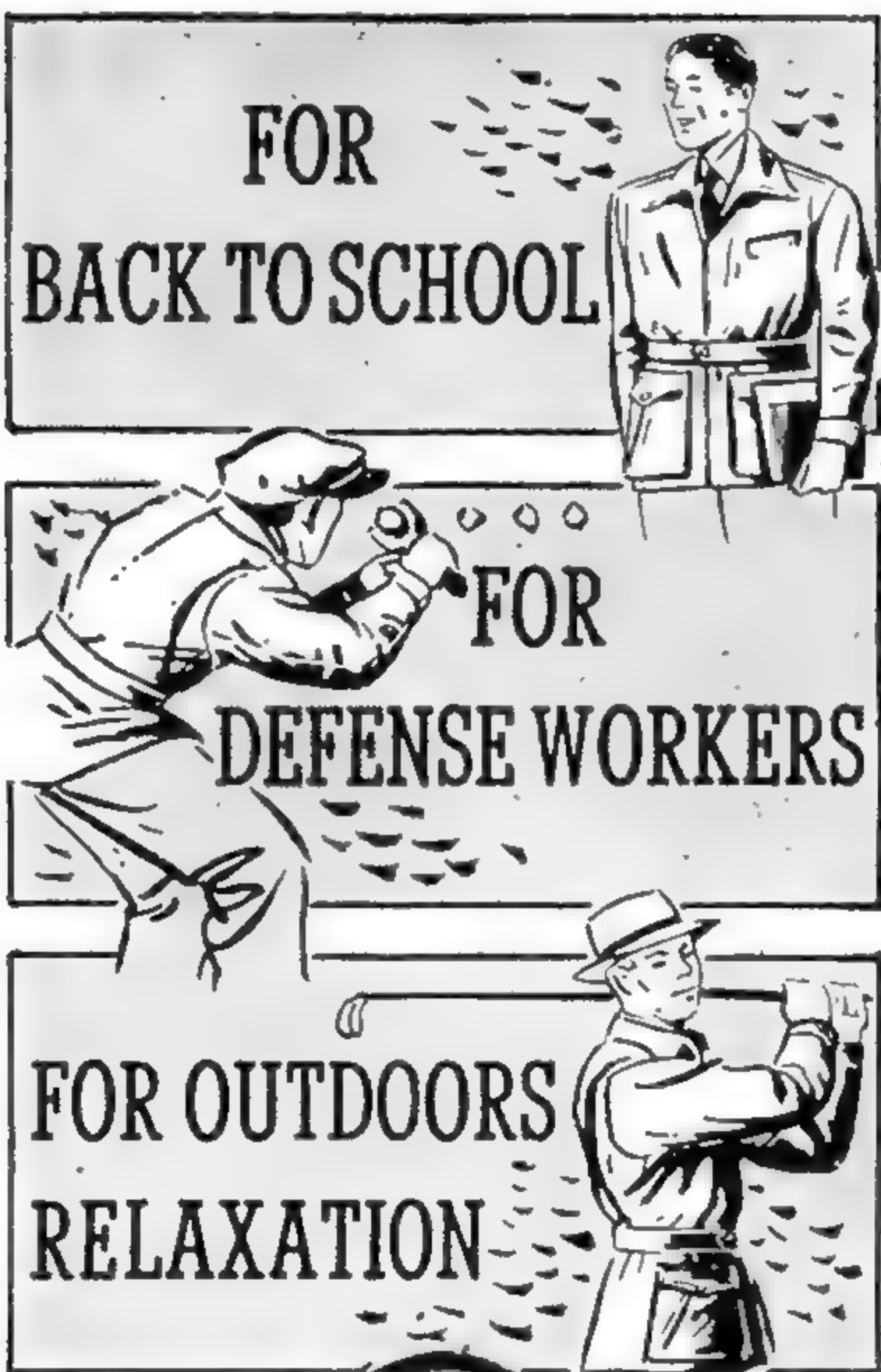
Conservationists want more hunters; nothing riles the rancher so thoroughly as that suggestion.

When one has been through the hunting country after a season, and has seen cow elk and doe deer sprawled by the dozens with their feet stiffly extended in post-mortem bloat; or heard tale after tale of favorite saddle-horses and valuable cows slaughtered by careless hunters, one cannot blame the ranchers. There's no human who has worse manners than homo hunter Americanus.

One thing most experts agree upon: If the increase continues, Nature will thin the game out so ruthlessly that we may again face a wild-game scarcity—as when the Kaibab herd of deer almost disappeared in Arizona years ago.

In some sections, massive kills have simply had to be made—as in the slaughter of 7,000 Yellowstone Park elk this past winter. Most game authorities recognize there is some justice in the ranchers' case—but most remain dead set against hiring hunters, "the awkwardest, most expensive and least efficient method of regulation," says Game and Fish Director Cleland Feast of Colorado, recalling the 500,000 dollars it cost California to clean out 20,000 deer that were sick with hoof-and-mouth disease, some years ago. In Colorado, the regular wardens' staff may be used to thin out the very crowded areas, but every effort will be made first to "let the hunter do it—he paid for 'em."

Economically speaking, wild game represents a food source of which most people may not realize the importance. At the recent North American Wild Life Conference in Denver, it was estimated by Albert M. Day, assistant director of the Fish and Wild Life Service, from reports gathered from 47 states, that the wild game harvest netted 253,000,000 pounds of human food in 1942. Cottontail accounted for 68,000,000 pounds, deer 59,000,000, elk 9,000,000, squirrel 22,500,000, ducks 32,500,000, and pheasant 28,000,000. In a normal year, Mr. Day said, there are 8,000,000 licensed hunters, in addition to under-agers and men who hunt without licenses on their own farms. The multi-million-dollar industry which supplies the needs of these hunters is virtually dormant for the period of the war, or has turned to other lines. ‡



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The Wings of an Angel

Continued from page 60

her." He had a funny little laugh. Then we both shake hands and he blows.

The first thing I figure I ought to do is to find out about the dame. So I call a friend of mine who knows Winchell and I ask him who she is and what she does.

"She's a doll," he says. "A fragile doll."

"Can she sing?" I ask.

He says, "The only song she has ever been known to sing is 'Daddy, I want a diamond ring'."

"Is she pretty?" I ask.

"She's beautiful," he says. "Beautiful but not dumb."

"How do you mean 'not dumb'?" I ask. "You mean she's got brains, too?"

"Oh, no," he says. "Nothing like that. She's no freak. But she has the smartest little nose in Manhattan. She can smell a dime clear across the Hudson. She's strictly on the take, in every way possible—but her dictionary never got the word 'give' written into it."

Well, that was all I wanted to know.

I phoned her.

When she got there, I sat down near her on the couch, but I realized right away that it was a mistake. I couldn't think. So I got up and sat across from her.

"Janey," I says, "Frank Montague was in to see me today and we had a long talk and he convinced me that you are a great little singer, so we are going to produce a musical for you."

She nodded her head, but didn't say anything.

"Do you really want to go on the stage?" I ask her. "Or would you rather get a quick slice of five thousand dollar cake?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," she says.

"It's simple," I says. "You are a smart girl and I will not cut any corners for you. If you really want to, we can get the show produced. If not, you and I can split up some fast coin."

"I haven't the vaguest idea what you are trying to say, Mr. O'Neill," she says. "You will have to speak more explicitly, if you please."

And suddenly there is a hard, cold look in her eyes.

"But if you think I'm interested in any two-bit larceny, Mr. O'Neill," she says, "you're an even bigger jerk than I figure."

I tell you I have never seen anything like it. The dame is wonderful. One minute she looks like an angel without disguise. A half a second later she is talking like a tramp from Toledo.

So I took a nice long look at her and I says, "Okay, Sister, if that's the kind of a script you want, that's the way we'll write it for you. Anything to oblige a lady, Janey girl."

She makes out like not a word of what I say is understood by her

Continued on page 164

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The Wings of an Angel

Continued from pages 60-163

pretty little head. Not a syllable. "What is the name of the play?" she says. "And when do rehearsals start?"

"Look," I says. "I will be honest with you. There ain't no play—not yet. But if there has got to be a play we will get one run up for you. Strictly homemade, with fancy hemstitching, to fit our little Janey herself. Okay?"

She unlimbers a little and she actually passes out a smile.

"I don't want you to think I am being difficult, Mr. O'Neill," she says, "but there has to be a play."

"Call me Nate," I says, "and tell me why."

"I'll call you Mr. O'Neill," she says, "and because that's the way I want it."

"Sold," I says. "Sold American. But if that's the way you want it you'll have to string along with me a little. I'll call Dave Allen and he'll write a play. But you'll have to play ball with us."

"I'm no athlete," she says, "but what do I do?"

"You meet Allen, you talk to Allen, you keep him interested and you keep him working. In other words, you will have to take an active interest in the guy for a while. He is a bit on the lazy side, but he's a softie for blondes. Will you do that much?"

"Sometimes I don't understand you, Mr. O'Neill," she says. "I've been sitting here fifteen minutes already. How long do I have to sit around waiting to meet this punk of an author? Doesn't he ever keep appointments on time?"

While Davey is hitting the keys I am getting the rest of the cast together, and Frank Karson is painting us some fancy scenery and Charley Maney is telling the papers about the magnificent forthcoming production of *Happy Hunch* and everything is going great.

Well, maybe not everything. Montague keeps bothering me.

"I never see Miss Whelan any more," he confides to me. "She's always with that writer."

"Is that so?" I says, like as if it's a surprise to me.

"I wish you would do something about it," he says. "Why can't you order her to keep away from him?"

"Who? Me?" I says.

"Yes, you," he says. "Why not? Aren't you the producer of this turkey?"

So I see the time has come for me to read him the declaration of independence and I do.

"Look, Mr. Montague," I says. "As you yourself have just mentioned, I am a producer, not a matrimonial agency. As for you calling this production a turkey, that is really most unkind. Just because I permit you to put a few dollars into my production, that does not give you the privilege of criticizing it."

Finally the book and the lyrics are all done and the scores are

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Typical of what the boys who ride Harley-Davidsons in the war think is this excerpt from a letter: "Out here Harley-Davidsons are the best a man could ride. They have the guts to get up and pull out of any sand hole within reason. They take all the punishment we can dish out—cross territory even tanks can't get over. One of our ranking officers said the other day, 'Our motor jockeys would ride hell and back and make their own road.' Sounds like the good old endurance run, gypsy tour and race meet days, doesn't it? When those days return there will be even better Harley-Davidsons for you."

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made and the thing begins to mesh on all fronts and I have my fight with the union about how many stage hands we need and we compromise as per usual by my taking what they figure I should be stuck with and we are ready to open.

It is Philadelphia and we have all the usual headaches but the curtain goes up. And it don't take me more than five minutes to realize that Nate O'Neill, the Broadway producer, has done it again. I have got another flop on my hands.

I do some quick thinking and I realize that it is absolutely necessary for me to bow out.

I grab Montague and I give it to him, straight from the shoulder.

"I am sorry," I says. "But someone slipped us a Mickey. What do you want to do?"

"What can we do?" he asks.

"We can tie it up with a pink ribbon and leave it in a back alley and run like hell," I says. "Or we can try to save a few nickels."

"How?" he asks.

"How what?" I say.

"How can we save it?" he asks.

"We can toss in another bundle of hay," I explain. "A couple of new songs, some rewriting, some new actors. Stuff like that."

"Do you advise it?" he asks.

"Do you want me to be honest?" I say.

He nods his head.

"I think that tossing good money after bad just in order to hold a dame that you've already lost is kinda silly," I tell him.

He gives me one of those how-dare-you looks, then he sighs like he knows when he is licked, and he says, "Okay. Put up the notice. The ride is over."

Now I am in a ticklish spot and it takes some maneuvering and manipulating but I will give it to you fast, without the curves. It just happens that I know a sucker, a guy who has too much coin for his own good. If we can get to him fast, before the papers are out with the notices, we can sell him a piece of the show.

Montague doesn't like it. He doesn't think it's honest.

"Listen," I says. "You're in the furniture business. Suppose you make a hunk of furniture and it turns out sour, but you've got a big investment in it. What do you do? Toss it in the ashean or peddle it around the corner?"

So, naturally, he sees reason and I get busy and I sell his hunk of the show to Jack Gleason for five thousand dollars and that lets Montague out nice and easy.

Well, all right, you are my lawyer and you are entitled to the facts in the case. I sell Montague's piece of the show to Gleason for twenty thousand, but I give Montague five G's. I do not think this is dishonest. I am entitled to a little commission for my work, ain't I?

Now, here is the difficult part of it. This fellow Gleason, he is a high-class gentleman and a fine fellow. The way I happen to meet him is that he is in the paper box

Continued on page 166

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The Wings of an Angel

Continued from pages 60-163-165

business and he is a very good friend of this Jane Whelan, ever since she met him a couple of nights ago, when we went to Philadelphia for rehearsals.

After he buys Montague's piece of the show, I try to sell him my piece for the same amount, but he don't want it. He is so nice about it that I try to sell it cheap. Ten G's. He still don't want it. Even at five he won't bite.

He says: "Mr. O'Neill, I would not deprive you of your share of this wonderful show. Besides, the fellows in the paper box game would kid me if they thought I was in show business, so I would rather be anonymous. And I cannot think of a finer, more honest partner to have. Besides, why should you sell out your share of such a fine show?"

I remembered all the speeches I had made to him about how fine the show was, and I was stuck with my own arguments.

The critics in Philadelphia razed it and the critics in Baltimore kicked it around. I kept crying we should fold up and take our punishment. But Janey kept screaming she wanted to open on Broadway, if only for a bow. And like I told you, this Gleason is a gentleman, and he had too much money—so we opened on Broadway.

That was the day I hid in my office and I wouldn't read the papers. Well, you know the facts. I guess I'm just a natural born genius. Here I had the biggest hit of the season on my hands and I thought it was a turkey. Here I was reaching for the cranberry sauce and it turns out to be box-office magic.

So I am in the money. But what right has Montague got to squawk? If his business judgment is not as good as mine, is it my fault? If his dame gives him the gate, can I help it? If he goes sour on a deal, and I am forced to stick, what is his complaint?

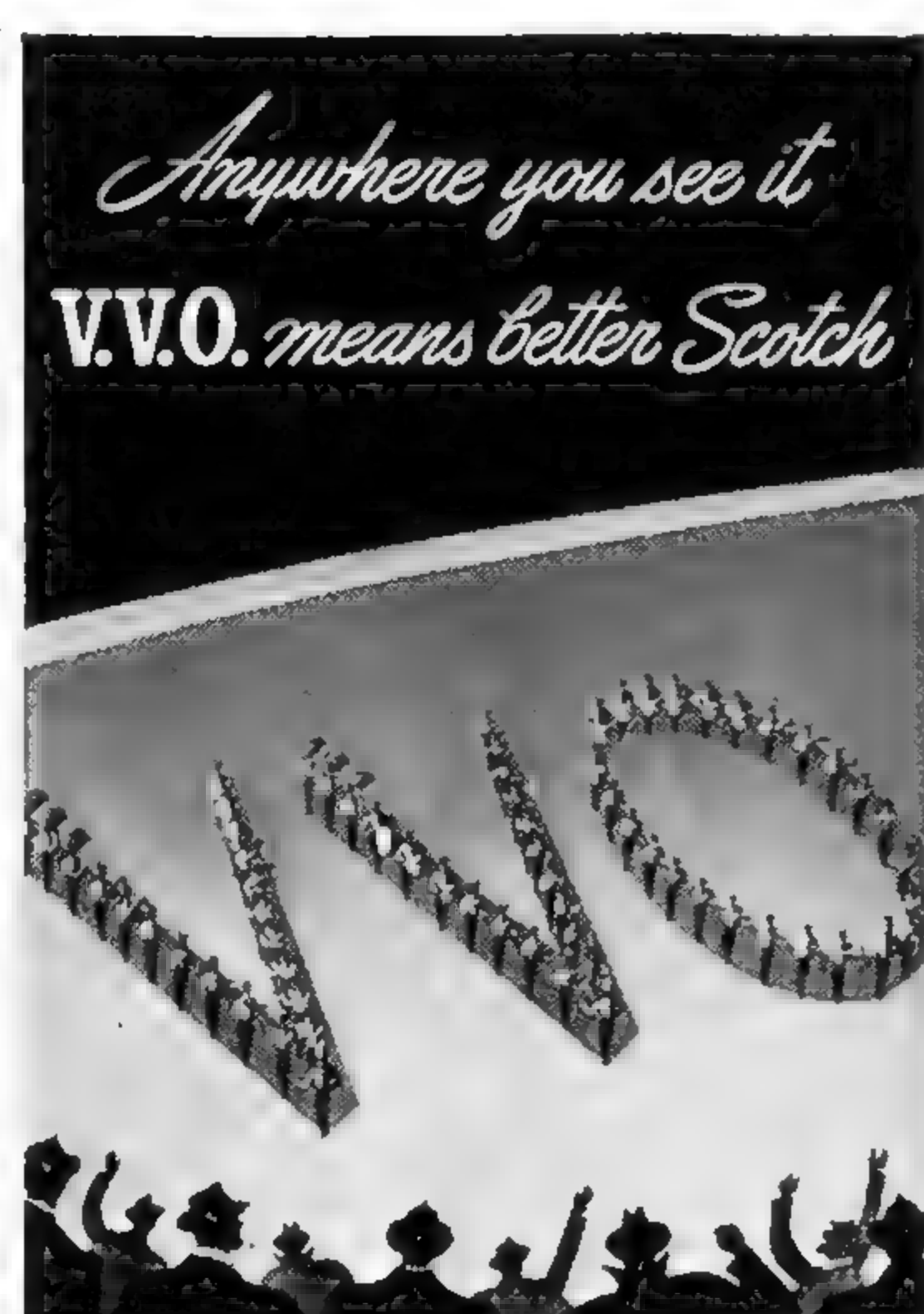
Now, Mr. Lawyer, you know how to answer his claim that I talked him into selling a potential quarter million dollar investment in *Happy Hunch* for five G's.

If he still complains, you might point out that Jack Gleason sold his half of the show for twenty thousand the week after it opened in New York, and he is not complaining.

And if you need proof that Gleason sold out cheap, why, my partner, Miss Jane Whelan, will be glad to testify. She bought the show from Gleason.

And if she is not permitted to testify on my behalf, because she is my wife, why, we can prove it. I still have the cancelled check from the twenty G's I lent her to buy the show with.

Who? My wife? Why, she's the same girl, this Jane Whelan. You don't think I'd lend twenty G's to a perfect stranger, do you? #



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Flight of the Wawkus Bird

Continued from page 47

the old *Staten Island*, and Alex went instantly to Airplot. He reported to the air officer. "Orders?" the AO said. "Very simple. Draw number 47, and fly her back to your ship. Spare parts, depth charges, and other impedimenta will follow by lighter. I believe yours will be the first Navy Cross to ride a wawkus on this side of the Atlantic, Lieutenant."

Alex said, with misgivings, "I've never flown a helicopter, Sir. I haven't the faintest idea—"

"Oh tut," said the AO. "See Mike Kenney on the flight deck. He'll teach you quickly." The AO laughed and indicated that the interview was at an end.

Alex went down to the hangar deck, feeling uneasy. He presented his requisition for the delivery of Number 47 to the flight deck, and he preceded it there. A group of wawkus birds clustered on the stern of the deck. There were men around them, and one man in particular, was illustrating fine points with his hands. He was a three-striper.

"Commander Kenney?"

"Yeah."

"I'm supposed to take delivery on a wawkus. I've never flown one, Sir."

Kenny smiled. "Well, come and get it. Joe—wheel one of those windmills over here and warm her

up. Take a good look at her, Lieutenant, before I start explaining. What's your name?"

"Graydon, Sir. Alex."

"Righto, Alex."

She wasn't much to look at. Her fuselage was ungainly and broad; she had no wings, and no tail surfaces. She had one big rotor with three blades on top of her cabin, and a small rotor mounted sideways on her tail, looked wrong. She looked like a Rube Goldberg dream. She had wheels. The others on the flight deck had torpedo-like pontoons of air-filled rubber.

They climbed into the heli-flivver and sat down side by side. Kenney kicked over the hundred horsepower Warner-Franklin engine, and the three-bladed rotor topside began to swish, while the twin-bladed screw astern pattered. They warmed the engine.

"Now look," Kenney said. "There is a throttle, two sticks and rudder bar. The throttle and the rudder pedals behave the same as in any ordinary ship. This stick . . ." he indicated, "behaves like the conventional aeroplane stick, so to speak. Pull it back, and up you go. Push it forward, and down you go. The only thing is, you go up *straight* and you come down *straight*. Savvy?"

"Yes, Sir," he said, and waited.

Continued on page 168



Warden

Warden, indeed, of the fleeting seconds is this splendid Rolex Oyster. * * * Here is a trustworthy companion to the fighter on the firing line or the watcher on the home front. * * * Long chosen, through preference, by officers of the British Armed Forces . . . and today proudly selected by many of our own Air Force Officers. * * * There are still a limited number available for civilian purchase . . . perhaps your local Rolex dealer can supply you. * * * * * Priced from \$80.00.



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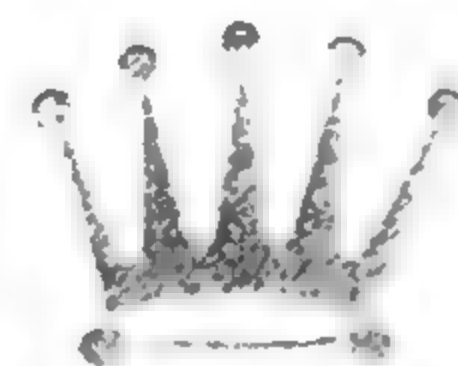
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Part of the cost must be paid in cash . . . this September. And *that's* going to hurt, too!

The 3rd War Loan Drive is here!

To pay for invasion—to get the money to keep our fighting machine going—you, and every man or woman in America, are asked to invest in at least one extra \$100 Bond in September.

\$100 EXTRA, mind you—for everybody!

No man or woman can hold back. No man or woman can point to his Payroll buying and say, "They don't mean me!" No man or woman can say, "I'm already lending 10% or 12% or 20%—I'm doing enough!"

Sure—it's going to hurt. It's going to take more than spare cash this time—more than just money

that might have gone for fun. It's going to take money you have tucked away. It's going to take part of the money we've been living on—money that might have meant extra shoes or clothes or food! Money that might have gone for *anything* that we can get along without!

Sure—it'll be tough to dig up that extra money. But we've got to do it—and *we will*.

We'll do it partly because of the look that would come over the faces of our fighting men if we should fail. We'll do it partly because the cheapest, easiest way out of this whole rotten business is for everybody to chip in all he can and help end it quick. We'll do it partly because there's no finer, *safer* investment in the world today than a U. S. War Bond.

But mostly, we'll do it because America is right smack in the middle of the biggest, deadliest, dirtiest war in history.

And we're Americans.

Back the attack with War Bonds

This space contributed to the Third War Loan Campaign by

Esquire

Flight of the Wawkus Bird

Continued from pages 47-167

"The other stick here controls the direction of flight. At neutral, you have no speed. Push it forward to go forward, sideways to fly sideways, and pull it back to do a wawkus. Really very simple. Take her up, and be gentle with the controls till you feel them."

Kenny had gunned the ship, and she was shaking from the swishing of the rotor. The flight deck stretched out before them, and Alex unconsciously measured it for take-off. He eased the elevation stick aft very slowly. Nothing appeared to happen.

"You are," Commander Kenney remarked, "five feet off the deck right now."

Startled, Alex saw it was true. By the time he took it in, he was ten feet up and still rising, and the face of the mechanic who had wheeled up the plane was still directly under him. It was the strangest sensation he ever had. Then he eased the directional control forward, and the wawkus moved slowly off above the flight deck.

They didn't return to the U.S.S. *Paul Revere* for a full hour, and when they did, Alex looked elated. "Why," he said, "it's the goofiest thing I've ever seen!"

"Sure," Commander Kenney said. "You do very well. Draw your own 47 and fly her to your own ship, Lieutenant. Just re-

member this. When you've got a depth charge in your rack instead of me sitting beside you, and you hover right over a sub and drop the can, don't hang around too long. You'll be sitting right on top of the blast. Also, your ship'll have pontoons. She can land on everything but a fire hydrant with them, and that includes water. Don't be afraid of a water landing, she'll get off just as easily. Righto, Son, you've graduated, and I'm a busy man."

* * *

There were fifty-three ships in the convoy from Gib to Plymouth, and the *Burma Star* was squat in the middle. The destroyer escort was not large but there was an aircraft carrier, the *Indomitable*, well-flanked, and she kept her planes in the air all the time. From Gibraltar to Cape St. Vincent, there were no sub contacts, and the weather held clear. Only five of the helicopters ever got up, due to a pilot lack. Nearly all the ships had postage-stamp flight decks built on their sterns, but their heli-flivvers just sat there, lashed down.

The windmill couldn't be topped for spotting. Alex had ridden his charger all over the sky, and though he had not contacted a single submarine he realized that his chances of doing so were far greater with the heli than with his



You always get a rise out of a pipe-fancier when the fragrance of Briggs tobacco wafts under his nose. For that glorious aroma is a tip-off on the grand, rich flavor, the gentle enjoyment lavished on the smoker. (It's the result of Briggs being cask-mellowed for years—longer than many costly blends.) If you haven't yet had the pleasure, speak up, man! Ask for a package of Briggs today.



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The third day out, Alex was poking along close to the sea and when he suddenly looked up, he saw that he was close to a destroyer and heading right for her control tower. He automatically shifted his directive stick full back, came to an abrupt halt in mid-air, then backed off.

"Good trip," Commodore Lykes said that evening. "But we shouldn't have any trouble."

"Why not, Sir?" Alex said. "I thought the Gib-Plymouth run was a gauntlet, with Jerry subs just waiting for a set-up like this? I heard it was tough."

"It's rather bad usually," said Lykes. His eyes twinkled. "But your American force cleared the way for us. They were blazing this trail for us as far as Cape Finisterre, and I don't doubt that your own carrier, the *Staten Island*, has her planes on patrol all the time, protecting us even though we're a hundred fifty miles astern."

"And from Finisterre to England?" He knew it was a bad run.

"We'll be on our own. The American force breaks there for the Atlantic crossing. We may have trouble thereafter, Alex, for Biscay is alive with Jerry U-boats, out of St. Nazaire."

"I'll try and break the monotony of their routine," Alex smiled.

The wind rose during the darkness. By dawn, a hard gray driving rain was slanting in from the continent, northeast, and the anemometer recorded forty mile per hour winds. Visibility was miserable, and the rolling graybacks had savage white heads on them. The *Burma Star* became a thing of rank, intolerable discomfort.

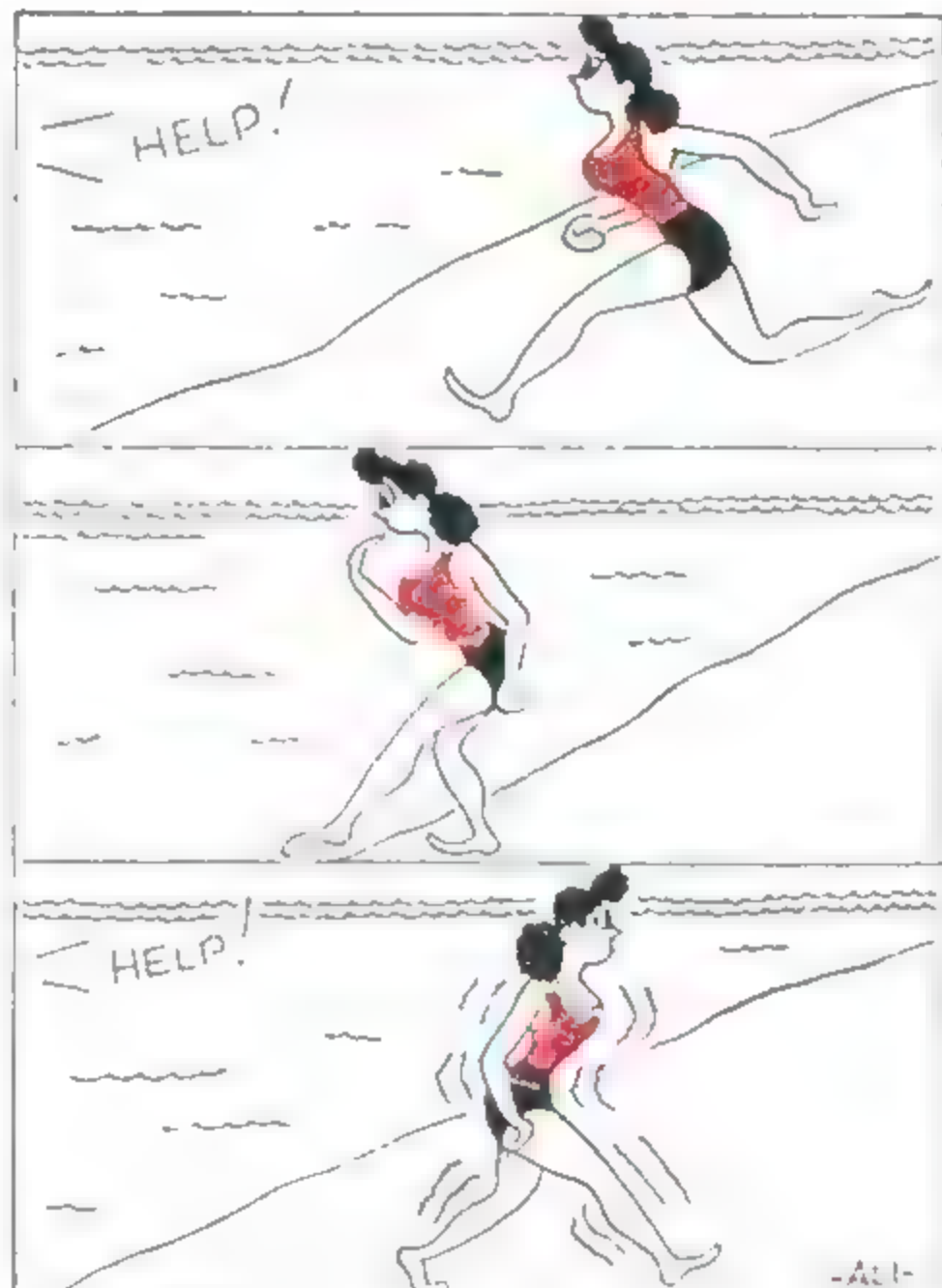
When the *Indomitable* failed to put patrol planes in the air, the lid was on. The birds had roosted, and so had the Royal Naval Air Arm. "Too bad," Commodore Lykes said gloomily. "I do like an air umbrella overhead."

"Sir," Alex Graydon said, "I'd like to give the heli a whirl. Want me to take her up?"

"No," Commodore Lykes said. "You'd never find us again."

Alex remained on the bridge

Continued on page 170



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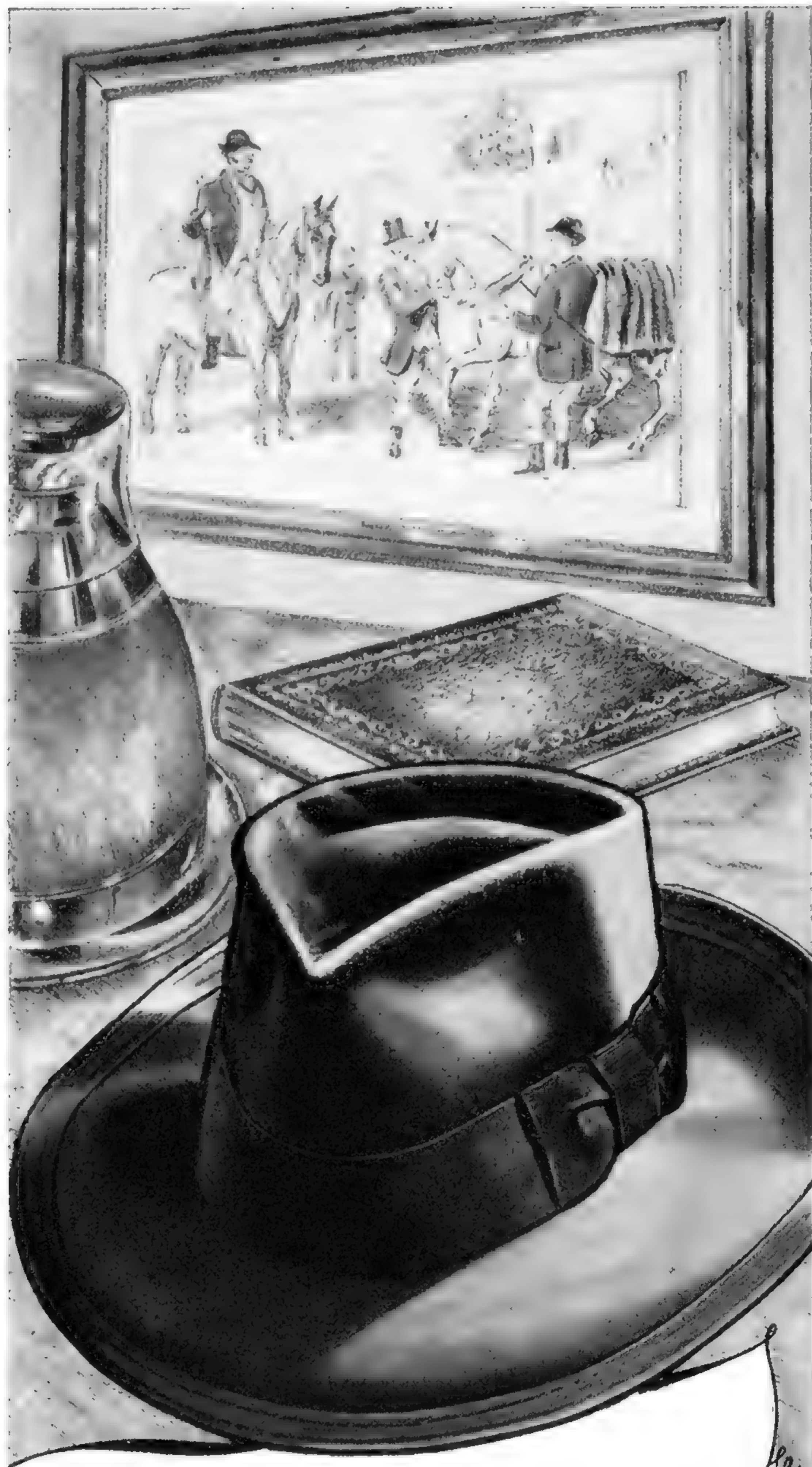
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Flight of the Wawkus Bird

Continued from pages 47-167-169

with the skipper, for it was close quarters in convoy with poor visibility, and the shepherding destroyers had amazing close shaves as they checked on their lambs. It was obvious the weather would hold through the night. The ship tossed groaning noisily in strain. She took green seas over her blunt bow, and her well deck was usually under white water. Alex worried about his wawkus, but she was firmly lashed down, and sheltered by the midship superstructure.

At dinner, where Alex and Commodore Lykes ate together in the captain's quarters, a message came through from the radio officer, and the skipper left at once. When he returned his face was grave.

"Bad news," Commodore Lykes murmured. "Concerns you, Lieutenant."

"Really?"

"Yes. I dislike being the bearer of such tidings. The *U.S.S. Staten Island* caught a packet from a U-boat, west of Finisterre."

Alex rose to his feet. "Is she all right, Sir?"

"She's gone," Lykes replied quietly. "Sank in twenty minutes. Nearly all hands were saved by the escort..."

Alex sank back. He pictured the old tomato sliding in, and the image sickened him.

"But she had a flight in the air,"

Lykes continued suddenly. "A fighter patrol. Fighting One."

"My squadron!"

"Yes. Long-range Nazi Focke-Wulf Kurrier braved the weather for a bit of reconnaissance, and Fighting One gave chase. The flat-top sank before they could get back to deck. They're still in the air."

"My God," Alex breathed.

"They have one rather slim chance," Lykes said. "They were told to make tracks for our convoy and to land aboard the *Indomitable*. Only a hundred fifty miles. Don't know how much petrol they had left, but they're making a try for us. In any case, we may find some of them at sea. You'll join me on the bridge?"

"Thank you, Sir!"

They watched the roiled sea through the spinning storm windows and in the icy rain, the look-outs hunched, wet and bedraggled, and kept eyes peeled.

Eighteen minutes later, two Wildcats could be heard overhead. They poked down through the muck, stumbled onto the vast array of plunging ships, tracked down the *Indomitable's* rain-swept flat-top, and landed. In the interim, they relayed their good luck to other members of the squadron, and presently, three more Grummans broke through

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the ceiling, found the carrier, and roosted safely. That made five. But there were six planes in Fighting One, and as the minutes passed, he realized the missing plane was either lost, or down. He wondered who it was. He knew the pilots of Fighting One were reporting instantly to the air officer of the *Indomitable*, telling him all they knew. In a few moments, the Abbott transmitter-receiver in the deckhouse came alive. "Applejack to all apples," a voice said. "Attention." Applejack was the convoy code word for the *Indomitable*. Momentary silence. Then Commodore Lykes joined Alex at the little "rush-box" and waited for it to come alive again.

"Applejack to all apples," said the communications officer of the aircraft carrier. "Notice of distress. An aircraft is down at sea. The aircraft is a Grumman fighter, inscribed with the number Two-F-Two. Repeating: Two Fox Two. Last position as aircraft ran out of petrol was Latitude X Longitude Y. All apples will double lookouts and report any contact

with wreckage or survivor. Message ends."

Lykes gazed into Alex's long pale face. "You knew him, of course!"

"Knew him?" Alex said hollowly. "It's Hank Blaney, my sidekick. We flew together for five months. He was the best Tail-

End Charlie any squadron ever had. Sir, do you think—"

Commodore Lykes peered through the storm window. "Don't be very optimistic, Lieutenant. Beastly weather for a crash landing. The carrier won't be sending up planes to scout him, and unless he happens to be dead on course, we'd never see him.

Night coming down. With the wind northeast, he'll probably drift out of our track, if his raft hasn't been swamped before this. And if we did see him, I really don't see how any ship could take him aboard in this muck. Very dangerous. I'm very sorry, Alex."

Alex did not reply. He was thinking. The anemometer read thirty-six miles per hour, the wind had dropped slightly. Darkness

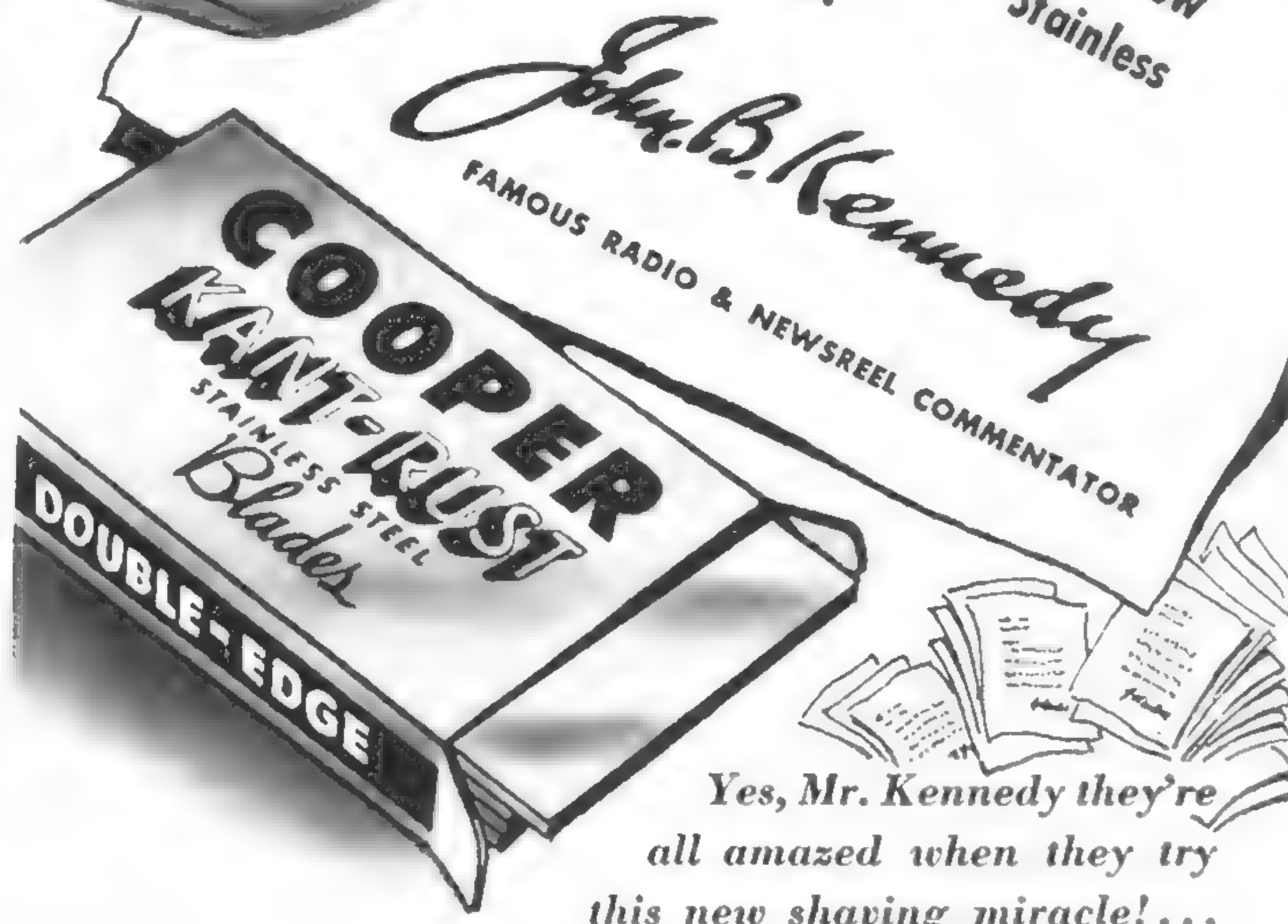
Continued on page 172



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Flight of the Wawkus Bird

Continued from pages 47-167-169-171

was starting to dirty the howling gray sky. He consulted the charts, where the exec had already plotted the last known position of Two Fox Two. It was dead ahead, no more than twenty miles. "Captain Lykes."

"Alex?"

"Permission for flight, Sir."

"In this weather?"

"I've got to. The wind doesn't bother me; I use rotors, not wings. It's the only chance he has. It's hell to spot a man in this stuff, from the deck of a ship. I've got to get there fast, before he drifts, and I'll spot his yellow dye on the sea. Got to try, Sir."

"But even if you get there—" Commodore Lykes paused when he saw the fire in Alex's eyes. "Whatever you think, Lieutenant, but use wisdom, old man, for God's sake."

Alex stepped to the phone and called his crew astern. "Flight quarters immediately. I'm taking off as soon as she's ready. Take the charge out of her, and rig a Jacob's ladder in the cockpit. Flares and a Very pistol, and hot coffee . . . That's right."

He hung up, and there was a smile on his face. He said to the skipper, "Thank you, Sir."

"Good luck and God bless you,"

Lykes said quietly.

The wind was shaking the plane

when Alex Graydon climbed into it astern. The way to get off, he was thinking, is to hoist her up hard. He saw they had rigged the ladder. A thermos of hot coffee sat on the other seat, along with flares and rockets for the gun. His mechanics looked uneasy. He warmed the engine. *I'll pick a trough, he thought, and take her off on the stern rise.* "Stand by to let go my lashings when the stern hits the bottom of the next trough!" he called.

"Aye, aye, Sir!"

The freighter rose on a rolling comber, and her stern sat down in glassy bottom of the passing valley.

"Clear!"

They dropped the lashing clear of the plane. Then the ship's bow dropped and as it did, the stern rose skyward with surprising thrust. He pulled back on his elevation control sharply, and the wawkus shot into the air as if she had been propelled. Simultaneously he gunned her full and gave the rotors bite in their forward arc so that the plane flew off into the wind slowly, clearing the ship.

Soon he had an airspeed of thirty-five knots. He kept the Warner-Franklin wide open and drawing his bearing from the convoy flew on ahead.

He flew at two hundred feet, just under the ceiling, and strained

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in the darkness as he watched each breaking crest. There was so much white water it would be hard to find a man in it.

He timed himself on the course, allowing for drift. There was still some light across the waters when he saw the slick of bright yellow dye. It spread in a grotesque pattern like a giant misshapen whale, and under it, the sea did not break. Without it, the search would have been hopeless. It was the emergency dye a flier uses to dis-color the sea around him.

Alex dropped down with such enthusiasm, he came perilously close to the wind-flicked foam. He opened his side window and peered down. In the patch of dye, nothing and no one was visible, but the currents had misshaped it, and the currents bore obviously southwest.

He turned the heli-flivver until he had the wind directly astern, and he flew very slowly indeed. His controls were set actually for backward flight so that the wind did not push him too hard. He began to drop flares as he went,

for suddenly night had fallen, and the western sky was only smudged with the olivy twilight.

Then, ahead, a red line rose out of the sea and disappeared into the scud. It was followed by another red line, quite bright, and another. Alex gave the wawkus full ahead and scooted for the red tracer at fifty feet of altitude. Presently, another tracer came up and this time he saw the flash of the gun. He dropped lower, let a flare go. When it hit the sea, the magnesium ignited instantly, and the world turned white.

By God, there he was! Hank Blaney's head was just visible!

He had one arm hooked over the side of his water-filled rubber raft, and the free hand waved a service Colt pistol, which he fired again, just to make sure. He was using red tracer in it, carried for such an emergency.

Alex maneuvered over the raft and played gently with his controls until the wawkus sat there, suspended. Then he opened the side door and dropped the ladder down. It was more than long

Continued on page 174



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Flight of the Wawkus Bird

Continued from pages 47-167-169-171-173

enough. He saw it splash into the sea. He took her down five feet to be certain, and it looked as if the white horses were breaking at his heels.

Hank Blaney dropped the gun and put one hand on the ladder. He tried it, to see if he had the strength. He satisfied himself, let the raft go and grabbed with the other hand. Alex gave the helicopter a little altitude to compensate for the added weight, but he kept her fixed on the spot. Hank painfully climbed up the ladder, and collapsed half inside the cockpit, gasping. Alex reached over with one hand and hauled on Hank's collar. Between the two of them, Blaney got into the cockpit and fell into the seat.

Alex cut the ladder loose, closed the door, and took the wawkus upstairs to a hundred feet. While Hank Blaney wearily vomited some salt sea, Alex turned his transmitter on and said, "Patrol 47 to Applejack. Patrol 47 to Applejack. Will you give me a bearing, please?"

"Applejack to Patrol 47. Leave your carrier on a moment."

"Carrier on."

"Applejack to 47. Your bearing is three hundred fifty degrees here."

"Thank you. Coming in. Please inform Applejane to stand by for

landing. I found Two Fox Two and I have him with me."

"Received. Bully news, 47. Ends."

Alex brought the wawkus around and gunned her full. When the compass needle had swung around on the card, he allowed himself a look at Hank Blaney.

Hank smiled wearily and faintly. He couldn't speak.

"Hot coffee," Alex said. "Right here." He opened it. "A hell of a hot pilot you turned out to be. Did you get the Jerry, kiddo?"

Hank nodded. That was it, of course. Hank had had a dogfight and that was why he had run out of gasoline. He gulped the coffee and it revived him wonderfully.

Alex saw that he was going to be all right, and relaxed. "Hot pilot," he jeered presently. "This is no weather for hot pilots. Only the heli-flivvers can fly in this kind of soup. And incidentally, my friend, how do you like my windmill?"

"I told you—" Hank Blaney croaked, "—back on the S.I., that I wouldn't—be found dead in one. I kept my word—didn't I?"

Alex laughed. Under them, the dark shapes of ships took form, and they settled slowly to meet one, the *Burma Star*, as it thoughtfully presented its stern up toward them, on the crest of a wave. #

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To Make a Roman Holiday

Continued from page 91

guise of helping with the buckles, the Greek whispered to him urgently. "For the sake of the gods, let him win!"

Ursus did not reply, but into his rugged face came such a look as must have been on the faces of the first legionnaires, when Rome was a farmer's republic. He clapped the Greek's hand twice, and then stepped forward.

Sempronius went on guard, saying, "Now we'll find out about that secret trick."

Like a whip, Sempronius came lashing in, feinting low and following with a cut at the neck on the offshield side. It was a blow to maim or kill, even with practice weapons, delivered with professional speed.

Ursus' shield crossed over the necessary inches to send the curved sword glancing off the bronze with a skirling complaint. The nobleman danced back.

A dozen times then in rapid succession the attack was repeated, with variations always ending with a maiming blow at some point armor did not protect. Each time Ursus contented himself with parrying.

The watchers were worried. Sempronius was good and Ursus handicapped himself with his waiting tactics. The Greek looked worried too, but in his case it

seemed to be worry of a more farseeing sort.

The nobleman used every trick in the gladiators' catalog. He feigned weariness, pretended to slip, scooped up sand and threw it to blind, sidestepped, circled about, struck with shield edge instead of sword. Each time Ursus had the answer. Each time Ursus refused to be drawn.

The nobleman fell back. Desperately then, but still with control, he went in with flailing sword, dealing a frantic hammer-rain of blows. It seemed that Ursus, never counterattacking, must go down before the white whirlwind. But he parried. And then, when the nobleman had ventured a shade too far, his great foot went down on the white instep, his shield met the smaller one, and he pushed.

Sempronius looked up from where he lay sprawled. The fall had jolted off his helmet and there was sand in his ringleted hair.

The slave in the green tunic darted up to brush away the sand. Deliberately the nobleman struck him across the eyes.

He made no move to get up, only glared at Ursus with a sick fury.

Ursus glanced a moment at the slave squatting a few feet away.

Continued on page 176



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To Make a Roman Holiday

Continued from pages 91-175

hands over eyes, writhing soundlessly.

Still Sempronius made no move to rise. His lips began to work.

Ursus cleared his throat and said, in the voice of one who states incontestable facts, "It's no disgrace to be beaten by me. I am the best swordsman in Italy—slave, freed, free, or noble. I have invented seven original stratagems—and one more that I have never revealed."

The Greek closed his eyes.

But into the shame-contorted face of Lucius Sempronius Albus—it was as if a drowning man sees a straw and at the same time sees how the straw can be made into a long needle to pierce and kill.

"What is that eighth stratagem?" Sempronius asked.

"I will not tell you," said Ursus.

Slowly Sempronius got to his feet. "I have bought you for the games tomorrow," he said, "And you are no better than a slave. I have asked you a question."

Ursus shook his head.

The nobleman's gaze drifted sideways to the anguished Greek, and he smiled.

"Ursus is your best fighter, isn't he, Spiculus?" he inquired.

The gladiator-master nodded.

"But, with the net, the Greek there—Serpens—is as good?"

Again the master nodded.

The nobleman paused. "It seems to me unfair, Spiculus," he said, "that Ursus should conceal a stratagem of interest to the whole profession. There has occurred to me a means of forcing him to reveal that stratagem. At the games tomorrow Ursus shall fight Serpens."

He savored the shocked, mute hostility in the surrounding faces. Ursus was stony-eyed. From the Greek's face, oddly, the anxiety had vanished. There was instead a kind of distant sadness. The nobleman's gaze drifted back to Spiculus. "Well?"

Spiculus gulped and his face reddened. "You see, they're friends," he blurted out.

"That won't make any difference," Sempronius said. "They'll fight together tomorrow."

The gladiator-master nodded once and hung his head.

The nobleman motioned curtly. Eyes still watering, the slave hurriedly fetched a blue cloak and draped it over the naked, sand-stained shoulders. Then Sempronius turned on his heel and started for the archway.

The gladiator-master edged over to Ursus, but something in the look with which the big man was watching his recent adversary out made the gladiator-master pause. So it was to the Greek that he muttered, "Everything

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will turn out all right. You can make it a good fight without getting too badly hurt and you're both so popular that the crowd will be sure to spare the loser."

The Greek smiled, wistfully.

From cages under the arena, came the squall of a panther.

* * *

High above the arena, even the crowded tiers of seats, a heavy old shield hung on a pole. An ancient trophy, it was always hung there for gladiatorial games—no one remembered why.

Its bronze was always brightly burnished—so brightly that a silken noblewoman in one of the boxes blinked at its glare and ordered a crouching slave to interpose a fan.

From the gladiator's dugout, Serpens, the Greek, watched. His eyes traveled along the languid patrician ranks and he murmured, "These are our gods."

From the upper tiers the crowd booed an unpopular decision. Spiculus stopped his nervous pacing, took his hand out of his red hair, laid it on Serpens' shoulder.

"See," he said apologetically, "Sempronius has spared another man against the crowd's wishes. I'm sure he has repented of his flurry of anger yesterday."

The Greek looked up at the white figure in the central box standing with arm stretched out and thumb turned up. "He spares

four men against the crowd's wishes," he said. "Of those four, three at least deserved the death-stroke. But Albus is not tender-hearted. I see a possibility..."

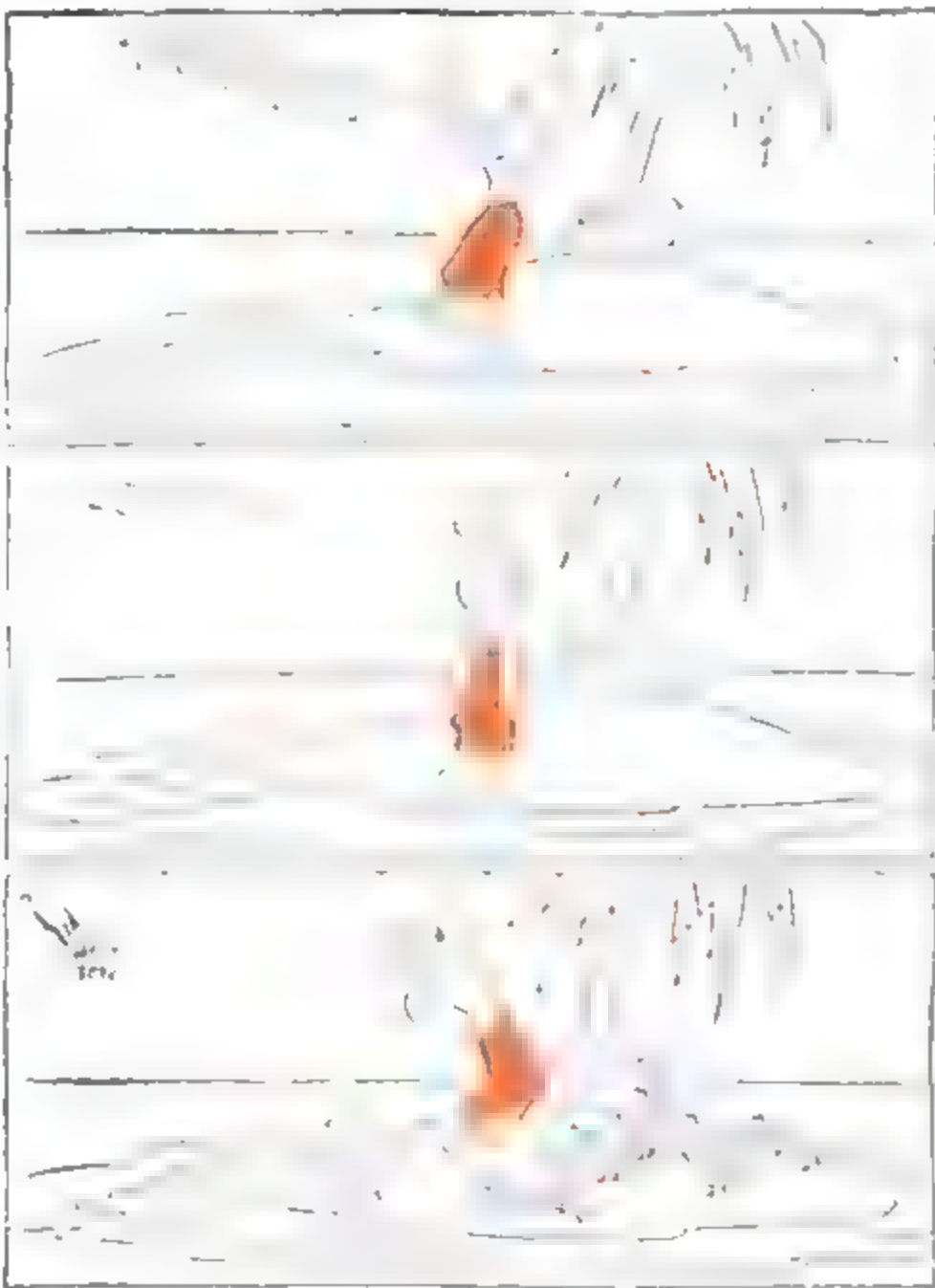
Cheated of their prey, the black-masked guards retired to their position by Dead Man's Gate in the end wall. Three arena-slaves made a great show of

scattering fresh sand over a tiny sprinkle of blood. The vanquished gladiator began to hurry away, as if the crowd's hostility were a tangible and irresistible pressure.

Serpens reached for his trident and net. Hearing snarling pandemonium he remarked, "Not the most agreeable audience."

Ursus strode up from the other end of the dugout. He put down his big shield and helmet and

Continued on page 178



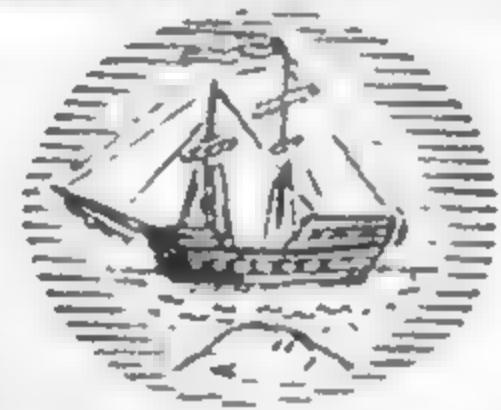
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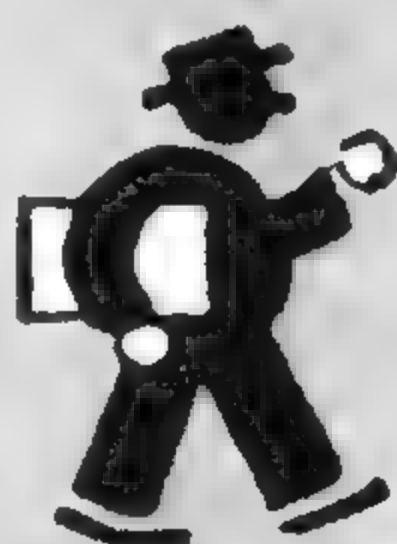


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To Make a Roman Holiday

Continued from pages 91-175-177

gripped the Greek's hand. Suddenly they embraced.

Then Ursus pushed him away, held him at arm's length, and looked in his eyes. The Greek's features strengthened, as if he were absorbing something from the other, and his chin went up. Ursus gave a brief nod, caught up helmet and shield, and clambered out of the dugout.

The Greek started to follow him, but once again the gladiator-master touched his shoulder.

The Greek turned around. "You've been a pretty good master, Spiculus," he said. "Not exactly courageous, but then you men in the middle never can be."

Without waiting for a reply, he vaulted onto the sand. The sun made the sand a burning white floor, against which the masked guards in black, with their whips for driving on cowards, their hooks for dragging out the dead, and their spears for other contingencies, stood out sharply. The blinding ray from the old shield moved with the sun, and a nobleman in a center box put his hand to his eyes.

Ursus put on his helmet. Serpens glanced up at Sempronius, where the glorious giver of the games was chatting casually with a companion. The Greek seemed to be looking for a smile that he

knew he would not be able to see.

Ursus lifted his shield. Serpens carefully draped his net over his left forearm, swished it twice to get the feel, gripped his trident, then darted in.

It was a fight to please the gods. The net whirled and whistled. A dozen times Ursus barely escaped the meshing folds. Twice its leaden-pelleted edge caught on the points of his armor or shield, but he managed to fight his way clear. The body of the Greek slipped in and out of range of the ever-dangerous sword like something charmed.

It was serpent against bear—deadly speed against shaggy ferocity.

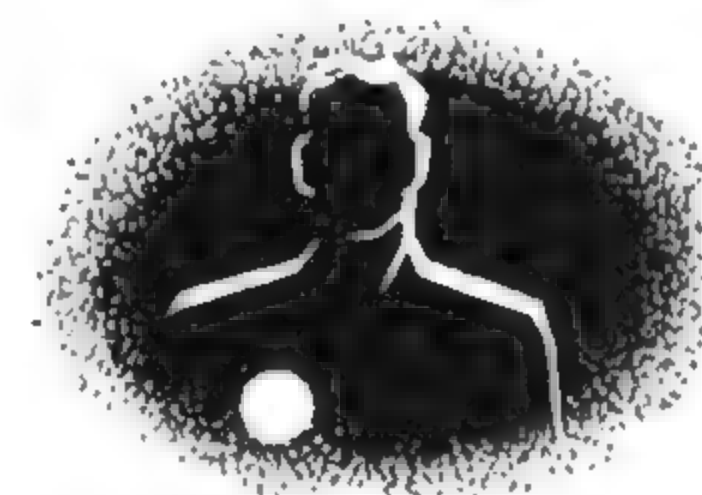
And there was blood enough. It dripped from trident-gouges in Ursus' shoulder and thigh, and streamed crimson from Serpens' trident-arm.

Slowly the cat-calls died. Eager shouts replaced them. The crowd was on its feet, cursing when its sight was blocked for an instant. Even the patricians were tense.

The end came suddenly. Serpens dared too far, the heavy sword crunched down, his net-arm dangled. Leaping back, his feet tangled in the net, and he fell. Ursus planted his foot on the naked chest, looked up at the crowd and smiled, awaiting their



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opinion. That generous smile would have turned the trick. The crowd, knowing courage and swordmanship when they saw it, was friendly.

But without pretending to wait for the crowd's opinion, Sempronius rose quickly in the center box, his thumb half-upturned.

The upper tiers saw it. Their generous impulse forgotten, they remembered only that this was the man who had over-ridden decisions all day. They began to yell and all the tiers took it up.

Sempronius looked around as if surprised. Whenever he looked there came hostile jeers. Finally, shrugging his shoulders, he turned down his thumb. Nine-tenths of the crowd roared approval.

Serpens looked up at Ursus. There came into their faces the warmth of unfailing comradeship. Then the Greek's features stiffened and he drew back his head, baring his throat. The sword came down.

The shouts slackened abruptly. Ursus threw his shield aside and turned around facing the central

box, holding his hands up for silence. One of them still held the sword with the Greek's blood on it.

Then in a loud, clear voice, he said, "Yesterday I was asked to demonstrate a certain strategem in swordmanship, which I have never revealed. I refused. Here and now, freely before you all, gladly I will demonstrate it."

The crowd craned forward. There was a stir in the boxes. Sempronius stood up, his hands gripping the barrier rail. In that instant the beam from the rugged, ancient, brightly-polished shield, moving a fraction further with the sun, flashed into his eyes.

He drew back a little, blinking. Ursus spun. The heavy-ended sword, a streak of silver and scarlet, flashed through the sunlight. Sempronius threw up his hands, writhed agonizingly, then flopped across the barrier rail and hung there, skewered meat.

Ursus dropped his hands to his sides and waited. Spear points gleaming, the black guards closed in. ##



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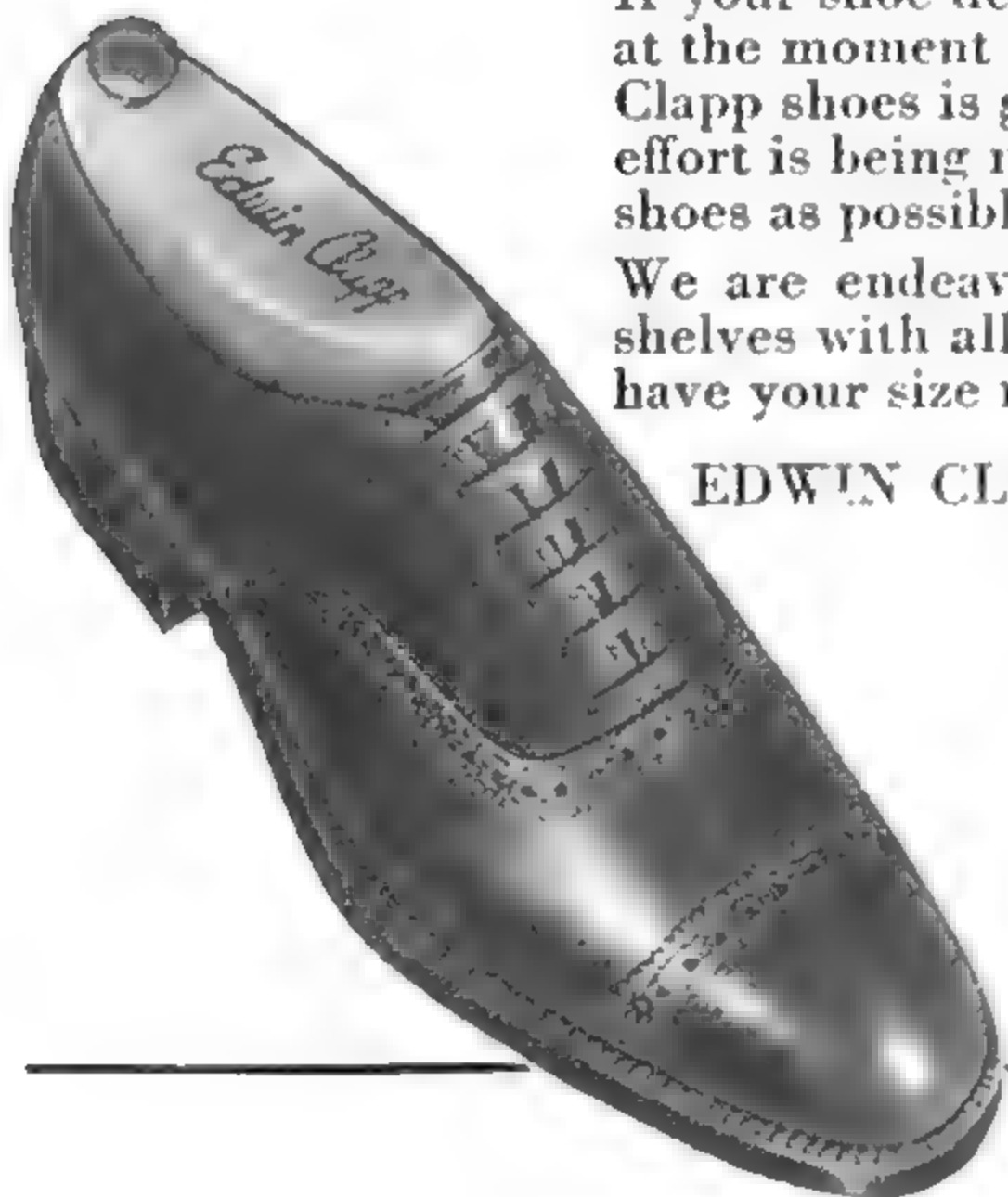


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Strong Point Sixty-eight

Continued from page 70

nism of G-2 checked the output, filed it in the labyrinthian Picture-reports, Russian front. Or sped it outward into the world through the secret channels of *Weltbild*, through radio-relay in Stockholm, Berne, Lisbon.

Perhaps hundreds of thousands of curious citizens of Buenos Aires would be looking at Daryushka biting into her cheese, within two days. But Picture-reporter Renn did not think so. Too many such stills had been released. Hunger was not being featured at the end of this winter. What he longed for was the chance to shoot, with his pet Contax 16mm. minicam, an attack upon this strong point.

Such a chunk of film, signed with the name Otto Renn, might find its way into an immortal propaganda film such as *Baptism by Fire* . . . for in this war the Picture-reporters had their victories and rewards, equal to those of the elite shock troops.

Secretly, he felt assured that he, Otto Renn, although only nineteen and just graduated from the Russian language and Photographic Schools, had more of the warrior-spirit of the blood than this moody captain of Infantry—

The captain looked at Renn carefully. "You are perhaps twenty? Nineteen. Yes. Those two Slavs look older than you, but

they are not any older, I think."

"Well, Captain?"

"If Alash were an old, scarred grandfather, now, I would not think twice about him. If Daryushka were a peasant, red-faced—"

Quickly Renn nodded, understanding. Spies . . . observers!

"He is really lame," the captain said thoughtfully. "Our X-ray showed a shattered hip-bone, badly knit. He cannot walk far but Daryushka can. She was caught inside our lines trying to steal bread. But she talks to him. I suspect they are lovers. That may be the answer."

"You have other evidence?" Renn began to feel more respect for the undynamic captain.

"Evidence? I think Alash understands German. I haven't been able to catch him by speaking sudden commands. But I am certain he listens when Berlin comes over the radio. You can tell. And I found Daryushka with a rod."

In his quarters, built of stone rubble against the wall of what had been the schoolhouse, the captain showed Renn the rod. A slender three-foot stave that you could bend in your fingers. It had a light metal point for a tip. Renn said it was flimsy, for a weapon.

"Not a weapon," the captain corrected. "A prodding rod. I noticed her walking with it once,

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beyond the advance points, as if she were picking up sticks. Through the glasses I observed that she moved back and forth, covering a fixed area of ground. So I investigated and found she had this rod among the sticks."

He did not have to explain to the well-schooled Renn that such a rod was used to prod for the steel casings of mines buried a few inches below the surface of the ground. Here, at Sixty-eight, the frost was out of the ground—a thaw would soon be setting in.

"Liquidate the two Slavs," said Renn, without emotion.

The captain did not want to do that. If the Slavs were spies, and if they had a message to send into the forest or down the river, he wanted to see the message. From it he might learn much. Meanwhile the two could not escape. If they tried to run beyond the field of fire of the advance posts, they would of course be shot. Alash, in any case, could not run. Apparently they made no attempt to communicate, either with planes passing overhead, or with the hid-

den depths of the forest, where Soviet observers might penetrate. Patrols entering the screen of pines reported only wolf or horse tracks visible in the snow, for a thousand kilometers.

"Even in this age of invention," said the captain, "animals have not been made to talk. That dog of Alash's comes and goes into the forest. He doesn't wear a collar, nor does he have a message carrier."

Again Renn understood. The captain was making a game of the two Slavs. It occupied his mind and he liked to watch them.

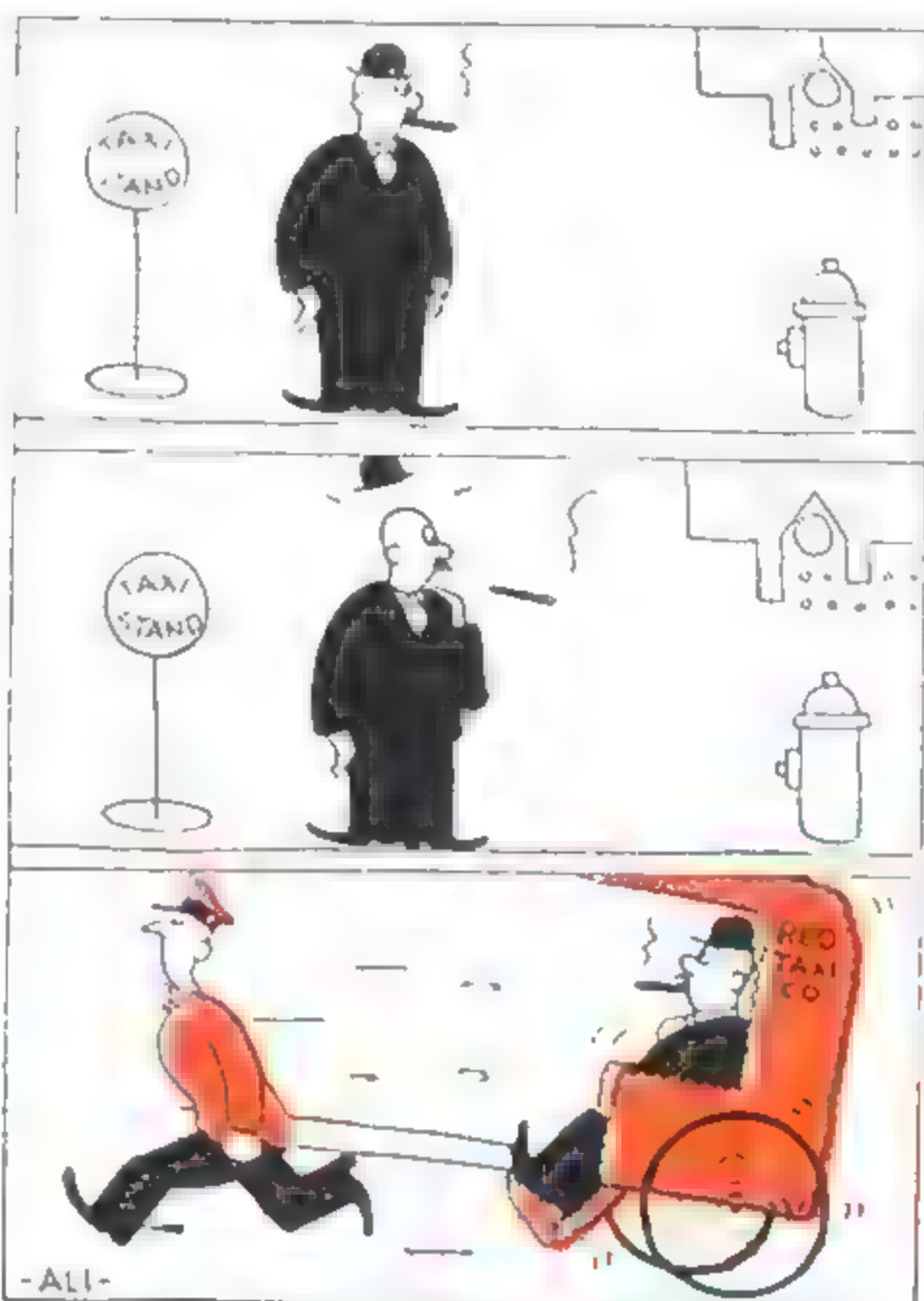
"Russians are courageous," Renn repeated—it had been taught him—"because they are stupid."

The captain was nailing up a drawing of a woman taking off her shirt. "No," he said. "In your factories of Middle Europe, maybe their workers are stupid. But here in the *Wald* they are intelligent. Yes, they are forest creatures, wiser than we, Sir Photographer!"

Renn thought: he has been here too long, in the winter.

"And how do you know they

Continued on page 182

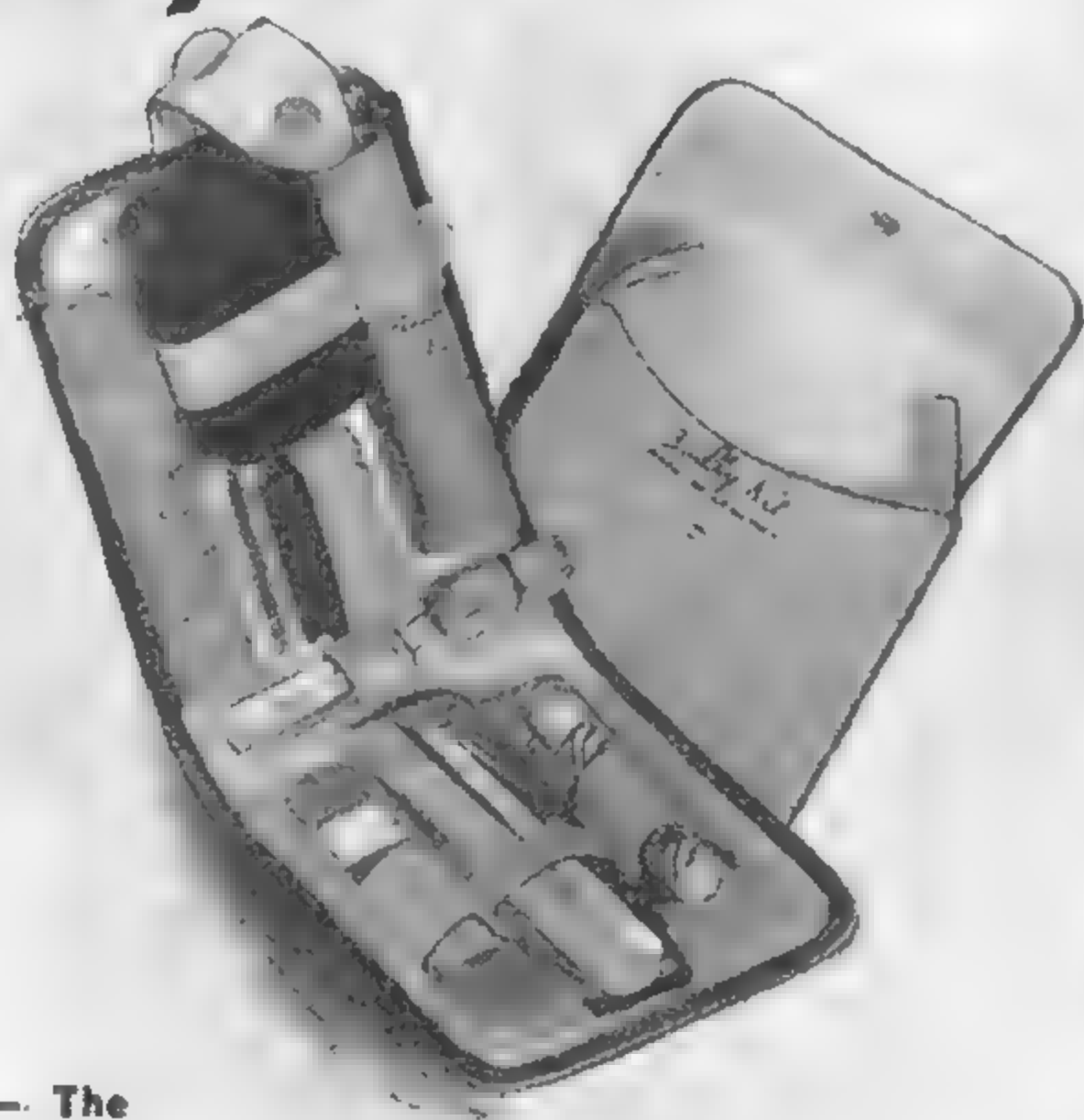


TO A SERVICE MAN'S TASTE

Buddy Kit

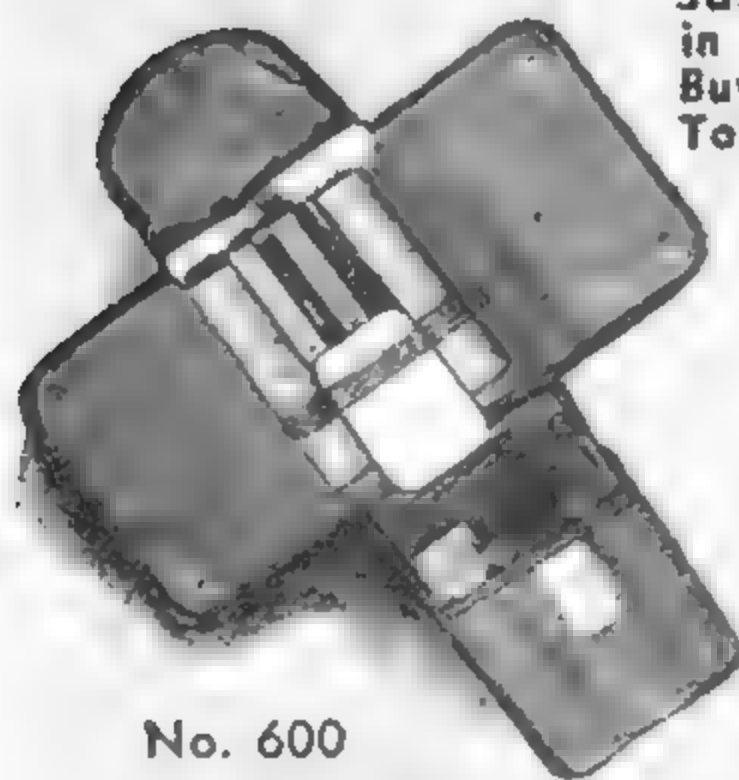
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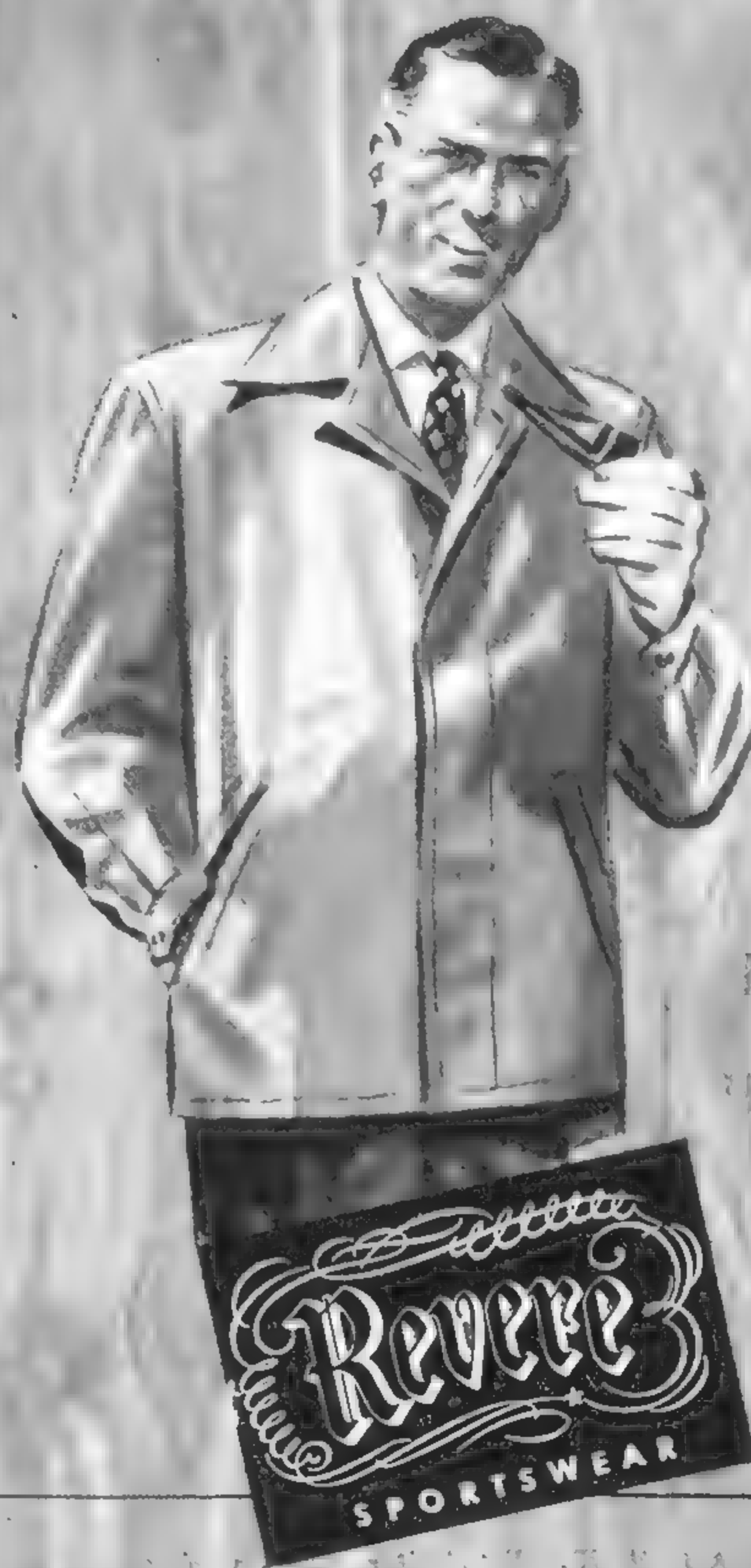
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Makes Two Quarts

Cover snapper with water, add one small onion, one-half stalk of celery, boil for two hours.

Mix half pound of melted butter, quarter pound of flour, two teaspoons of flavor-glow.

Add stock from snapper to melted butter and flour, season to taste. Chop two hard-boiled eggs and add to soup along with three ounces of sherry wine.

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Saba

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FOUR CAKES \$1.00

Strong Point Sixty-eight

Continued from pages 70-181

are Russians?" the captain demanded, scowling. "Because they understand us when we speak Russian? What does that mean? What do we know of their secretive souls? Are they Lithuanian chapel-goers, or stubborn Poles? Are they Chouvash, or Laps from the tundras? Or Buriat animal-keepers from Siberia? The Devil knows!" He waved his arm toward the east. "There are a hundred peoples out there, Slavs and Asiatics, and millions upon millions of kilometers of forest. What do we really know of all that, Photographer Renn? We have been watching the west, and now we march into the east."

Renn thought: he has gray in his hair; he speaks Russian better than I—perhaps he was here in the last war.

The next day mist hung low over Strong Point Sixty-eight. No planes touched at the field. The light was so bad Renn decided against using his camera. He was fiddling with it when he saw Daryushka at work in a stretch where there were no gun emplacements. She was towing firewood, uphill, on a rude sledge made of two dead branches tied together. When she saw his camera she stopped to look at it.

Behind her the branches had made a regular track in the snow.

Renn let her watch while he removed the film magazine and took down the tripod mount of his Contax.

"Would you like to see how the machine works, Daryushka?" he asked.

Really, she seemed interested—so intently she watched while he demonstrated the working of the minicam. It pleased him that the Slavic girl felt the wonder of it.

"You are clever with your fingers," he said. "You could be employed in making such a German camera as this, at the subject-labor factory we are establishing in Prague. Do you understand?"

Daryushka smiled, pleased. And when she smiled she looked almost pretty, thin as she was. Leaning closer he tried to look full into her gray Slavic eyes. But they evaded him. She was fingering the parts of the camera admiringly, and he had to watch her fingers, in case she should sabotage the camera by stealing a part.

"What a pity," she said impulsively, "that your German people did not make cameras, instead of guns."

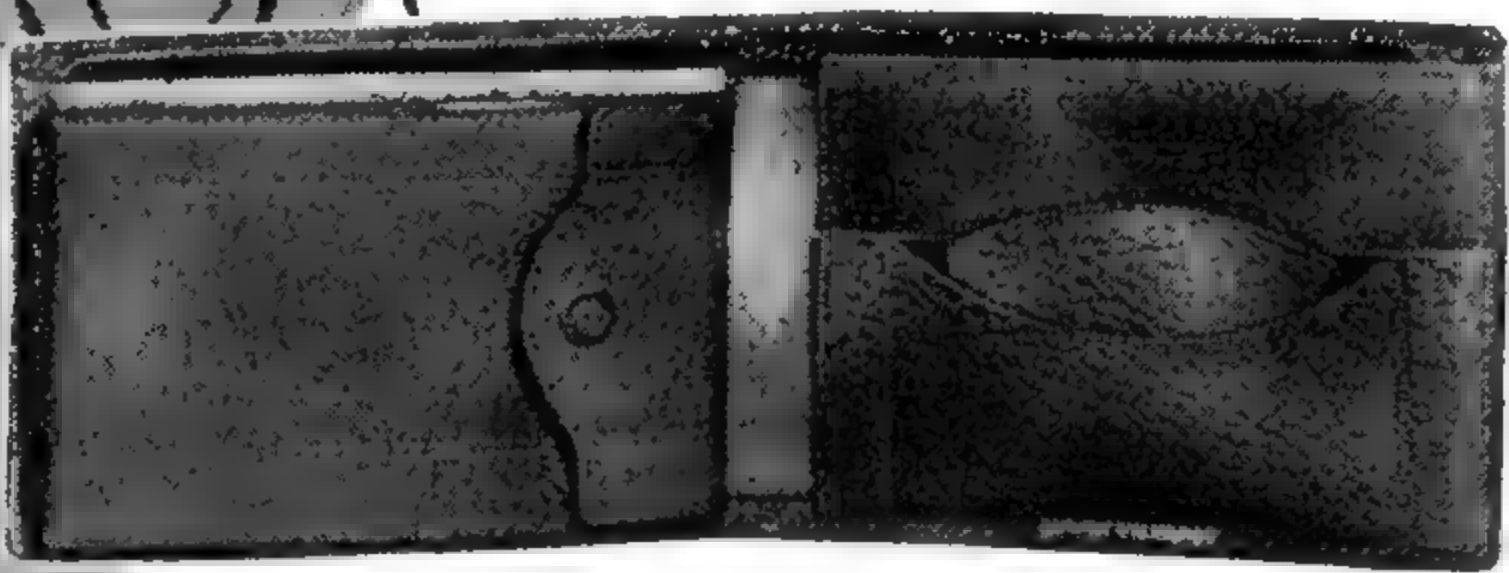
He remembered then what the captain had said. He thought: *she is devilish intelligent for a fisher-girl!* Something else odd, he noticed. Hanging from a string, she wore at her throat a silver



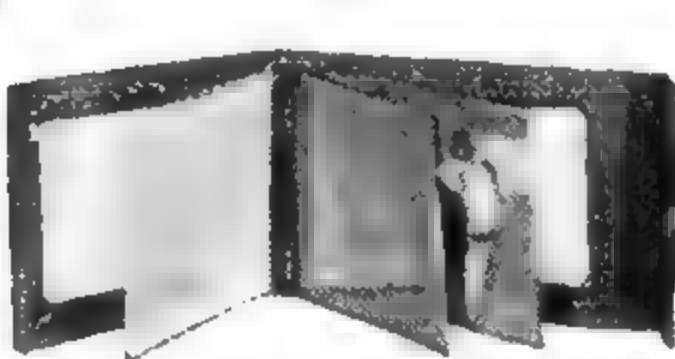
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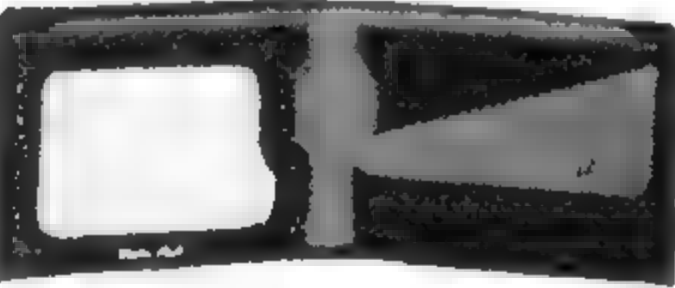


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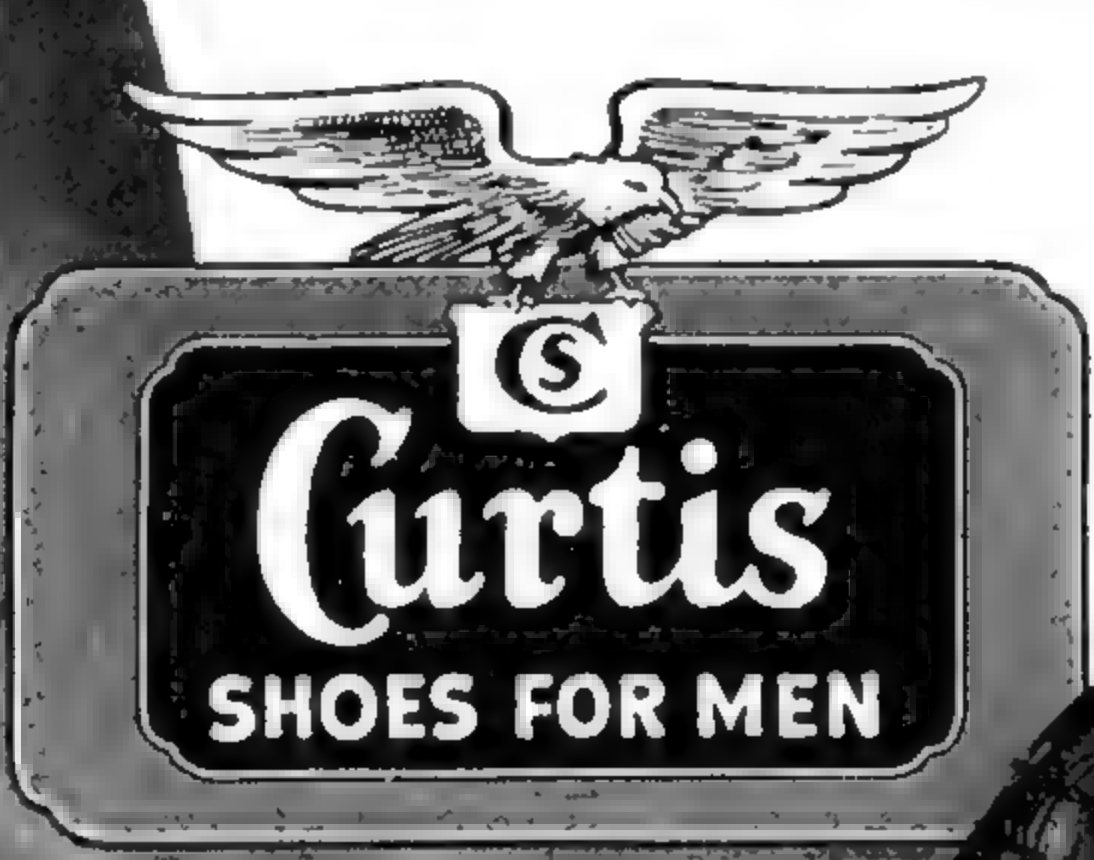
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locket, larger than his thumb. Old work. He took it in his fingers, and saw that it had the head of a bearded man, and a wolf's head shaped on it. Odd.

"It is Saint Ulass, of the Wolves," she said quickly.

Finding the catch he opened the big locket. Inside, it was empty. "What good is it?" he asked.

The blood came into her cheeks when he touched her throat. "It protects," she said. And she went back to her wood load, bending to haul it over the snow. Amused, Renn watched her go off into the mist. She could still believe in a patron saint, and that saint a protector of wolves . . . amused him.

The mist thickened around Strong Point Sixty-eight. Water dripped from the buildings. Unable to use his camera, Renn kept thinking about the Slavic girl. After supper he watched her at the charcoal pit. Going to a range-finder post a hundred paces away, he watched through a bifocal, twelve-power 'scope.

They were eating bread, Alash sharing his chunk with the dog

that looked so like a wolf. When all the bread was gone, Alash did a strange thing. He put something bright into the dog's jaws, and gripped the beast's head with his hands. He seemed to be talking to the dog, as if to a human being. The girl sat by them.

Then the dog loped away, without looking back. Alash took the girl's hand and kissed it.

It struck Renn that they were going through some kind of ritual with the dog. It worried him, because he could not make sense out of it. Forest creatures, the captain had said . . . the captain, watching for a message . . . the wolf-dog protected by St. Ulass

. . . putting silver into its jaws . . . pagan superstition. He went to sleep thinking about that.

* * *

He heard the shots when the door of his room was flung open by men running out. His watch showed 5:23. Morning, and the faint murk of the snow. He ran stumbling, fighting his drowsiness, out to the observation post of the airfield. A red glow swelled under

Continued on page 184



Suede waistcoat with leather buttons for wear with tweed suits or odd jackets and slacks.

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Sgt. [redacted] was then stationed for four months at Guadalcanal and the watch was put through every conceivable kind of hardship, in the humid weather and in the jungle, and it was not put out of commission until the Sergeant was severely wounded in both legs by machine gun fire and at that time the watch had a hole in the crystal.

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Strong Point Sixty-eight

Continued from pages 70-181-183

smoke, over on the river side.

The trestle bridge was in flames.

Fires had been kindled on the ice, under the framework. The blaze climbed up the pine timbers, fanned by a gusty wind. It could not be put out now. A red tinge lighted the faces around Renn. "We have still the ice," someone said. When he asked how it had been done, he learned the fuel had been laid on the ice by Lithuanians from the far bank. Two of them had been killed by fire from the sentries on the bridge.

It was at 5:42, when the middle of the bridge had fallen in, that firing broke out savagely on the forest side of the fortified area.

Bildberichter Renn recognized the bursts of light machine guns. Three—four. More. Exultantly, he ran for his camera. This would be an attack, at dawn, from the forest. And in spite of mist and murk he meant to get some of the action on his film. He thought: I will write the caption: "*Repulse of Bolshevik surprise attack, timed to follow firing of bridge—*"

Strapping his battery case on his back, and pocketing a telescopic lens, he caught up the Contax and hurried north, where the crackling of machine guns had increased. He heard a plane roar low overhead and pass by, above the mist curtain. From a platoon

of engineers moving north, he learned that the attack was by cavalry which had rushed the mine field and filtered through the advance points under cover of the blowing mist. It had come from the screen of the forest.

Only at times did he see flashes in the mist ahead of him. Visibility was less than fifty yards, except when corridors of clear air opened up. A dark group of riders on small horses crossed ahead of him, thinning out, leaving black blots on the snow. Then the gray mist closed them in.

Avoiding the gun flashes, he crossed a hollow, hoping for a clear sight of something. He found the body of a man, one hand gripping a grenade. The dark face of the rider shone with grease, and leather wrapped his limbs. He lay in a rough track in the snow, and Renn recognized the trail made by the branches Daryushka had been dragging—

"Either they can see through the mist," said the captain's voice, "or the devils knew which way to go." He stepped up and turned the dead rider over with his foot. "*Bashkiri,*" he muttered. "They can see farther than we in this muck."

The Bashkirs were good horsemen, from the upper Volga region. They drove in as far as they could,

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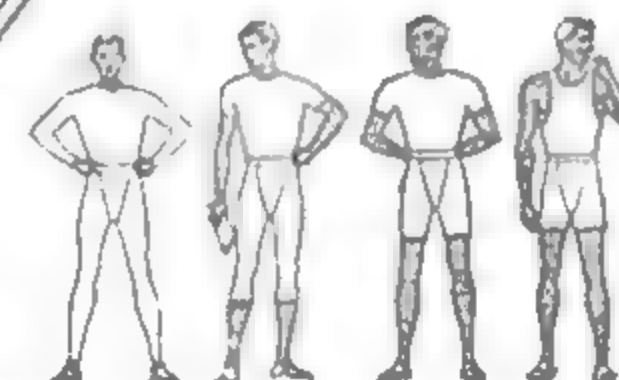


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mounted, and then assembled in clusters, the captain said, on the higher ground. They seemed to have more grenades and pump guns than lances. In this driving mist it was hard to spot them.

It was spectacular but hopeless, of course—this charge of mounted groups across the perimeter of the German fire-points. Already Renn could hear the panting and rasping of the light tanks and armored cars moving northward to clear out the surviving knots of the Bashkir regiment—

"The Devil himself," muttered the moody captain, "sent this mist." He listened, and words exploded. "God in Heaven!"

Renn heard it, too, the sudden ringing crash of high velocity guns. Behind them, on the southern side. But what could be drawing fire from the center of the Strong Point?

He ran, lugging the camera, after the captain to a fire-point.

Shapes almost invisible in the snow and mist were speeding uphill toward the airdrome. Gun turrets swung toward him. Be-

hind the turrets helmeted men clustered.

Soviet armor was pouring into the heart of the fortified zone. It was coming through the gap in the mine field like a river of steel and fire.

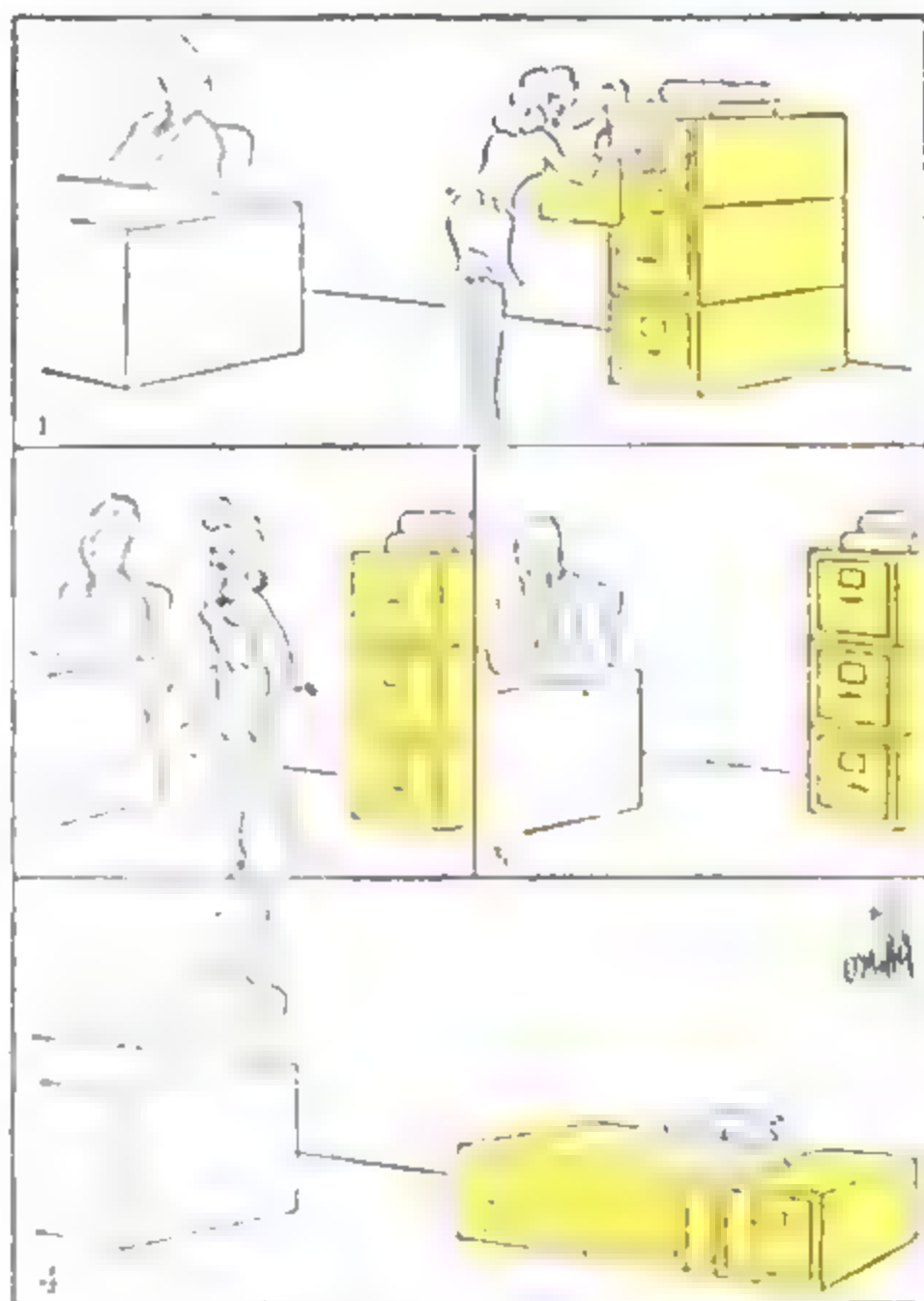
It was coming through the inner chain of fire-points, panting behind that devil's smoke screen of mist. From the direction of the airdrome machine guns and heavy stuff opened with a roar.

Mechanically, *Bildbericht* Renn started to screw the telescope lens on his Contax. Surging, immense, and now all around him, there was the action of which he had dreamed. His shaking fingers

were not able to adjust the lens.

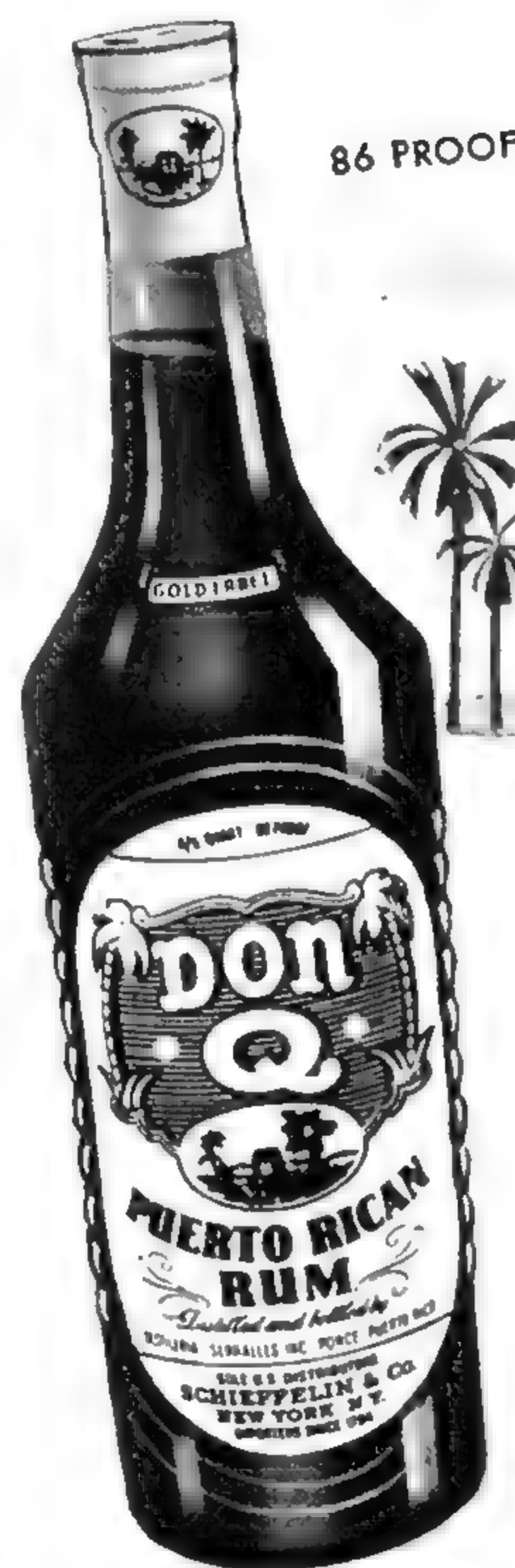
Around him, the mortar crew fumbled at their small gun. They were looking for a target and not finding one. Their mouths opened, shouting. But he could not hear them. He tried to think. What was happening? The Bashkir riders had made only a diversion while the medium tanks came through the mine gap with infantry. The tanks went straight to the air-

Continued on page 186



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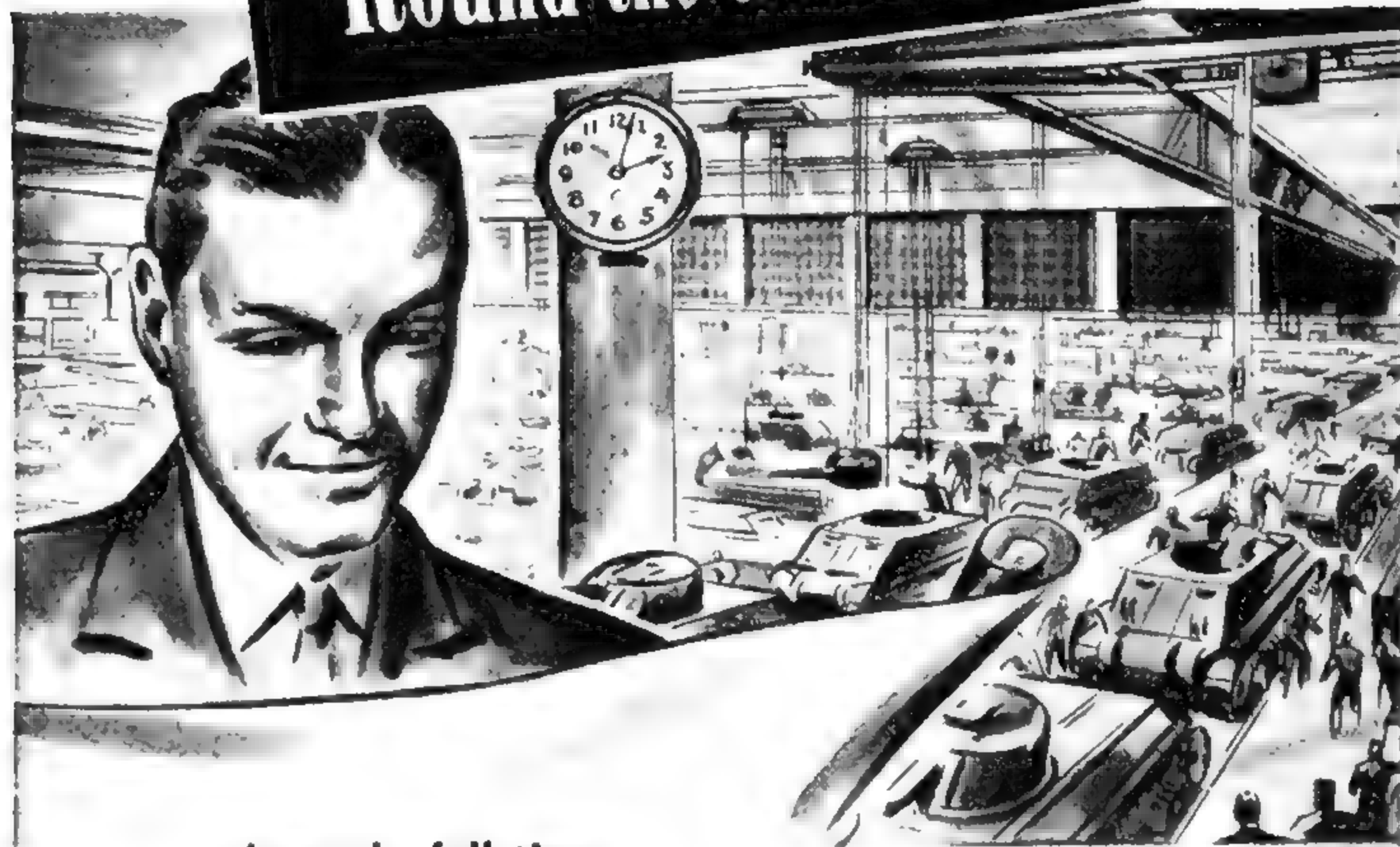
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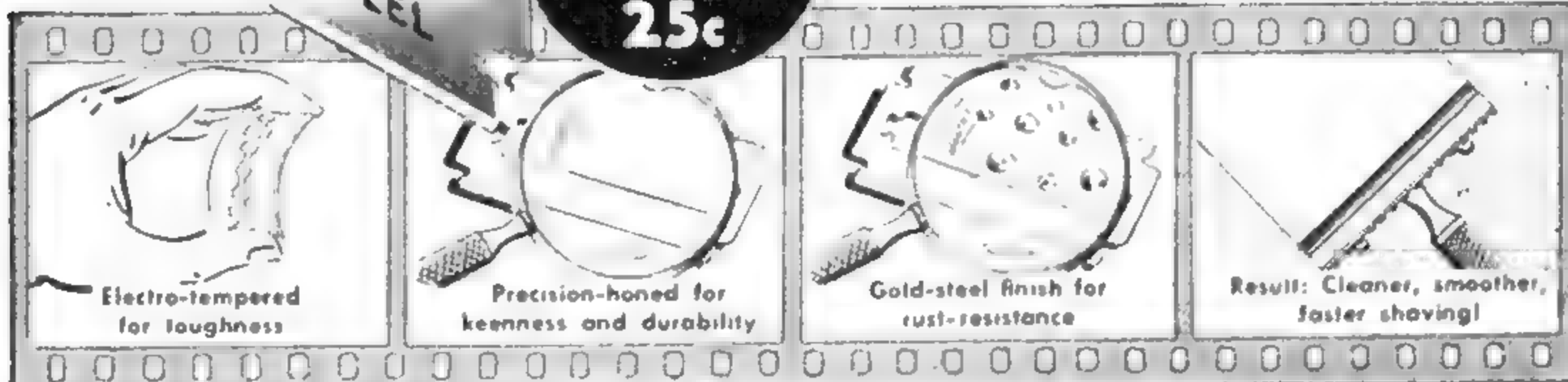
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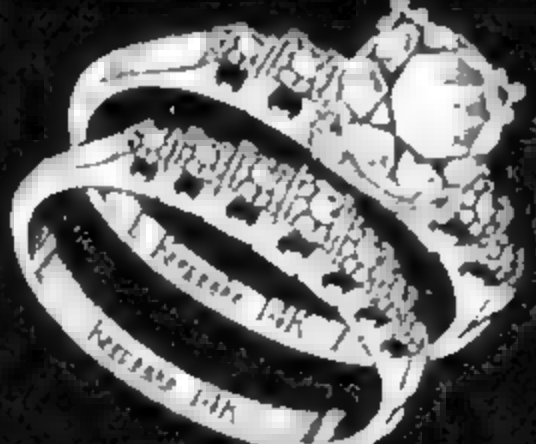
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Our method of handling a visitor is simple. You tell us what you have been experiencing in the way of hair fall, excessive itchiness or oiliness or dryness of the scalp, or perhaps in rare cases of some illness that has affected your hair. Then you are examined in privacy. A diagnosis of your case is made. The technician with whom you have consulted then tells you in simple understandable English what's wrong with your scalp, if anything.

If your fears are unwarranted and there is nothing wrong with your scalp you are told so, given some good advice as to the proper care of your hair and that's all there is to the visit. There is no charge.

If you are diagnosed as being in need of treatment because your scalp condition is one that will lead to baldness, you are told so, and you are also told what if anything can be done to help you.

If you decide then to take treatment, the decision is entirely yours. We employ no salesmen. Our treatments are at your convenience and the modest fee we charge is payable only when you take a treatment. We do not sell you a series of treatments for a fixed price. You pay as you go, and only if you go!

To sum up, we do not, can not and will not attempt to restore hair to those who are bald.

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Strong Point Sixty-eight

Continued from pages 70-181-183-185

drome as if guided there. But that could not be.

He pulled at the captain's arm, shouting a question. The captain shook him off, and picked up a grenade from a box unsteadily. He climbed up over the sandbags, and Renn followed.

Breaking through the mist a white monster steamed past, rocking over the mortar emplacement. Air thudded at Renn's ears, and he fell on his knees. The officer lay in the snow ahead of him, and Renn felt cold inside, and sick.

When men ran past him, he joined them, choking down his sickness. He dropped his camera near the charcoal pit. Beside the firewood there the two Slavs lay. He remembered how Alash had his arm over the girl, as if to push her into the ground.

As he ran past, the door of the radio room stood open. No one was inside. All the landmarks of the Strong Point had become strange in these last minutes. Renn could no longer think clearly because the reverberation of sound beat at his head like hammers.

He found himself sliding after the running men, down a slope. A voice shouted, "This way!" The men pushed and climbed into a truck that churned away from him.

He was down at the river, at

the edge of the ice. Soldiers were streaming past him and moving over the ice, near the smoking ribs of the fallen trestle. The truck crawled ahead over the ice.

A shell exploded down-river. The truck disappeared into a dark rush of water. In mid-stream the ice cracked and gave, and the nose of the following truck plunged in. Water swirled over the loosened ice cakes, thrusting them downstream with struggling men falling from them. As far as Renn could see, the ice was breaking up.

* * *

When the firing ceased, and he noticed the quiet, he looked at his watch, which showed 11:05. In spite of his sickness he felt the ache of hunger, sitting with a small group of prisoners near the radio room. He sat looking at his watch, because it was a familiar thing.

Among the Soviet officers examining the radio, Renn recognized Alash. The charcoal burner had washed his face, and he looked younger. He smiled at the others, and said, "Khorosho. Good."

The mist had thinned away, under the noon sun, and Renn in that light could have taken some perfect views of the Strong Point. But he kept his eyes on the ground.

The only person who spoke to



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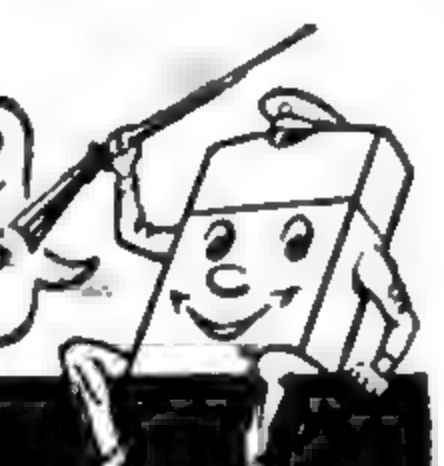
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seas.

ZIPPO Windproof **LIGHTER**

him was Daryushka. She had his minicam and film magazines, and her gray eyes were alight with excitement.

"Picture-reporter Renn," she said, "we did not lie to you."

She spoke in good German, a little stilted, like all who learned it, parrot-like in their schools.

"Truly," said she, "I was born on this river. Only it runs a long way. It runs into Father Dnieper, and he runs past my birth-city of Kiev. It was in Kiev in the siege of 1941 that I learned to plant mines in houses and roads." She was watching Alash, who spoke as an equal to the Soviet officers. "He was born in the forest, only it was around the city of Warsaw. Yes he was studying architecture, and the drawing of maps there, when the siege came in September of '39. He was hurt then."

Renn thought: *they have learned what they know in the war itself: that was their schooling.*

"Yes, I understand," he said, and choked on the words. That lame Alash, posing as a charcoal burner, had been able to draw a

clear military plan of the Strong Point with its gun emplacements and the gap in the minefield that Daryushka must have located. But how had that map reached the Soviet command?

Then he saw the wolf-dog. It came nosing into their group, and wagged its tail when it scented Daryushka. Immediately it went to Alash, who took a silver object from the dog's jaws and gave the thing to the girl.

Renn started to his feet, then sank back in the snow. He could not go over now, to examine that thing in Daryushka's hand. He was a prisoner and he could only move at command. Why, he

could not eat until someone gave him bread.

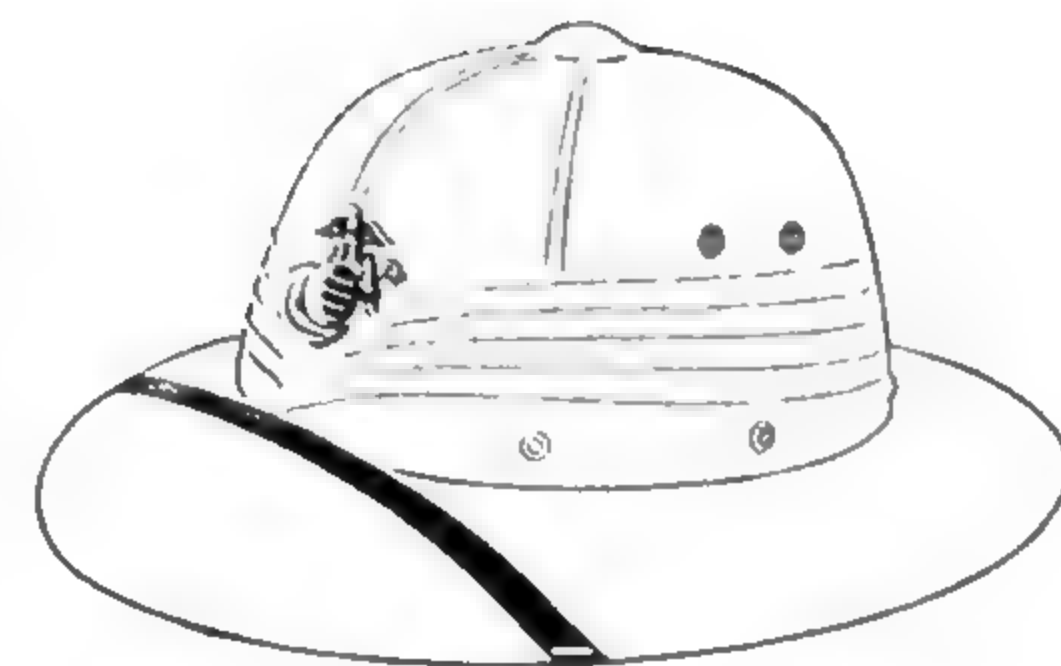
Daryushka showed him the bit of silver, the locket of St. Ulass. She also stroked the dog's head. "He brought it back safe," she said, "from the charcoal pit in the forest, as Alash trained him beforehand." She hung the image of St. Ulass again on its string about her throat. "And it did protect us." ##



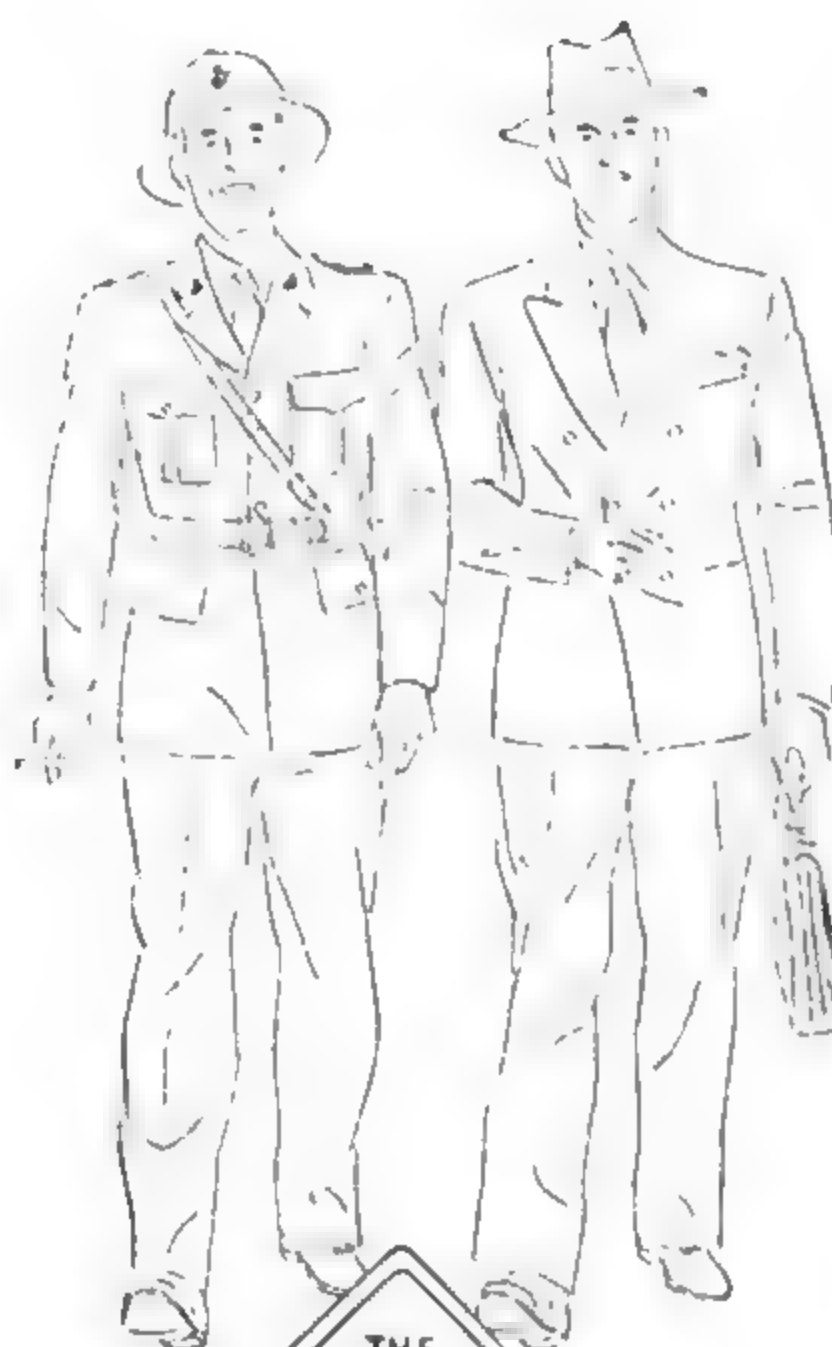
WPB restrictions on production of socks do not rule out the popular Argyle plaid.

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The distinctive globe-and-anchor insignia on this pith helmet identifies a member of the U. S. Marine Corps.



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THE FAVORITE CIGARETTE WITH MEN IN THE ARMY, NAVY, MARINES, AND COAST GUARD IS CAMEL.

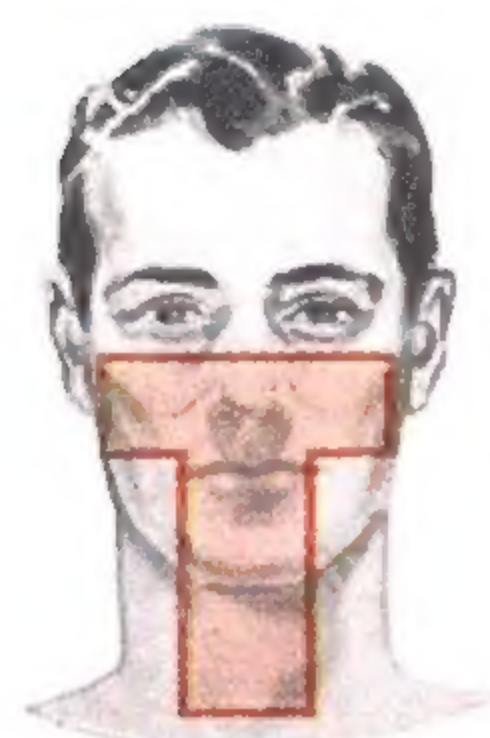
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LISTEN to the look-out of the submarine patrol: "You're up there all alone in that pitching, swaying tin can of a crow's nest. Your eyes are burning holes through the mist and rain. Sure, you're glad when your watch is over. Then it's me for a Camel first thing. Man, that full, round flavor says 'all's well' and then some!"

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